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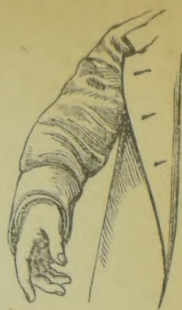
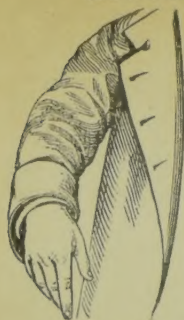
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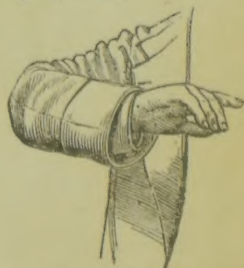
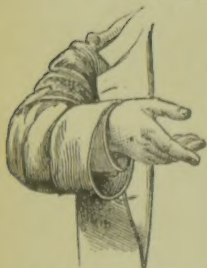
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE HAND AND ARM IN
MOTION.—(See Par. 123-125, and Page 29.)



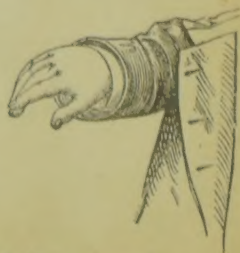
Arm rising—Hand hanging downwards.



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PREFACE.

THE following Work embraces, besides a large variety of Original Selections, Condensations, and Adaptations from Modern Authors, a copious collection of Extracts from older compilations ; the merits or peculiar fitness of which for Elocutionary Exercise have established them as favourites for Reading or Recitation.

To Authors and Publishers the Compilers return thanks for the readiness with which permission to introduce new passages has been granted.

The attention of Teachers is specially directed to the Table of Vowel Sounds, at page 4, and to the principle of a Numerical Nomenclature of Vowels as a simple means of imparting a definite and accurate pronunciation of syllables. The first Table of Inflexions, at page 16, may be introduced to the youngest Classes : it will be found effectual in developing the voice, and imparting flexibility and natural expressiveness in reading.

The prosaic mode of printing many of the poetical Extracts, besides tending to prevent or correct the habit of reading Verse with sing-song tones, may be also rendered subservient to the study of Measure, by exercising the pupils in discriminating and marking the poetic lines. The present Edition has undergone a thorough revisal. New Extracts have been introduced in the various sections of Recitations ; and selections of Dialogues from Shakespeare, and Extracts from Milton, have been added.

The Dramatic, Humorous, and other Recitations have

been carefully adapted for use in Schools, by the avoidance of objectionable words or phrases. All the Extracts have been chosen with special reference to their practical value as Elocutionary Exercises ; and they have been condensed, or sometimes extended, wherever increased effectiveness in delivery could be secured.

DAVID CHARLES BELL,

Toronto ;

ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL,

W. Washington, D.C.

Toronto, Canada West, 1882.

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OUTLINE

OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION,

WITH

RELATIVE EXERCISES.

1. The Student of ELOCUTION must acquire power over all the processes concerned in the management of

- I. THE BREATH ;
- II. THE ORGANS OF ARTICULATION ;
- III. PRONUNCIATION ;
- IV. THE VOICE ;
- V. GESTURE.

I.—THE BREATH.

2. Speech consists of variously-modified *emissions* of breath. All utterance must, therefore, be preceded by inhalation.

3. The inspirations should be noiseless. If the chest is raised, with both passages to the lungs open, the air will enter silently and instantaneously.

4. The breath may be inspired through the mouth or through the nostrils. The freest respiration is obtained by using both passages. Inhalation through the nostrils is frequently preferable in long-sustained passages in speech and song.

5. Every cessation of the outward stream of air, however short, should be taken advantage of to replenish the lungs. The marks of Grammatical Punctuation do not furnish opportunities enough for a healthful management of the breath ; hence the advantage and necessity of Rhetorical Punctuation.

6. The quantity of air inspired for vocal uses must be greater than that inhaled for vital wants.

7. The outward impulse which the air receives in speech should be given, not so much by descent of the thorax or walls of the chest, as by ascent of the diaphragm or base of the chest.

8. The expirations of speech should never be prolonged to exhaustion. The chest should be kept well raised, throughout the longest utterance ; and the lungs well supplied with air, even at the close of a sentence.

II.—THE ORGANS OF ARTICULATION.

9. The Organs of Articulation include the pharynx, situated behind the soft palate ; and all the anterior parts of the mouth,—the palate, the tongue, the teeth, and the lips.

10. The *active* articulating organs are the soft palate, the tongue, the lower jaw, and the lower lip ; and the *passive* organs, — or those to and from which the others act,—are the hard palate, the upper gum, the upper teeth, and the upper lip.

11. Breath, the material of speech, is *moulded* into “vowels” by the shape of the oral channel through which it issues ; or *articulated* into “consonants” by close approximation, or by contact, of parts of the mouth.

12. When the organs are in any articulative “*position*,” the pharynx becomes distended with air, in proportion as the breath is impeded in the mouth ; the *separation of the organs* constitutes the articulative “*action*,” and gives percussiveness to the breath as the pharynx collapses.

13. Errors in articulation arise from faulty positions of the organs,—from a want of sharpness and precision in the points of approximation or contact,—or from an effort of pushing outwards, or of *conjunctive pressure*, instead of a light *disjunctive action*.

14. A light and pointed action of the articulating organs is assisted by the lower jaw ; a free, downward motion of which should *precede* consonant formation, and *accompany* vowel utterance. During the pauses in speech, the teeth should remain slightly apart. In this position, the breath may be imperceptibly taken through the nostrils, by applying the tip of the tongue to the palate, and so closing the oral aperture.

15. As a hammer is raised before its downward stroke, and afterwards rebounds from the object struck ; so the active organs of speech should, before an articulative stroke, be freely separated from the parts of the mouth against which they are to act, and afterwards gently fall asunder. The opening of the mouth puts all the organs in a state of readiness for any action that may follow ; and, at the same time, allows of an easy influx of air. This graceful preparation—the *opening of the mouth*—is the natural commencement of all utterance.

16. During the rests of speech, the lips should lie evenly in line with the teeth, so that the edges of the dental ranges may be visible ; and, in the mechanism of speech, the lips

should not be protruded. The lower lip only should move—upwards and downwards, not outwards ; and the upper lip remain almost quiescent. The labial organs are thus left free for their higher functions—of expressiveness.

17. The tongue should never be depressed within the lower jaw, or protruded between the teeth. It should be held back and slightly elevated, so that its motions may be perfectly independent of those of the jaw. The tongue has no action against the lower teeth. It should never touch them in articulation.

18. The jaw should not hang behind the upper teeth, or be protruded beyond them ; but the two lines of teeth should be parallel. The downward motion of the jaw should be smooth and without jerking, as if it merely fell by its own weight. Its upward action should be light and free from biting. The edges of the teeth should never quite come in contact.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

ACTION OF THE TEETH.

19. Pronounce the names of the days of the week, the months of the year, or a series of numbers, etc., with an opening of the teeth before, and a pause after, each word.

ACTION OF THE LIPS.

20. Pronounce the following labial syllables rapidly and distinctly, without any action of the nostrils or superfluous motion of the lips. Vary the voice, and shift the accent.

pe be me, fe ve, whe we, etc. ; ip ib im, if iv, etc.

ACTION OF THE TONGUE.

21. Pronounce the following lingual syllables rapidly and distinctly, with the teeth open, and without any action of the lips or protrusion of the tongue. Give vocal and accentual variety.

te de ne, le re the, etc. ; it id in, il ith, etc.

ORAL GYMNASTICS.

22. Pronounce each of the following difficult combinations of syllables five or six times without any superfluous motion of the articulating organs. Vary the accents and tones.

EXAMPLE :—ip it, ip ik, it ik, it ip, ik it, ik ip, etc., and so on with contrasted articulations :—pf, pt, pk, bd, bn, bl, br, ths, rl, th sh, s sb, ln, lnr, th z r, s sh th, m v b, etc. ; alternately prefixing and affixing the various Vowels.

III.—PRONUNCIATION.

23. The elements of Pronunciation embrace Vowel Sounds and Articulations or Consonants.

24. Vowel quality is produced on the breath, whether whispered or vocalized, by the shape and position of the tongue in reference to the palate, and of the lower in reference to the upper lip; while the mouth maintains a free aperture.

25. The letter H represents the aspirate or expulsive whisper of all the vowels. H before a, is an expulsively whispered a; before e, a whispered e, etc. H before ū (=yoo) represents a whispered y, as in hue.

26. Articulative quality is produced on the breath, whether whispered or vocalized, by close apposition of parts of the mouth, so as to contract or obstruct the oral aperture.

27. Every Articulation or "Consonant" consists of two parts, a *close position* and an *opening action*. Final articulations in words therefore are not completed until the organs are *separated*.

28. Each Articulative Position gives rise to two elements according as it modifies *whispered* or *vocalized* breath; and each Obstructive Position gives rise to a third element, when the breath is directed through the nostrils.

29. The following Tables include all the varieties of Vowel and Articulate Elements heard in English Pronunciation, arranged in the order of their formation.

VOWELS.

1. eel.	13. pŭll, pōl.
2. ill.	12. old, (o _{oo}).
3. ale, (a _{oe}).	11. ore.
4. ěll, ěre.	10. ōn, āll.
5. an.	9. ŭp, ūrn.
6. ask.	8. ĥĕr, ēārn.
	7.
	ah.

COMBINATIONS.

7-1. isle.	7-13. owl.	10-1. oil.	y ¹³ use.
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30. EXERCISES ON VOWELS.

FIRST VOWEL, as in *eel*: eye, fatigue, minutiae, aerie, quay, field, anteei, turquoise, aureola, sphere, shire, belief, unique, priest, seizure, regis, amphibiaena, oedema, meagre, league, freeze, trustee, ennui, pique, Caesar, demesne, impregn.

SECOND VOWEL, as in *ill*: cabbage, pretty, women, busy,

mountain, Monday, guineas, breeches, parliament, England, miniature, business, vineyard, cygnet, abyss, miracle, vigil, visor, dynasty, tyranny, clef, sieve, forfeit, hyssop, miracle.

THIRD VOWEL, as in *ale* : (a—ee)—gaol, gauge, steak, vein, connoisseur, halfpenny, complacent, azure, ache, baize, chaise, vagrant, dismay, inveigh, grange, hasten, arraign, aorist, aviary, bravado, dictator, ukase, vase, emigrate, portrait, jailor.

FOURTH VOWEL, as in *ell, ère* :—many, any, bury, said, says, ne'er, heir, heifer, leopard, eyre, jeopardy, feoff, etiquette, burial, beryl, legend, brethren, chary, there, bestial, epoch, foetid, wainscot, again, against, Aaron, Michaelmas, pleasure.

FIFTH VOWEL, as in *an* :—Canaan, raillery, banian, patent, tapestry, waft, altitude, balcony, galaxy, album, gaseous, plaid, harangue, wrap, bade, sacrament, pacify, acrid, aloë, baron, atlantean, translate, arid, scandal, value, actual, atlas.

SIXTH VOWEL, as in *ask* :—bath, cast, castle, brass, fasten, master, pass, repast, sample, staff, task, vast, surpass, oasis, pagoda, paralysis, saliva, saloon, syllable, sofa, drama, comma, dragoon, abode, adopt.

SEVENTH VOWEL, as in *ah* :—ardour, clerk, haunt, hearty, guardian, parhelion, artifice, hearth, hearken, aunt, can't, draught, laugh, sergeant, alms, balm, malmsey, qualm, salve, almond, jaundice, artificer, barbaric, papa, mamma, father.

EIGHTH VOWEL, as in *her, earn* :—air, ear, ire, oar, pear, here, earnest, guerdon, zephyr, martyr, chirp, earth, bird, fertile, merchant, vertex, virtue, myrtle, gherkin, irksome, firm, verge, dirge, early, pearl, sterling, whirlwind, myrrh, prefer, stir.

NINTH VOWEL, as in *ûp, ûrn* :—world, done, furnace, cherub, parrot, felon, nation, sermon, factious, cupboard, avoirdupoise, blood, journey, colonel, doubloon, tough, chough, couple, subtle, luscious, mulct, borough, thorough, colander, surfeit, bellows.

TENTH VOWEL, as in *ôn, âll* :—troth, yacht, chaps, joint, hostile, jocund, prologue, monologue, quality, quantity, groat, extraordinary, twattle, quadrant, chord, swarthy, auction, falcon, vaunt, balsam, plaudit, yawn, faugh, pacha, spa.

ELEVENTH VOWEL, as in *ore* :—oar, sewer, door, four, sword, sonorous, court, forth, hoarse, source, portly, bourn, borne, horde, corps, floor, decorum, deportment, victorious, proportion, original, oriental, forebode, glorious, gourd, mourn.

TWELFTH VOWEL, as in *old* : (o—oo)—rogue, host, ghost, gross, Pharaoh, hauteur, show, beau, brooch, philosopher, rondeau, oasis, cocoa, engross, bolster, poultry, won't, hautboy, olio, onyx, comb, droll, knoll, parasol, bureau, dough, holloa.

THIRTEENTH VOWEL, as in *pûll, pûol* :—rheumatism, shoe, manœuvre, ambush, bivouac, ferula, cushion, pulpit, bosom, should, pull, croup, recruit, rhubarb, ruthless, bouse, gouge, lose, peruse, shrewd, ado, brew, halloo, ormolu, ragout.

DIPHTHONG, 7-1, as in *isle* :—height, naiveté, choir, guide,

psychology, hierarch, bias, lyre, cycle, viscount, finite, blithe, gyve, rhyme, bye, awry, thigh, piebald, sliver, aisle, idyl, condign, indict, oblige, satiety, hypochondriacal, twilight.

DIPHTHONG, 7-13, as in *owl* :—accountant, bower, coward, vowel, couch, cowslip, doughty, bounteous, countenance, fountain, cloudy, owlet, thousand, browse, lounge, avow, bough, plough, endow, arouse, without, renown, coward.

DIPHTHONG, 10-1, as in *oil* :—coin, boy, oboe, bourgeois, envoy, rhomboid, boyish, loyalty, moiety, cloister, doit, hoist, oyster, anoint, jointure, embroider, foible, toilsome, avoid, noiseless, alloy, joy, destroy, aroynt, troy, buoy.

COMBINATION, y-13, as in *use* :—tube, tune, duty, curate, culic, confusion, dupe, duke, education, music, feud, Tuesday, pursuit, repulse, abuse, impugn, reduce, pursue, imbue, ridicule, pure, cure, ewer, future, suit, neuter, gewgaw, music.

31. ARTICULATIONS.

	Whispered.	Vocalized.	Nasal.	Examples.
1, 2, 3	K	G	NG	call, gall, gong.
4		Y		yet.
5, 6	Sh	Zh		mission, vision.
7		R		far, rough.
8		L		light.
9, 10, 11	T	D	N	tame, dame, name.
12, 13	S	Z		seal, zeal.
14, 15	Th	Th		thigh, thy.
16, 17	F	V		fine, vine.
18, 19	Wh	W		whey, way.
20, 21, 22	P	B	M	pay, bay, may.

32. EXERCISES ON ARTICULATIONS.

FIRST. K, (whispered,) as in *call* :—car, coil, ache, music, echo, talk, vaccine, flaccid, choler, choir, chord, choros, anarchy, distich, hemistich, pentateuch, archives, coquette, etiquette, masquerade, conquer, quadrille, exile, exercise, lough, pique, orchestra.

SECOND.—G, (vocalized,) as in *gall* :—gate, game, bag, gag, bigot, plague, vague, ghost, guerdon, guinea, guarantee, guilt, prologue, epilogue, gewgaw, ragged, craggy, groat, gibbous, gimblet, gibeat.

THIRD.—NG, (nasal,) as in *gong* :—king, fang, ring, flinging, ringing, singing, hanger, length, strength, lengthen, strengthen, reading, writing, drawing, dancing, singing. Ng k : ankle, banquet, ink, donkey, monk, uncle, succinct, relinquish. Ng g : anger, anguish, strangle, finger, distinguish, extinguish, congregate, congress.

FOURTH.—Y, (vocalized,) as in *yet* :—year, young, your, you,

use, utility, yield, humour, youth, spaniel, million, poniard, fuchsia, celestial, graduate, question, feudal, neuter, yew-tree.

FIFTH.—SH, (whispered,) as in *mission* :—censure, nauseate, associate, Asia, Persia, mansion, pension, anxious, obnoxious, ocean, Decii, chaise, chagrin, chivalry, schedule, fluxion, adventitious. *Tsh.* March, chamber, charity, attach, witch, which, scutcheon, inch, bunch, filch.

SIXTH.—ZH, (vocalized,) as in *vision* :—pleasure, leisure, rasure, fusion, explosion, osier, treasure, persuasion, adhesion. *Dzh.* Judge, jury, perjure, refuge, soldier, jejune, pledge, oblige, age, doge, divulged, exchanged.

SEVENTH.—R, (vocalized,) smooth as in *far* :—power, mayor, pure, lure, virtue, commerce, colonel, pardon, warden, mercy, farm, term, storm, mortgage, appear. Trilled, as in *rough* :—roar, whirring, spring, wrangle, wrack, wreck, wrestle, priory, rheum, rhubarb, tremendous, rugged, Russian.

EIGHTH.—L, (vocalized,) as in *light* :—lively, lovely, nestle, epistle, thistle, jostle, rustle, victual, needle, drivell, devil, evil, gravel, hazel, housel, ousel, ravel, shovel, shrivel, swivel, weasel, earl, marl, leave, loins, isle, longing, lingering, look.

NINTH.—T, (whispered,) as in *tame* :—debt, satiety, Thames, Thomas, Ptolemy, receipt, yacht, subtle, indict, victuals, phthisis, phthisic, titillate, taciturn, tutelar, indebted, indictment, tempter, thyme, chopped, wrecked.

TENTH.—D, (vocalized,) as in *dame* :—bade, would, should, twanged, harangued, buzzed, caged, lodged, suggest, exaggerate, courage, damage, rigged, writhed, bdellium, condemned, intrigued, fatigued, impugned, abridged.

ELEVENTH.—N, (nasal,) as in *name* :—penance, nonentity, gnomon, condign, stolen, fallen, swollen, gnarl, gnaw, kneel, nestorian, aspen, happen, sudden, kitchen, chicken, hyphen, sloven, heaven, pattens, mittens.

TWELFTH.—S, (whispered,) as in *seal* :—sin, sign, design, suit, soot, dose, sceptre, transgress, transcend, psalm, precedent, schism, tacit, Styx, mists, flaccid, Chersonese, scintillate, exist'st, striv'st, psalmist, Psyche, rescind, vaccinate, scimitar.

THIRTEENTH.—Z, (vocalized,) as in *zeal* :—zephyr, dissolve, hussars, damson, residue, president, mechanism, dismay, refusal, anxiety, houses, prizes, dances, scissors, dismal, complaisance, monarchize, as, his, rose.

FOURTEENTH.—TH, (whispered,) as in *thigh* :—thank, thaw, theatre, thought, bath, path, mouth, tooth, faith, breath, panther, orthoepey, apathy, ether, rhythm, ethics, atheist, length, strength, width, breadth, thesis, Lethe, amethyst, orthodox, labyrinth.

FIFTEENTH.—TH, (vocalized,) as in *thy* :—there, thine, thither, though, beneath, booth, either, tithe, wreath,

brethren, farthing, heathen, weather, breathe, clothe, unsheathe; also in these plurals, baths, paths, laths, oaths, mouths.

SIXTEENTH.—F, (whispered,) as in *fine*:—fame, feud, fanciful, proffer, crafty, chafe, enough, chough, rough, cough, trough, laughter, draught, phial, phlegm, nymph, dwarf, sphinx, epitaph, phaeton, febrifuge, whereof, thereof.

SEVENTEENTH.—V, (vocalized), as in *vine*:—vane, veer, vivid, pave, weave, halve, livid, votive, nephew, twelve, revolve, nerve, Stephen, void, of (but in the compounds *whereof*, etc., the *f* is not changed into *v*).

EIGHTEENTH.—WH, (whispered,) as in *why*:—whale, what, when, while, where, whirl, whist, which, whether, whither, whirlwind. (Who = *hoo*, and Whom = *hoom*.)

NINETEENTH.—W, (vocalized,) as in *way*:—war, waft, wall, wonder, one, once, swan, swagger, sweet, twig, twine, dwarf, dwell, buoy, buoyance, quotation, quality, choir, suite, cuirass, cuirassier, quorum, quagmire.

TWENTIETH.—P, (whispered,) as in *pay*:—poor, pound, happy, rapid, tropic, monophthong, diphthong, triphthong, naphtha, shepherd, ophthalmic, populous, papacy, puritan, turpitude, pippin, slipper, steeple, proper, span, spoil, scarp.

TWENTY-FIRST.—B, (vocalized,) as in *boy*:—bought, beast, beg, inhabit, bound, stab, ebb, subtle, babbler, glebe, cupboard, bulb, superb, verb, proverb, tube, barb, baboon, barbarous, barbican, abrogate, ebony, fabulous, obstacle.

TWENTY-SECOND.—M, (nasal,) as in *may*:—man, morn, move, mound, charm, mammon, moment, blame, hymn, solemn, phlegm, drachm, chasm, realm, film, farm, worm, rhythm, comb, womb, mimic, matrimony.

H, (whispered,)—Hate, haunt, hall, high, whole, hair, huge, hothouse, hartshorn, heritage, hospital, humanize, Hudibras.

In the following words and their derivatives, H is silent:—heir, honest, honour, hostler, hour, humour, and, by many speakers, humble.

SYLLABLES.

33. A Syllable may consist of a vowel only, or of a vowel preceded or followed, or both preceded and followed, by any articulation: Thus, I, tie, I'd, tied.

34. The articulations L and N, frequently constitute syllables without vowels sounded; as in rippl(e), ris(e)n, ev(e)n, etc.

35. The letter M has the same syllabic effect in such words as rhythm, chasm, etc.

36. These letters, L, M, and N, though perfect articulations, have almost a vowel purity of voice, from the openness of the oral or nasal aperture in their formation.

37. Every syllable in a word, and every element in a

syllable, should receive **its** definite and exact sound, however rapid the pronunciation.

38. In the pronunciation of words of more than one syllable, all the consonants that can be uttered monosyllabically are united to the succeeding vowel. Double letters are used merely as orthographic expedients, and pronounced as *one*. Thus,

^{10 2 2 10 8 10 8 2 10 10 y-13 2 2 10 9}
o-ri-gin, or-der, o-(r)re-ry, o-(p)por-tu-ni-ty, ob-struct, etc.

39. Such words as *evening*, *hasteneth*, *listener*, etc., generally pronounced in two syllables, are dissyllables or trisyllables, according as their elements are phonically grouped. Thus,

Dissyllables : ēv(e)-ning, hās(te)-neth, lis(te)-ner, etc.

Trisyllables : ē-v(e)n-ing, hā-s(te)n-th, lī-s(te)n-er, etc.

EXERCISES.

40. SYLLABIC READING is one of the most effective practices for discovering and overcoming difficulties of articulation. Every page may be so used : thus,—Po-e-try pro-du-ces an i(l)-lu-sion on the eye of the mind, as a ma-gic lan-tern on the eye of the coun-te-nance

The division of words *as pronounced*, and not *as spelt*, should be invariably adopted

ACCENT

41. Every word of more than one syllable has an accented syllable which should be distinctly indicated in pronunciation ; as ac'cent, to accent' ; reb'el, to rebel', etc

42. Many words of three and four syllables, and all longer words, have also a secondary accent or accents ; as, rec'om-mend', con'templa'tion, incom'prehen'sibility, etc.

43. The accent is *generally* on the root syllable or the primitive word ; and so continued through all the derivatives. Prefixes, affixes, and common terminations are usually unaccented.

EXERCISES ON ACCENT.

WORDS LIABLE TO MAL-ACCENTUATION.

44. Abdo'men, accep'table, ac'cessary, coadj'u'tor, ad'vertise, ad'vertiser, adver'tisement, ancho'vy, antip'odes, a'lien-able, apothe'osis, aro'ma, aspi'rant, asyn'deton, bal'cony, banian', bitu'men, blas'phemous, brevet', (s) brev'et, (*adj.*) cam'elopard, calor'ic, cel'ibacy, centrifugal, centrip'etal, commen'dable, commit'tee, com'parable, chas'tisement, clandes'tine, complaisant', complaisance', compen'sate, confessor, consum'mate, con'trary, contem'plate, cor'ollary, deco'rous, des'uetude, elegi'ac, ener'vate, epicure'an, ex'emplary, ex'tirpate, fanat'ic, fari'na, gon'dola, heg'ira, hori'zon, hymene'al,

imbecile', im'pious, indis'soluble, interfe'rence, inter'stice, invalid', (s.) inval'id, (adj.), irreme'diable, lab'oratory, lam'entable, machi'nist, Mahom'et, martinet', met'onymy, mis'cellany, mis'chievous, o'asis, ob'durate, pacha', panace'a, panegyric, pan'egyrize, per'emptory, prolix', quanda'ry, receptacle, recitative', recon'dite, rep'ertory, refragable, rev'enue, sali'va, seques'trate, sono'rous, stalac'tite, stalag'mite, sub'altern, synec'doche, the'atre, uten'sil, verti'go.

TRANSPOSITION OF ACCENT IN CONTRASTED WORDS.

(Giving, for'giving; plausibility, prob'ability; done, un'done; justice, in'justice; mortal, im'mortal; simulation, dis'simulation; visible, in'visible; accuse, ex'cuse, decrease, in'crease; religion, ir'religion; untaught, ill'taught; comprehend, ap'prehend.

DIFFICULT WORDS AND SENTENCES.

Repeat each several times, quickly, and with firm accentuation.

Acts, chaise, copts, fifths, judged, knitting, laurel, literal, literally, literary, literarily, peacock, quick, railroad, rallery, rural, ruler, sash, sashes, sects, sixths, statistics, vivification, cloud-capt, texts.

Five wives weave withes. Such pranks Frank's prawns play in the tank. Put the cut pumpkin in a pipkin. Pick pepper peacock. Coop up the cook. A knapsack strap. Pick up the pips. A school coal-scuttle. Six thick thistle sticks. She says she shall sew a sheet. A sure sign of sunshine. The sun shines on the shop signs. A shot-silk sash-shop. I snuff shop snuff: do you snuff shop snuff? She sells sea-shells. Some shun sunshine. A rural ruler. Truly rural. A laurel-crowned clown. A lump of raw red liver. Literally literary. Don't run along the wrong lane. Let little Nelly run.

Laid in the cold ground, (not coal ground.) Half I see the panting spirit sigh, (not spirit's eye.) Be the same in thine own act and valour, (not thy known.) Oh, the torment of an ever-meddling memory, (not a never-meddling.) All night it lay an ice-drop there, (not a nice drop.) Would that all difference of sects were at an end, (not sex.) Oh, studied deceit, (not study.) A sad dangler, (not angler.) Goodness centres in the heart, (not enters.) His crime moved me, (not cry.) Chaste stars, (not chase tars.) She could pain nobody, (not pay.) Make clean our hearts, (not lean.) His beard descending swept his aged breast, (not beer.)

EMPHASIS.

45. Every phrase or cluster of grammatically associated words has a principal *word*, which should be rendered prominent by superior accent or stress.

46. Every sentence, or association of words or clauses making up a proposition, has a principal *idea*, the word chiefly expressive of which should be distinguished from the subordinate and accessory words.

47. In phrases or sentences, all words that express ideas new to the context are distinguished by accent; and all words that have been previously stated or implied are unaccented. In Reading at Sight, all meanings, (words, or phrases,) that may reasonably have been anticipated—that are repeated—that are subordinate—that are a logical sequence,—or that, in any way, may be concluded or inferred, or that appeal to the auditors' foreknowledge,—should be read without any force of emphatic stress.

48. Any word used in *contrast* to a preceding term is rendered prominent by superior accent; and any word used in contrast to an antithesis that is *not* formally expressed, is pronounced with a stronger degree of emphasis to *suggest* the contrasted idea.

49. A sentence consists of a subject and a predicate, with or without explanatory or relative clauses; as

John | speaks
John | speaks | before he thinks.

My brother John, | who cannot conceal his ignorance by silence, | often speaks before he thinks.

The subject and the predicate should, in most cases, reach the auditor's ear with unencumbered distinctness.

50. The words of each grammatical clause in a sentence should be accentually *united*, and the clauses of a sentence *detached*.

51. When the subject and the predicate are both new, each should be pronounced with a separate accent. Thus,

The fleet | has sailed.

52. When either the subject or the predicate has been previously stated or implied, the two members should be united, and only the new member accented. Thus,

The fleet has *sailed*,
The *fleet* has sailed,
The fleet *has* sailed.

53. Every accented member of a sentence,—subject, predicate, or circumstance,—should be preceded by an opening of the mouth, accompanied generally by inhalation of the breath, to separate accent from accent.

54. An opening of the mouth should similarly detach words between which an ellipsis occurs.

55. EXAMPLE OF EMPHATIC ANALYSIS.

Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore

(extracted, by special permission, from the "Elocutionary Manual,"* pp. 144-6).

At the commencement of a Composition everything is, of course, new; and the first subject and predicate will be emphatic, unless either is, in the nature of things, implied in the other.

"Not a *drum* | was heard, | not a funeral *note*, |
As | his corpse | to the *ramparts* | we hurried."

The subject "*drum*" will be accented, and the predicate "*was heard*" unaccented, because the mention of a "*drum*" involves, in the nature of things, recognition by the sense of hearing. To accentuate "*heard*" would involve one of the false antitheses,

"Not a drum was heard" (because we were deaf);—or

"Not a drum was heard" (but only seen or felt).

The second subject "*note*" will be *emphatic*, because it is contrasted with "*drum*," and suggests the antithesis "*not a note*" (of any instrument). "*Funeral*" is unaccented, because preunderstood from the Title of the Poem. In the next line, "*as*" will be separately accented, because it has no reference to the words immediately following, but to the verb "*we hurried*." "*His corpse*" will be unaccented, because a funeral implies a corpse, and there is no mention in the context of any other than "*his*." The principal accent of the line may be given to "*ramparts*" or "*hurried*;" the former would perhaps be the better word, as it involves the antithesis,

"To the *ramparts*" (and not to a cemetery).

In the next two lines,

"Not a soldier | discharged his farewell *shot* |
O'er the grave | where | our hero | was buried."

"Soldier" is implied in connection with "*drum*" and "*ramparts*," and the emphasis will fall on "*shot*"—"*discharged*" being involved in the idea of "*shot*" and "*farewell*" being involved in the occasion to which "*shot*" refers—a funeral. In the next line no word is *emphatic*, as a "*grave*" is of course implied. "*O'er*" is implied in the nature of things, as the shot could not be discharged *under* the grave; "*our hero*"

* "ELOCUTIONARY MANUAL.—The Principles of Elocution, with Exercises and Notations for Pronunciation, Intonation, Emphasis, Gesture, and Emotional Expression;" by ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL, F.R.S., etc., author of "Visible Speech," etc., etc. James P. Burbank, Salem, Mass., U.S.A. American Publisher. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Price, post free, \$1 50 c., or Six Shillings, stg.

is the same as "his corpse," and "was buried" is involved in the mention of "corpse" and "grave."

In the next lines,

"We buried him | darkly | at dead of *night*, |
The sods | with our *bayonets* | turning,"

the first clause will be unemphatic, as the fact has been already stated. To emphasize "buried" would suggest the false antithesis,

"We buried him" (instead of leaving him on the battle-field).

"Darkly" and "at dead of night" convey the same idea; the latter being the stronger expression will receive the principal accent—on "night;" and "darkly" will be pronounced parenthetically. "Turning the sods" is, of course, implied in the act of burying; the word "bayonets," therefore, takes the principal accent of the line, because involving the antithesis

"With our bayonets" (and not with spades).

"By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern | dimly burning,"

In the first clause, "moonbeam's" will be accented, and "misty light" unaccented, because implied in "the *struggling* moonbeam's." "Lantern," in the second line, will take the superior accent of the sentence, because, of the two sources of light spoken of, it is the more immediately serviceable on the occasion; and "dimly burning" will be unaccented, unless the forced antithesis be suggested,

"Dimly burning" (as with shrouded light, to escape observation).

"No useless *coffin* | enclosed his breast;
Not in sheet | nor in *shroud* | we wound him."

Emphasis on "coffin," because the word not only conveys a new idea, but is suggestive of contrast:—

"No coffin" (as at ordinary interments).

No accent on "useless," because it would suggest the false antithesis,

"No *useless* coffin" (but only one of the least dispensable kind).

"Enclosed his breast" without emphasis, because implied in the mention of "coffin." Emphasis on "breast" would convey the false antithesis,

(Not) "his breast" (but merely some other part of his body).

"Sheet" and "shroud" in the second line express the same idea; the latter, being the stronger term, takes the leading accent. "We wound him" unaccented, because implied in the idea of "shroud." The tones in these lines should be rising to carry on the attention to the leading facts of the sentence predicated in the next lines,

"But | he lay | like a warrior taking his *rest*,
With his martial *cloak* | around him."

"But" separately accented, because it does not refer to "he lay," which is of course implied in the idea of the dead warrior. To connect "but" with "he lay" would indicate the opposition to

"But he lay" (instead of assuming some other attitude).

The reference is rather

(In "no coffin" or "shroud") "but" in "his martial cloak."

In the simile that follows, no accent on "warrior," because he *was* a warrior, and not merely was "like" one. The principal emphasis of the whole stanza lies on "rest," which suggests the antithesis,

(As if) "taking his rest" (and not with the aspect of death).

In the next line, the principal accent on "cloak;" "martial" being implied, unless intended contrast could be supposed between his "martial" and some other cloak; and "around him" being included in the idea of a warrior taking rest in his cloak."

[For the remainder of this analysis, the student is referred to PROFESSOR MELVILLE BELL'S "Principles of Elocution," American Edition.]

IV. THE VOICE.

56. Voice is produced in the glottis by mechanical vibration, caused by the passage of air.

57. Voice is variously modified by the condition of the glottis, by resonance within the pharynx and cavities of the head, and by all the organs of speech.

58. The greater or less opening of the aperture of the glottis, the greater or less tension of its vibrating edges, and the greater or less elevation of the vocalizing apparatus—the larynx,—produce variations of acuteness or gravity in the voice.

59. Grave sounds have a greater opening, and a less tension of the glottis, with depression of the larynx. Acute sounds have a smaller aperture and a greater tension, with elevation of the larynx.

60. Upon the sonorous condition of the glottis, the expansion of the guttural arch, and the external aperture of the mouth, depends the purity of the tone. A husky tone results from relaxation of the glottis; a guttural tone from contraction of the fauces, as by enlarged tonsils; a dental tone from a too close position of the teeth; a labial tone from pouting or overhanging lips; and a nasal tone from partial emission of the voice through the nostrils.

61. The voice passes solely through the mouth for all English vowels; and solely through the nostrils for the articulations M, N, and Ng.

62. [The French sounds represented by *en*, *in*, *on*, etc.,

are *semi-nasal vowels*, the voice passing partly through the mouth, and partly through the nostrils.]

INFLEXION.

63. The tones of the voice in singing are level, or of the same pitch throughout each note. In speaking, all the notes of the voice are inflected; *i.e.*, each vocal impulse, however short, carries the voice higher or lower than the commencing pitch.

64. Inflexions are *Simple*, when the progress of the voice is directly upwards or downwards from the accented syllable to the end of an utterance; and they are *Compound*, when the direction of the voice is changed from a rise to a fall, or a fall to a rise, in the pronunciation of an accented syllable, or the enclitic syllables following an accent.

EXPRESSIVENESS OF THE SIMPLE INFLEXIONS.

65. The rising termination carries on the attention of the hearer to what is to follow; it thus denotes incompleteness of statement, or appeal to the hearer's will or knowledge; and is the inflexion of continuity, doubt, enquiry, or deference.

66. All *attractive* sentiments are best expressed by *rising* tones; as well as all statements in which the mind is directed onward (to something to follow, either to be expressed or understood), for the true meaning.

67. The falling termination directs the attention of the hearer to what has been said; it thus denotes completeness of statement, or predicates the speaker's will or knowledge; and is the inflexion of conclusion, assurance, assertion, or command.

68. All *repulsive* sentiments are best expressed by *falling* tones; as well as all statements which are in their nature absolute and unconditional, or wherever the mind recognizes any distinct *part* of a logical statement.

EXPRESSIVENESS OF THE COMPOUND INFLEXIONS.

69. The union of the two simple movements of the voice with one accent produces a pair of compound inflexions, which *combine* the opposite expressions of the simple tones. (~ ~).

70. The compound rising inflexion (v) consists of an accented falling or assertive tone, followed by an unaccented rising or interrogative tone; it blends assertion with enquiry, as in insinuation; or imperativeness with appeal, as in warning; or gives the suggestion of antithesis to interrogation, or to an incompletive clause.

71. The compound falling inflexion (Λ) consists of an accented rising tone, followed by an unaccented falling tone, and blends enquiry or surprise with assertiveness, as in

sneering and sarcasm ; or gives a suggestion of antithesis to affirmation.

72. An inflexion may rise or fall through any of the musical intervals. Inflexions limited to the interval of a semi-tone, or of a minor third, (a tone and a half,) are plaintive ; and those which range through the greater intervals of the major third, (two tones,) fourth, fifth, etc., express proportionate degrees of intensity in the appellatory or assertive effect.

73. Inflexions, whether simple or compound, are of Two Modes, according as their accentual pitch is above or below the middle tone, or higher or lower than the pitch that precedes the accent.

74. Rising accents pitched above the middle of the voice, or higher than the pre-accentual syllable or word, are of the First Mode, the less emphatic ; and those pitched below the middle tone, or lower than the pre-accentual pitch, are of the Second Mode,—the more emphatic.

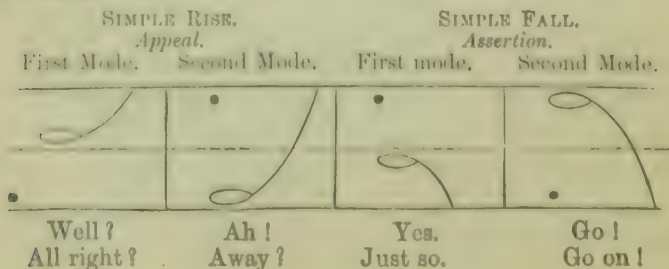
75. Falling accents pitched below the middle tone, or lower than the syllable or word before the accent, are of the First Mode, — the less emphatic ; and those pitched above the middle of the voice, or higher than the pre-accentual pitch, are of the Second Mode, —the more emphatic.

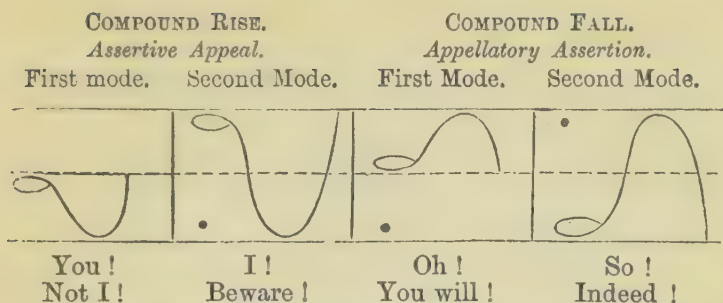
76. The accent of an inflexion is its commencement, WHICH ALWAYS COINCIDES WITH THE SYLLABLE-ACCENT OR EMPHASIS.

77. Of each mode of inflexion there are two degrees, according as the pre-accentual syllables are inflected *towards* or *from* the accentual pitch ;—the former arrangement being the less emphatic, the latter the more emphatic.

78. There are thus two simple and two compound inflexions, and four degrees of each, —independent of the varieties of extent, or interval through which the voice rises or falls.

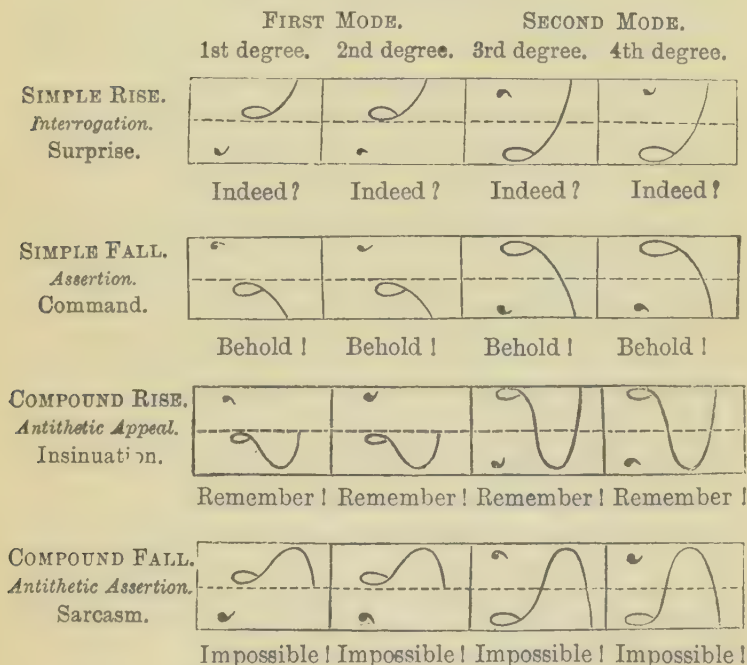
79. The following diagram illustrates the two Modes of the four inflexions, as modified by the pitch of the accent above or below the middle of the voice, or above or below the pre-accentual syllable. These varieties are *essential*, and may be perfectly mastered even by those who have not a musical “ ear.”





80. The next diagram distinguishes the four degrees of each inflexion, as modified by the progression of the pre-accentual syllable towards or from the pitch of the accent. These varieties require a good "ear" for their discrimination.

GAMUT OF INFLEXIONS.



NOTATION OF THE INFLEXIONS.

81. The inflexions are represented by the marks (~ ~) written above or below the inflected word, in accordance with the pitch of the tone above or below the middle of the voice. Thus :—

Simple Rise,	(~)	{	First mode,—mark above the word.
		{	Second mode, „ below „
Simple Fall,	(^)	{	First mode, „ below „
		{	Second mode, „ above „
Compound Rise,	(~)	{	First mode, „ below „
		{	Second mode, „ above „
Compound Fall,	(^)	{	First mode, „ above „
		{	Second mode, „ below „

82. Besides the above regular varieties of Inflection, a Rising Double Wave, consisting of a Compound Falling accent with a rising termination, is occasionally employed. The effect of this tone is highly expressive. Sarcastic interrogation is the sentiment it conveys, or antithetic assertion with incompleteness. Thus,—

“ One murder makes a villain :
 Millions a hero ! ”

GENERAL PRINCIPLES FOR THE APPLICATION OF INFLEXIONS.

83. The Rising turn *connects* what has been said with what is to be uttered, and is thus the tone of incompleteness ; or it intimates *expectancy* of something to be inferred or supplied by the hearer, and is thus associated with appeal to the *hearer's* will or knowledge ; with dubiety, interrogation, or supplication.

84. The Falling turn *disconnects* what has been said from whatever may follow, and is thus the tone of completeness of statement ; or it intimates *absoluteness*, and communication of the *speaker's* will or knowledge ; and is thus associated with confidence, affirmation, or command.

85. The melody of speech consists of contrasted tones. A rise precedes a fall, a fall precedes a rise.

86. All sentences belong to one of the three classes—

(1) INTERROGATIVE, (2) ASSERTIVE, (3) IMPERATIVE ; as—

(1) Are you coming ? (2) I am coming ; (3) Come.

87. Interrogative sentences *appeal* for the hearer's assent or dissent to the proposition they contain, and therefore take a rising termination ; but when they do not imply doubt or desire of assurance, they take a falling termination, as in assertion of what the hearer's consciousness must affirm.

88. Assertive sentences affirm the speaker's will or knowledge, and therefore take a falling termination ; but when they do not imply absoluteness, or do not communicate information, they take a rising termination, as in appeal to the hearer's consciousness.

89. Imperative sentences convey the speaker's will or desire, with or without reference to the will of the hearer. They take a falling termination when they are absolute and exclude appeal, as in command ; and a rising termination when they imply appeal, and solicit rather than enjoin, as in supplication.

90. Interrogative sentences that cannot be answered by "yes," or "no," are of the nature of Imperative sentences, and follow the same law.

91. The Reader must not be guided by the rhetorical forms of sentences ; for interrogative construction may be strongly assertive in meaning, and declarative construction may be emphatically interrogative.

EXERCISES ON INFLEXIONS.

92. Pronounce the names of the days of the week, the months of the year, the cardinal or ordinal numbers, or any unconnected words, with the expressiveness of the Simple and Compound Rising and Falling Inflexions, and with as much as possible of variety—in pitch, extent, and force of tone.

93. To give smoothness and natural effect to the inflexions, the following logical formulæ may be prefixed to the words.

For the Simple Rise,	"Is it ——"
For the Simple Fall,	"It is ——"
For the Compound Rise,	"It is not ——"
For the Compound Fall,	"But it is ——"

94. The formulæ are to be pronounced softly, and in the opposite pitch to that of the accented word,—high before a low accent, low before a high accent. Thus :

<i>First</i> <i>Modes :</i>	} <i>Is it</i>	Sunday ? <i>It is</i>	<i>It is not</i>	Wednesday
		Monday. <i>But it is</i>	Tuesday.	
<i>Second</i> <i>Modes :</i>	} <i>Is it</i>	February. <i>It is</i>	March. <i>It is not</i>	April, etc. <i>But it is</i>
		January ? <i>It is</i>		

95. The following antithetic sentences should be practised, with alternate rising and falling tones,—simple and compound. Thus :—

<i>First Modes :</i>	Not able but Abel.	Not axe but acts.
<i>Second Modes :</i>	Not add but had.	Not airy but hairy.

Not innocence but innocents.	Not gamble but gambol.
Not eminent but imminent.	Not holy but wholly.
Not artless but heartless.	Not idle but idol.
Not assistance but assistants.	Not world but whirled.

In the same way contrast the following words : ballot, ballad ; bridle, bridal ; captor, capture ; coffin, coughing ; conventicle, conventical ; coral, choral ; coward, cowherd ; eddy, heady ; lore, lower ; magnet, magnate ; mare, mayor ; matin, matting ; meddle, medal ; mines, minds ; moles, moulds ; ooze, whose ; oracle, auricle ; pastor, pasture ; patience, patients ; impostor, imposture ; islands, highlands ; liniment, lineament ; plaintive, plaintiff ; poplar, popular ; principle, principal ; sentry, century ; weather, whether.

EXERCISES ON THE NOTATION OF THE INFLEXIONS.

96. The following Exercises are minutely marked for additional vocal discipline and practice. When the mark is above a word, the inflexion is pitched on or above the middle of the voice ; and when the mark is below the word, the inflexion is pitched below the middle of the voice. Syllables before the accent are always to be pronounced in the opposite pitch to that of the accent,—low before a high accent, high before a low accent. Syllables after the accent are pronounced with the accentual inflexion continued to the end of the word or clause.

Will you go ? Will you go ? Will you go ? Will you go ?
 Will you go ? Will you go ? Will you go ? Will you go ?

Were you there ? Were you there ? Were you there ?
 Were you there ? Were you there ? Were you there ?
 Were you there ? Were you there ? Were you there ?
 Were you there ?

Is it right ? Is it right ? Is it right ? Is it right ? Is it
right ? Is it right ? Is it right ? Is it right ? Is it right ?

Is it possible ? Is it possible ? Is it possible ? Is it possible ?
possible ? Is it possible ? Is it possible ? Is it possible ? Is
 it possible ? Is it possible ?

How do you do ? How do you do ? How do you do ?

How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?
 How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

He reads correctly. He reads correctly. He reads correctly. He reads correctly when he likes. He reads correctly when he likes. He reads correctly when he likes. He reads correctly when he likes to pay attention. He reads correctly when he likes to pay attention. He reads correctly when he likes to pay attention.

The Christian's hope. The Christian's hope. The Christian's hope. The Christian's hope. The Christian's hope is fixed. The Christian's hope is fixed. The Christian's hope is fixed on heaven. The Christian's hope is fixed on heaven.

MODULATION.

97. Modulation is to sentences what emphasis is to the members of a sentence, or accent to the syllables of a word. It distinguishes the more important from the subordinate passages by a change of key.

98. Modulation has also an imitative or analogical expressiveness, making the sound "an echo to the sense." As a general rule, high modulation renders prominent the speaker or the subject spoken, and is expressive of egotism, boldness, or importance; and low modulation is retiring, solemn, or expletive in effect.

99. All varieties of emphasis, inflexion, force, time, etc., may be given in any modulative pitch.

100. A change of modulation should take place at all changes of style: at the commencement of a paragraph; on parenthetical sentences and similes; and to distinguish question and answer, or different speakers in dialogue.

101. The reader or speaker should be able to discriminate and adopt at will the following five degrees of modulation: the middle or conversational pitch,—a considerably higher and a considerably lower key,—and a pitch intermediate to the conversational and the highest and lowest keys. Thus,

5	high,—passionate.
4	important.
3	conversational.
2	subordinate.
1	low,—solemn.

EXERCISES.

- ³ ^s Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows :
- ² ^c But, when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should, like the torrent, roar.
- ⁴ ^v When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow ;
- ³ ^a Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main—
- ⁴ From every hill, ^s by every sea,
In ^s shouts ^a proclaim this great decree :—
^s “ All chains are burst, ^a all men are ^s free ! ”
^a Hurrah ! ^s hurrah ! ^s hurrah !

The following selections in the volume are recommended as affording opportunities for exercising the voice in varieties of modulation :—All the Dialogues, and Dryden's, Collins's, Gray's, and Byron's Odes.

POWER OF POETIC MEASURES.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hail stones,
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower ;—
Now in two-fold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along ;
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
Dance the elastic Daetylies in musical cadences on ;
Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas.
Roll overwhelming onward the sesquipedalian words.

FORCE.

102. Force depends on pressure of the breath. It is an entirely different quality from modulation or pitch. A low key may be accompanied by extreme force, or a high key by feeble force.

103. Force may be merely accentual, or it may be imitatively or analogically expressive ; as of straining and laborious effort, physical languor, etc.

104. The reader or speaker should discriminate five degrees

of force,—a middle or moderate degree,—two degrees relatively stronger—and two relatively weaker. Thus :—

v —vehement.
e —energetic.
t —temperate.
f —feeble.
p —piano.

The varied selections for Reading and Recitation, especially the Dialogues, give most ample opportunity for every variety of exercise.

TIME.

105. Time, or rate of utterance, is a source of much pleasing variety and expressiveness. The time of syllabic utterance depends on the length of the vowels, and the nature and arrangement of succeeding consonants ; the time of sentential utterance depends on the taste of the speaker, and his appreciation of the nature of the sentence, whether principal or subordinate, emphatic or expletive, expressive of motion or repose, deliberation or promptitude, calmness or passion, levity or solemnity.

106. As a general rule, explanatory clauses and parenthetical sentences are pronounced in quicker time than the principal subjects or predicates of a sentence. Sentiments which the speaker approves, may be read in slower time than those which he censures or discards. Sentiments of veneration and awe are pronounced in slow time : grief is slow, joy is quick, passion is rapid and impetuous, love and delight are lingering, aversion and distaste are hurried, meditation is slow, decision quick.

107. Five degrees of Time, as of Force and Pitch, will include the leading varieties. Thus :—

r —rapid.
q —quick.
m—moderate.
s —slow.
a —adagio (very slow.)

108. Habitual uniformity of Modulation, Force, or Time, is dull and unintellectual. Variety is necessary to the just expression of the simplest prose, as well as of the most artful combinations of poetry. There is a Vocal Logic, a Rhetoric of Inflexion, a Poetry of Modulation, a Commentator's explanatory of Tone ; and these are combined in effective reading. The voice of the Reader adds to language a commentary on its sentiment, and a judgment on its reasoning. The outward signs of emotion and sympathetic sensibility must accompany every utterance that is *naturally* delivered. But

there is an expressive *sameness* of Tone and Force that is sometimes appropriate.

EXERCISES ON THE NOTATIONS OF INFLEXION, MODULATION,
FORCE, AND TIME.

[The following additional marks are introduced :
Plaintive, (pl.) Break, (...) Pause, (∩)].

To practise virtue is the sure way to love it.

All partial evil is universal good.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Rend your heart and not your garments.

If to do were as easy as to know what 'twere good to do,
chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes'
palaces.

We can do nothing against the truth.

Strength and majesty belong to man.

²pl

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord !

God is able of these stones to raise up children unto
Abraham.

These governments that curb not evils, cause ;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

As no man is alike unfit for every employment, so there is
not any man unfit for all.

When people are determined to quarrel, a straw will furnish
the occasion.

The labour of years is often insufficient for a complete
reformation.

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only
as sensitive, but as rational beings ; not only as rational,
but social ; not only as social, but immortal.

³ You are not left alone to climb the arduous ascent ;
God is with you.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy
cannot be hidden in adversity.

³ Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye,
² but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye ?

Thou fool ! will thy discovery of the cause

Suspend the effect, or heal it ?

⁴ Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !

Speak ! speak ! the mysteries of those starry worlds

Unfold ! ² No language ? ³ Everlasting light,

And everlasting silence ?—^{2. 5} Yet the eye

May read and understand.

⁴ Judge me, ye gods ! ⁵ wrong I mine enemies ?

² And if not so, ³ how should I wrong ² my brother ?

⁴ So, then, ³ you are the author of this conspiracy against me.

⁴ It is to you that I am...indebted for all the...^{2 e-q} mischief that
has befallen me.

VARIETY OF FORCE AND TIME.

(temperate—slow)

Father of Earth and Heaven ! I call Thy name !

Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll !

My eyes are dazzled with the flashing flame :—

Father ! sustain an untried soldier's soul !

Or life, or death—whatever be the goal

That crowns, or closes, round the struggling hour,

Thou know'st, if ever from my spirit stole

One deeper prayer, 'twas—that no cloud might lour

On my young fame ! O hear, God of eternal power !

(energetic—quick)

Now for the fight ! now for the cannon peal !

Forward !—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire

Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,

The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire !

They shake !—like broken waves, their squares retire !

On them, hussars !—now give them rein and heel !

Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire !

Blood cries for blood !—in thunder on them wheel !

This hour to thralldom's fate shall set the triumph-seal !

EXPRESSIVE SAMENESS OF TONE AND FORCE.—

(MONOTONE.)

109. The style must be suited to the thought : if the latter is gay, the voice will leap from pitch to pitch, with a buoyancy that analogizes the bounding pulse and high spirits of cheerfulness ; if the sentiment is sublime and solemnizing, gloomy or saddening, the tones will be subdued in range and level in pitch.

110. When the words of a clause are equally accented, and the voice sustained from accent to accent, with level pitch and subdued inflexions, the effect is a near approach to, though never a perfect, monotone. This is highly effective when judiciously introduced. The expressive sameness may be used at any pitch of the voice : low, soft, equal tones express awe ; strong, low, level sounds express horror or disgust ; a high level pitch denotes anguish or despair.

EXERCISES.

³ Methought I heard a voice cry, ¹ " Sleep no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep — ³ the innocent sleep —

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care —

The death of each day's life — sore labour's bath —

Balm of hurt minds — great Nature's second course —

Chief nourisher in life's feast " —

² Still it cried, ¹ " Sleep no more ! " ² to all the house :

¹ " Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more ! " ³ Macbeth shall sleep no more ! " ¹

High on a throne of royal state, which far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,

Showers, on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,

Satan, exalted, sat.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a rack behind.

STACCATO PRONUNCIATION.

111. When the words of a clause are equally accented, but the voice not sustained from accent to accent, the effect is Staccato,—an abrupt, pointed, and general emphasis on every word,—or even, it may be, on every syllable. This mode of pronunciation is most effective to express reproachful and acrimonious sentiments ; but it may be used in connection with any feeling, to indicate a very weighty and momentous utterance.

¹ If they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall...⁵tear her ; 'if they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

⁵ Gone to be married ! 'Gone to swear a peace ?

^e False blood to false blood joined !
 What men could do

Is done already : heaven and earth will witness,

⁴ If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

BREAK—OR SUDDEN PAUSE ∩.

112. An important means of expressing emphasis consists in interrupting the sequence of grammatically related words—adjective and noun, pronoun and verb, preposition and noun, etc.,—by a *break*, or sudden pause, which powerfully arrests the hearer's attention to the expected word. The "break" is reflective, arch, or monitory in expressiveness.

O, sir ! your—honesty—is—remarkable !

Go, speak thy—comforts,
 To spirits tame and abject as thyself :
 They make me ∩ mad !

Hear him, my lord ! he s wondrous—condescending !
 Mark the—humility—of—shepherd—Norval !

RECAPITULATION OF THE SECRET OF GOOD READING.—

ORATORICAL WORDS.

113. Attention is again directed—in conclusion—to the most important element of good reading—THE COMBINATION OF WORDS INTO GRAMMATICAL GROUPS, and THE SEPARATE PRONUNCIATION OF SUCH “ORATORICAL WORDS.” The Distinct Articulation of SYLLABLES, and the Logical Enunciation of CLAUSES, are the primary requisites for effectiveness, as well as for ease, in reading. The PRINCIPLES of grouping may be thus briefly comprehended:—NO WORDS SHOULD BE UNITED BETWEEN WHICH A GRAMMATICAL GOVERNMENT, OR MUTUAL RELATION, DOES NOT SUBSIST; and NO SUCH GRAMMATICALLY RELATED WORDS SHOULD BE SEPARATED. (But see par. 112.) These principles render the reader independent of the Marks of Punctuation.

V.—GESTURE.

114. The proper carriage of the body is important to the Reader or Speaker, as contributing both to ease and effectiveness. The management of gesture involves grace and expressiveness of Attitude and Motion.

ATTITUDE.

115. The head should be planted firmly, but without stiffness, on the neck,—the neck upright, and the chin horizontal.

116. The chest should be held up, but without any raising of the shoulders. The shoulders should be kept level, and presented square to the eye of the spectator.

117. The arms should hang in perfect relaxation from the shoulders,—the elbows not touching the sides.

118. The feet should stand moderately apart,—the toes turned slightly outwards, and one foot a little in advance of the other.

119. The weight of the body should be poised on one foot at a time. The supporting limb should be perfectly straight, while the knee of the other limb may be slightly bent.

MOTION.

120. All action should be graceful in mechanism, and definite in expressiveness.

GRACE.

121. Either arm may move with grace to the extent of half a circle, vertically or horizontally. The extremities of the semi-circle, the middle, and a point intermediate to the middle and each extreme, give five elevations and five transverse directions, —in all 25 points,—for gesture with either arm. Thus



VERTICAL SEMI-CIRCLE.—*z*, zenith ; *e*, elevated ; *h*, horizontal ; *d*, downwards ; *n.* or *R.*, nadir or Rest.

TRANSVERSE SEMI-CIRCLE.—*c*, across the body ; *f*, forwards ; *g*, oblique ; *x*, extended ; *b*, backwards.

122. The arms should move directly from the shoulders, not from the elbows.

123. The arm and the hand should move separately ; the motion of the arm preceding and being preparatory to that of the hand. Thus, in raising the arm, the hand hangs down from the wrist while the arm is ascending. The subsequent action of the hand gives an *accentual* beat to the gesture, which should be coincident with the vocal accent or emphasis.

124. Every accentual action should be preceded by a preparatory movement in the opposite direction to that of the gesture.

125. As a general principle, either the upper side (the thumb) or the back of the hand, should be turned in the direction of the gesture in upward motions ; and the lower side, or the palm of the hand, in downward motions.

PRINCIPAL "POSITIONS" OF THE HANDS. (FOR MODES OF "MOTION," SEE FRONTISPICE.)



EXPLANATIONS.

1. Sincere affirmation. 2. Emphatic declaration. 3. Apathy or prostration.
4. Energetic appeal. 5. Negation or denial. 6. Violent repulsion. 7. Indexing
or emphasis. 8. Determination or anger. 9. Supplication. 10. Gentle entreaty.
11. Carelessness. 12. Argumentativeness. 13. Earnest entreaty. 14. Resignation.

126. The feet should preserve a uniform angle of separation in every motion,—the toes being turned outwards to an angle of not more than 75 degrees.

127. The left foot should be in advance when the right arm is in action, and the right foot when the left arm is used.

128. In turning the body, the feet must make a corresponding turn. The ball or forepart of the foot should be the axis for a turn not exceeding 45 degrees, and the heel for a greater turn. No turn should exceed 90 degrees.

129. The body can only be turned to the side corresponding to the retired foot. Thus, in order to turn to the right when the right foot is in front, the right foot must first be drawn back or the left foot advanced, and *vice versa*.

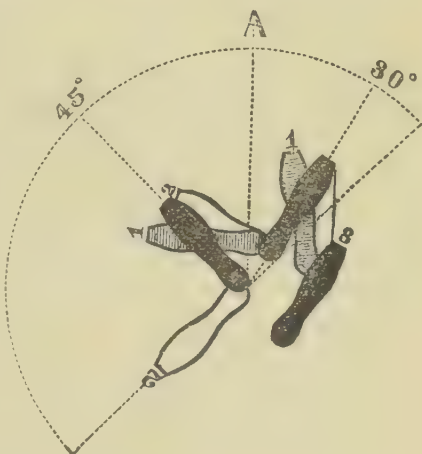
130. The following diagram illustrates the positions and lateral shifts of the feet :—

EXPLANATION. — The black feet show the position of graceful standing. The advanced foot is 30° and the retired foot 45° from the centre.

(1) The shaded feet show a semi-lateral turn on the ball of the feet.

(2) The outline feet show a lateral turn on the heel.

(3) The third black foot shows a preparatory shift for turning to the opposite side.



EXPRESSIVENESS.

131. No motion should be made without a reason for it ; and whatever attitude or position any action leads to, should be maintained until a new motive either dictates a new movement, or allows the gesture appropriately to subside. Impulsive jerks and meaningless or indefinite shifts of the head, hands, arms or feet, should be carefully avoided. The speaker must learn to “stand at ease,”—to stand still. Repose is a chief element of effect.

132. The face and the whole body must sympathetically accord with the sentiment illustrated by the motions of the limbs. Isolated actions of the arms, etc., are ungraceful and unnatural. The impulse that moves the hand will not be unfelt by every muscle in the frame.

“To this sure standard make your just appeal ;
Here lies the golden secret—*learn to feel !*”

133. In the application of Gesture, the speaker's aim should be, to realize the scene or incident described. His action should never—with tautology of expression—denot the literal meaning of words, or illustrate what the words themselves sufficiently describe; but rather suggest such naturally attendant particulars as are not formally expressed. Thus, in speaking of the heart, he should not point to the locality of that organ, but illustrate the feeling in connection with which the word “heart” is used, or which its use suggests. The principle of *imitatively* suiting the action to the “word” is only legitimate for comic effect; the principle of appropriately “*suiting*” the action to the word,—i.e. the *utterance*,—demands such an adaptation as is consistent with time, place, speaker, hearer, object, and all attendant circumstances of the utterance.

134. Motions towards the body indicate self-esteem, egotism, or invitation; from the body, command or repulsion; expanding gestures express liberality, distribution, acquiescence or candour; contracting gestures, frugality, reserve, or collection; rising motions express suspension, climax, or appeal; falling motions, completion, declaration, or response; a sudden stop expresses doubt, meditation, or listening; a sudden movement, decision or discovery; a broad and sweeping range of gesture illustrates a general statement, or expresses boldness, freedom, and self-possession; a limited range denotes diffidence or constraint, or illustrates a subordinate point; rigidity of the muscles indicates firmness, strength, or effort; laxity denotes languor or weakness; slow motions are expressive of gentleness, caution, deliberation, etc.; and quick motions, of harshness, severity, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

135. Hold the book in the left hand, and use the right hand to turn the pages.

136. Keep the book flatly open, so as not to cover the face; and hold the book sufficiently high to secure perfect vision without any bending of the neck or body.

137. Open the mouth gently, raise the chest before beginning, and take breath silently at every pause.

138. Pronounce one thought at a time; and do not run together clauses that have not a mutual reference.

139. The words expressive of each member of a sentence, — Subject, Predicate, or Circumstance, — should be accentually united, and the members themselves kept distinct.

140. Do not keep the eye constantly fixed on the page, but carry the words of a clause in your mind, and address the eye to your hearers.

141. Do not pronounce the last word or clause of a page,

until you have turned over the leaf, lest you sever words connected in sense.

142. To a Speaker, the thought precedes and dictates the words ; and words or clauses are instinctively grouped and accented so as to express the thought. But to a Reader, the words precede and dictate the thought ; and constant care and discernment are necessary to discover precisely the thought intended to be expressed, and so to collocate the words as neither to separate those which should be accentually associated, nor to unite those which are unconnected in sense. The most important grammatical words are not necessarily the principal or emphatic words in a sentence.

ON THE READING OF VERSE.

143. Verse, or metrical composition, consists of sense in connection with the music of rhythm, or the consonance of syllables. The reader's business is TO EXPRESS THE SENSE—by uniting or separating words exactly as in reading prose. In strictly following the sense, there should be no discord between the reader's voice and the poet's rhythm. If any want of harmony exist, the poet is in fault. One rule is common to both poet and reader, "Make the sound an echo to the sense." The reader must often accommodate his pronunciation to suit the rhythmical necessities,—but he should never sacrifice the sense for the sake of ill-adapted melody.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS FOR RECITATION.

144. Do not stand up hurriedly, or consequentially, or be in haste to begin, but take your position with leisurely grace ; pause, and bow before commencing. A few deep inspirations, slowly taken, especially through the nostrils, will assist in subduing nervous agitation.

145. Surround yourself by the imagery of your subject, and take no further thought of your auditors until the close. Realize everything. Then bow and leisurely retire.

146. Never turn your back to your hearers. Arrange your gesticulative pictures, as far as possible, neither behind you, nor directly in front, nor in the line of the shoulders, but to right and left of the centre before you. Endeavour to represent the emotions proper to the speaker, but do not depict mere words.

TABLE OF SYMBOLS FOR THE NOTATION OF GESTURE.

I. THE FEET AND TRUNK. (Notation written below the line.)

[“Close” position, feet 5 or 6 in. apart; “open,” 10 or 12; “extended,” 20 or more.]

Right foot { weight on left (close) R.1, (open) R.3, (extended) R.5.
in front, { weight on right, „ R.2, „ R.4, „ R.6.
Left foot { weight on right, „ L.1, „ L.3, „ L.5.
in front, { weight on left, „ L.2, „ L.4, „ L.6.

ad (advancing), *re* (retiring), *r* (stepping to right), *l* (left), *st* (starting), *stp* (stamping), *sh* (shaking), *wh* (walking), *kn* (kneeling), *bw* (bowing), *crt* (curtseying), *cr* (one foot across the other), *up* (body drawn up, as in pride), *dn* (down, as in languor).

[When an action is to be performed more than once, prefix a number. Thus: 2*ad* (advancing two steps), 2*bw* (bowing twice).]

II. THE ARMS. (Notation written above the line.)

[The left arm or hand is denoted by a line prefixed to the symbol. Thus,—*dq* (left, downwards, oblique). A colon is placed between letters that refer to different arms. Thus,—*w:cq* (left arm on waist; right, elevated, oblique). The symbol *a* denotes that both arms perform the same motion; the letter *x* denotes alternation.]

Vertical: *z e h d n*; *Transverse*: *c f q x b*. (See diagram, par. 121.)

as (ascending), *de* (descending), *r* (moving to right), *l* (left), *w* (on waist), *sl* (slow), *qh* (quick), *pp* (preparatory), [see par. 124,] *cn* (contracting), *exp* (expanding), *pj* (projected), *bk* (drawn back), *rb* (rebound from any position to the same again), *dr* (drooping), *fd* (folded), *kim* (a-kinbo), *wr* (waving), *∩* (over-curve), *∪* (under-curve), *∩∪* or *∪∩* (serpentine).

III. THE HANDS. (Notation written above the line.)

s (supine, *palm* upwards), *p* (prone, downwards), *o* (outwards), *i* (inwards), *r* (hand raised vertically), *dn* (turned downwards), *in* (moved inwards, as an invitation), *ou* (outwards), *ix* (indexing, or pointing), *rr* (revolving), *sh* (shaking), *ch* (clined), *str* (striking), *gr* (grasping), *ap* (hands applied palm to palm), *tip* (fingers tip to tip), *en* (enumerating, right forefinger successively on left finger-tips), *pal* (striking palm with forefinger), *cr* (hands crossed), *el* (elaped), *wr* (wrung), *clp* (clapping), *im* (imitative action).

IV. PARTS OF THE BODY ON WHICH THE HANDS MAY BE PLACED.

(Notation written above the line or in the margin.)

hc (head), *fo* (forehead), *tc* (temple), *ey* (eyes), *mo* (mouth), *li* (lip), *ck* (cheek), *en* (chin), *br* (breast), *bbr* (beating breast), *bk* (behind back).

V. THE HEAD AND FACE. (Notation above, or in margin.)

B (head thrown back), C (crouched), I (*inclined*), IL (to left), IR (to right), H (hanging down), T (tossing), S (shaking), N (nodding), A (averted from direction of gesture), Sm (smiling countenance), Fr (frowning), Lu (lugubrious), La (laughing), Lf (*eyebrows* lifted), Dp (depressed), Kn (brow knitted), R (*eyes* looking to right), L (to left), U (upwards), D (downwards), F (in front), V (vacantly), Ar (around), As (askance), Cl (closed), St (staring), W (weeping), Wi (winking), M (measuring, as in contempt), Pt (*lips* pouted), Bt (bitten), Cp (compressed), No (nostrils drawn up), O (mouth open), Gn (teeth gnashing).

Order of Symbols Arrangement.—Place first the notation of the Vertical situation of the arm, then of its Transverse direction, next of the manner of presentation or motion of the hand, and the other symbols in the most convenient order.

MISCELLANEOUS READINGS IN EXPRESSIVE PROSE.

[IN many cases throughout the Book, the Extracts have been condensed, to render them more effective as Exercises in Reading and Recitation.]

I.—ON STUDY.—LORD BACON.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For, expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of, particulars one by one; but the general councils, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded-in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use,—but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read,—not to contradict and refute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,—but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read—but not curiously; and some few, to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts of them made by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else, distilled books are like common distilled waters,—flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a

present wit; if he confer little, he had need have a good memory; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not.

II.—MEANS OF ACQUIRING DISTINCTION.

SYDNEY SMITH.

It is natural in every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, is, in spite of all false philosophy, sweet to every human heart; but, as eminence can be only the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty, which we owe not more to our own happiness, than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals: and learn, from frequent competition, the place which Nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of Truth, and follow that spectre of Excellence which beckons you on, beyond the walls of the world, to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last: but, if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature, which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot: let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or, by any exertions, multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but, in the name of Heaven, as you tremble at retributive justice; and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions: and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

III. UNCERTAINTIES OF FORTUNE.—LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand,

without difficulty, the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago ; and never trusted to Fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me.

No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts ; if we fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us ; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them ; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, — as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states : and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it ; for, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Ignominy can take no hold on Virtue ; for Virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers ; and when she falls into adversity we applaud *her*. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer, one moment, acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, to which at every moment we are exposed ? Our being miserable or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

IV.—THE LAMP OF TRUTH.—RUSKIN.

THERE is a marked likeness between the virtue of man and the enlightenment of the globe he inhabits ; — the same diminishing gradation in vigour up to the limits of their domains, — the same essential separation from their contraries, — the same twilight at the meeting of the two ;

a something wider belt than the line where the world rolls into night : that strange twilight of the virtues ; that dusky debatable land wherein zeal becomes impatience, and temperance becomes severity, and justice becomes cruelty, and faith superstition, and each and all vanish into gloom.

Nevertheless, with the greater number of the virtues, though the dimness increases gradually, we may mark the moment of sunset ; and, happily, may turn the shadow back by the way which it had gone down : but, for one virtue, the line of the horizon is irregular and undefined ; and this, too, the very equator and girdle of them all,—Truth :—that only one of which there are no degrees, but breaks and rents continually ; that pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar : that golden and narrow line which the very powers and virtues that lean upon it bend, which Policy and Prudence conceal, which Kindness and Courtesy modify, which Courage overshadows with his shield, Imagination covers with her wings, and Charity dims with her tears. How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of man, has also to control the disorders of his best ;—which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law ! There are some faults slight in the sight of Love, some errors trivial in the estimate of Wisdom ; but Truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

We do not enough consider this ; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at Falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only felt at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it ; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world ; but it is the glistening and softly spoken lie ; the amiable fallacy ; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the

politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank—as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy that the truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left its fountains.

It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly on the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the impending punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment. Since it is not easy for men to estimate the relative weight, or possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise in them to quit the care of such nice measurements, and to look to the other clearer condition of culpability,—esteeming those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is—to set watch more scrupulously against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the currents of our life.

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over-care as to which is largest or blackest. To speak and to act truth with constancy and precision are nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought, how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble! And, seeing, that, of all sin, there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more “wanting the good of virtue and of being,” than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no

temptation ; and surely becoming an honourable man to resolve, that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, or diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

V.—THE FATE OF BURNS.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

CONTEMPLATING the sad end of Burns—how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy,—generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him ; that, by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. But it seems dubious whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help.

Counsel,—which seldom profits any one,—he did not need. In his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well, perhaps, as any man ever did ; but the persuasion which would have availed him, lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it.

As to money, we do not believe that this was his essential want ; or well see that any private man could have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men, in any rank of society, can hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without an injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact : Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term, no longer exists ; it is in reality no longer expected, or recognised as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced “patronage,”—that is, pecuniary or economic furtherance,—to be “twice cursed” ; cursing him that gives, and him that takes ! And thus, in regard to outward matters, it has become the rule, as, in regard to inward, it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another ; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such is the principle of modern Honour ; naturally enough growing out of the sentiment of Pride, which

we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality.

We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing might have lived and died with fewer pangs. Still we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less, kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the poison-chalice, the Cross, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom—the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer, and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. So neglected, so “persecuted they the prophets,” not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where then does it lie? We are forced to answer, WITH HIMSELF: it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes, that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked, but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement,—some want, less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she neglect her master-piece and darling—the poetic soul! Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of

a man ; nay,—if proper wisdom be given him,—even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death ; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe : yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death, and led it captive ; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves—into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again : nay, it is but the degree, and not the kind, of such heroism, that differs in different seasons : for, without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness,—of SELF-DENIAL in all its forms, no great man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

VI.—THE BLANK BIBLE.—ROGERS.

I THOUGHT I was at home, and that, on taking up my Bible one morning, I found, to my surprise, what seemed to be the old familiar book was a total blank : not a character was inscribed in it or upon it. On going into the street, I found every one complaining in similar perplexity of the same loss ; and before night it became evident that a great and wonderful miracle had been wrought in the world : the hand which had written its awful menace on the walls of Belshazzar's palace had reversed the miracle, and expunged from our Bibles every syllable they contained :—thus reclaiming the most precious gift that Heaven had bestowed, and ungrateful man had abused.

I was curious to watch the effects of this calamity on the varied characters of mankind. There was, however, universally, an interest in the Bible, now it was lost, such as had never attached to it while it was possessed. Some, to whom the Sacred Book had been a blank for twenty years, and who never would have known of their loss but for the lamentations of their neighbours, were not the least vehement in their expressions of sorrow. The calamity not only stirred the feelings of men, but it immediately stimulated their ingenuity to repair the loss. It was very early suggested that the whole Bible had again and again been quoted piecemeal in one book or other ; that it had impressed its image on human literature, and

had been reflected on its surface, as the stars on a stream. But alas! on inspection, it was found that every text, every phrase which had been quoted, whether in books of theology, poetry, or fiction, had been remorselessly obliterated.

It was with trembling hand that some made the attempt to transcribe the erased texts from memory. They feared that the *writing* would surely fade away; but, to their unspeakable joy, they found the impression durable; and people at length came to the conclusion, that God left them at liberty, if they could, to reconstruct the Bible for themselves out of their collective remembrances of its contents. Some obscure individuals who had studied nothing else but the Bible, but who had well studied that, came to be objects of reverence among Christians and booksellers; and he who could fill up a chasm by the restoration of words which were only partially remembered, was regarded as a public benefactor.

At length, a great movement was projected amongst the divines of all denominations, to collate the results of these partial recoveries of the Sacred Text. But here it was curious to see the variety of different readings of the same passages insisted on by conflicting theologians. No doubt the worthy men were generally unconscious of the influence of prejudice; yet somehow the memory was seldom so clear in relation to texts which told against, as in relation to those which told for, their several theories.

It was curious, too, to see by what odd associations, sometimes of contrast, sometimes of resemblance, obscure texts were recovered. A miser contributed a maxim of prudence, which he recollected principally from having systematically abused. All the ethical maxims were soon collected; for though, as usual, no one recollected his own peculiar duties or infirmities, every one kindly remembered those of his neighbours. As for Solomon's "times for everything," few could recall the whole, but everybody remembered some. Undertakers said there was "a time to mourn"; and comedians said there was "a time to laugh"; young ladies innumerable remembered there was "a time to love"; and people of all kinds, that there was "a time to hate"; everybody knew there was "a time to speak"; and a worthy Quaker added, that there was also "a time to keep silence."

But the most amusing thing of all was, to see the variety of speculations which were entertained respecting the object and design of this strange event. Many gravely questioned whether it could be right to attempt the reconstruction of a Book of which God Himself had so manifestly deprived the world; and some, who were secretly glad to be relieved of so troublesome a monitor, were particularly pious on this head, and exclaimed bitterly against this rash attempt to counteract the decrees of Heaven. Some even maintained that the visitation was not in judgment but in mercy; that God, in compassion, and not in indignation, had taken away a book which men had regarded with an extravagant admiration and idolatry; and that, if a rebuke at all was intended, it was a rebuke to a rampant Bibliolatry. This last reason, which assigned, as the cause of God's resumption of His own gift, an extravagant admiration and reverence of it on the part of mankind—it being so notorious that even the best of those who professed belief in its Divine origin and authority had so grievously neglected it—struck me as so exquisitely ludicrous, that I broke into a fit of laughter—which awoke me!

The morning sun was streaming in at the window, and shining upon the open Bible which lay on the table; and it was with joy that my eyes rested on these words, which I read through grateful tears,—“The gifts of God are without repentance.”

VII.—THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.—

W. M. THACKERAY.

To read the mere catalogue of characters during this reign, we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple, and fight for the life, with her gigantic enemy, Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendours, has to pass away; generations of statesmen have to rise and disappear. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored; and George the Third is to be alive through all these varied changes; to accompany his people through

all these revolutions of thought, government, society ; to survive out of the old world into ours.

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the Fine Gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing—like the beaver, or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey ; the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly ; children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing ; chaplains do not say grace, and retire before the pudding ; servants do not say " your honour " and " your worship," at every moment ; tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes ; authors do not wait for hours in ante-rooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his " lordship."

It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England ; the working educated men, away from aristocratic bribery in the senate ; the good clergy, not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment ; the tradesmen, rising into manly opulence : the painters, pursuing their gentle calling ; the men of letters, in their quiet studies ;—these are the men whom we love, and like to read of, in the last age. How small the grandees, and the men of pleasure, look beside them ! And they were good, as well as witty and wise, these dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labour ; they rested, and took their kindly pleasure ; they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought ; they were no prudes, but no blush need follow their conversation : they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. I like, I say, to think of that society ; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how good they were !

I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of the world has been perpetrated. Remember that the King believed himself anointed by a Divine commission ; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education ; that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head,—which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous, and honest,—made him dull of com-

prehension, obstinate of will, and, at many times, deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the Defender of the Protestant Faith; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block, than that Dissent should have a share in the government of England. And do you not suppose that there are honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship?

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly: it must have been stupid, to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic Virtue!

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his Queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia—pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. The poor soul quitted the world; and, ere yet she was dead, the agonised father was in such a state that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him; and, for ten dreary years before his death, George the Third ceased to reign. All the world knows the history of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. He was not only sightless, he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him! Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down, and prayed aloud, for her—and then for his family—and then for the nation—concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert this heavy calamity from him; but, if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled!

What preacher needs moralize on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites

me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the Inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory.

“O brothers!” I said to those who heard me first in America—“O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely,—our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, ‘Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little!’

‘Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass!—he hates him
That would, upon the rack of this tough world,
Stretch him out longer!’

Hush, Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!”

VIII.—A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.—CHARLES DICKENS.

A DARK and dreary night: people nestling in their beds or circling late about the fire; Want, colder than Charity, shivering at the street corners; church-towers humming with the faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly resting from the ghostly preachment—“One!” The earth covered with a sable pall, as for the burial of Yesterday; the clumps of dark trees,—its giant plumes of funeral feathers—waving sadly to and fro: all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon; and the cautious wind, as, creeping after them upon the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail.

Whither go the clouds and wind so eagerly? If, like guilty spirits, they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport?

Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging,

shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping, a thousand miles away, so quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other; until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space, roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing but eternal strife; on, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea—when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, “**A ship!**”

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, “**A ship!**”

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break, and round her surge and roar; and, giving place to others, meaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger: still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there asleep: as if no deadly element

were peering in at every seam and chink ; and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

IX.—ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.—GOLDSMITH.

AN alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers ; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long ;—for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own, I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout ; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who feel satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it ; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has, the very next, been fixed upon a pole.

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays ; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polypus, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail ; the rhymers, who make smooth verses, and paint to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts :—all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in

their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! Ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines,—those echoes of the voice of the vulgar,—and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold, that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations—a herring-fishery!

X.—THE APPROACH OF EVENING.—HERVEY.

EVERY object, a little while ago, glared with light; but now, all appear with softened lustre. The animals harmonize with the insensible creation; and what was gay in those, as well as glittering in this, gives place to a universal gravity. Should I, at such a season, be vain and trifling, the heavens and the earth would rebuke my unseasonable levity. Therefore be this moment devoted to thoughts, solemn as the close of day, sedate as the face of things. However my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantry, let the Evening, in her sober habit, toll the bell to serious consideration. Every meddling and intrusive avocation is excluded. Silence holds the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The busy swarm of vain images and cajoling temptations, which beset us, with a buzzing importunity, amid the gaieties of life, are chased by these thickening shades. Here I may, without disturbance, commune with my own heart, and learn that best of sciences—to know myself.

XL.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth, that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness

—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul: then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave: console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret: but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

XII.—LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.—STERNE.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty!—thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship,

—whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron:—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou Great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down Thy mitres,—if it seem good unto Thy divine providence,—upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

—I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there: he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door,—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his

little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my *fancy* had drawn.

XIII.—THE ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.—

LORD MACAULAY.

It was dark before the jury retired. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore peculiar interest. "It is very late," wrote the Papal Nuncio, "and the decision is not yet known. The judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle."

The Solicitor for the Bishops sat up all night with a body of servants, on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors; for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the Crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly jurymen with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room; but nothing certain was known.

At first, nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way, but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate (who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes), wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to "reasoning" and "debating." His conscience was not satisfied, and he should not acquit the bishops. "If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me; I am the largest and strongest of the twelve, and, before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will

stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed, but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

At ten the Court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke: "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty." As the words passed his lips, Halifax sprung up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied, with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and, in another moment, the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below.

As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along the great roads intelligence of the victory of the Church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the Solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the Judges to commit those who had violated, by clamour, the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized; but the tribunal felt it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

The acquitted prelates took refuge, from the crowd which implored their blessing, in the nearest chapel

where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury, meanwhile, could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. "God bless you!" cried the people; "God prosper your families! you have done like honest, good-natured gentlemen. You have saved us to-day." As the gentlemen who had supported the cause drove off, they flung from their windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the bishops and the jury.

The king had that morning visited the Camp. While he was present, respect prevented the soldiers from giving loose to their feelings; but he had scarcely quitted the camp when he heard a great shouting. He was surprised, and asked what the uproar meant. "Nothing," was the answer. "The soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted." "Do you call that nothing?" said James. "So much the worse for them!" He might well be out of temper. His defeat had been complete and most humiliating.

XIV.—OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.—MACPHERSON.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty—the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven: but thou art for ever the same—rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hairs flow on the Eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West.

But thou art perhaps like me—for a season ; thy years will have an end ; thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark, and unlovely : it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds : the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the north is on the plain ; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

XV.—LABOUR.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task ; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up ; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness ; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes ? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven ! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it ? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals !

EMOTIONAL AND CHARACTERISTIC PROSE READINGS.

I.—THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

For six years' Sabbaths, I had seen the Elder in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit: and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance, during sermon, psalm, and prayer. I met the Pastor, going to pray by his death-bed:—and, with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, of resignation, and of death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the Pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale, cheeks which otherwise were blooming in health and beauty; and I recognised, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man, who, we understood, was now lying on his death-bed. "They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the Minister, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes the young heart bold;—and there is ONE who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

As we slowly approached the cottage through a deep snow-drift, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared; and then their mother showed herself in their stead: expressing, by her raised eyes and arms folded across her breast, how thankful she was to see, at last, the Pastor,—beloved in joy and trusted in trouble.

A few words sufficed to say who was the stranger:—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand, in token of recognition. I took my

seat at a small distance from the bed-side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The Pastor sat down near his Elder's head ;—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law ; a figure that would have sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief.

“If the storm do not abate,” said the sick man, after a pause, “it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the church-yard.” This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy :—and, with a long deep sigh, he fell down, his face like ashes, on the bed ; while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength enough to lay itself upon his head. “God has been gracious to me, a sinner !” said the dying man. “During thirty years that I have been an Elder in your church, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me—it was on a Tuesday she died, and on Saturday she was buried—we stood together, when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath, I joined in the public worship of God. She commanded me to do so, the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng.—Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there.”

The old man then addressed himself to his grandchild : —“Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age ; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father or thy mother ; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God.”

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had, gradually, stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man ; and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. “Oh ! if my husband knew but of this he would never, never desert his dying father !”—and I now knew that the Elder was praying, on his death-bed, for a disobedient and wicked son.

The door was suddenly opened, and a tall fine-looking man entered ; but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated,

confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy scene, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed. The Elder said, with a solemn voice, "Thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, WHOM THOU HAST FORGOTTEN."

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side; and, at last, found voice to say, "Father, I am not without the affections of nature; and I hurried home, the moment I heard that the Minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; for, though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father, I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son: for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wast my first-born, and thou art my only living child. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the churchyard, beside her, whose sweet face, thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wast thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—ay, too much the pride; for there was not, in all the parish, such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me;—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son! my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word 'father,' to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?"—"Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my hus-

band!—he has ever been kind to ME!” and, with that, she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. “Go thou likewise, my sweet little Jamie,” said the Elder, “go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother; so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer.” The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father’s side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm his son, too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood—in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity!

“Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud, to his dying father, the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.” The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and said, “There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou;—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?” He had not forgotten them; there was no need of the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice, he read, “‘Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.’”

“That is not an unbeliever’s voice,” said the dying man triumphantly; “nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever’s heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast read, and thy father will die happy!” “I do believe, and as THOU forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my FATHER who is in heaven.” The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled,—his pale cheeks glowed,—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong,—and his voice was clear, as that of manhood in its prime.—“Into Thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit”—and so saying, he gently sank back on his pillow;—and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long, deep silence; and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white, placid face of the figure, now stretched in ever-

lasting rest ; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around THE DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

II.—ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.—ELIHU BURRITT.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky, spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream, that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away: they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names—a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one; whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Caesar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington! It was a glorious thought for the boy to write his name side by side with that great Father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure;

but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again! The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. . . . Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last! He clings, with a convulsive shudder, to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall! He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness, or avert, his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on; and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair,—“William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry,

and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy did not look down. His eye is fixed towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! . . . There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone!

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom: its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon the cliffs, the trees; and others who stand, with ropes in their hands, upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over! That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart: his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last! At the last flint-gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet! An involuntary groan of despair runs, like a death-knell, through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At a height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man

who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes! With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "Mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting, and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being, so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity!

III.—GABRIEL GRUB.—CHARLES DICKENS.

IN an old abbey town, a long, long while ago, there officiated, as sexton and gravedigger, one Gabriel Grub. It by no means follows that, because a man is a sexton, he should be morose and melancholy; your undertakers are the merriest fellows in the world; and I once had the honour of being on intimate terms with a mute, who, off duty, was as comical and jocose a little fellow as ever chirped out a merry song without a hitch in his memory. But Gabriel Grub was an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow, who consorted with nobody but himself—and an old wicker bottle, which fitted into his large deep waistcoat pocket.

A little before twilight, one Christmas-eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard; for he had got a grave to finish by next morning. As he wended his way, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires, and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them. All this was gall and wormwood to him: and, as groups of children bounded out of the houses, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade,—as he thought of "measles! scarlet fever! thrush! whooping cough!" and a good many other sources of consolation besides.

In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard; generally speak-

ing, to him, a nice, gloomy, mournful place ; consequently, he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a " Merry Christmas " in this very sanctuary,—which had been called " Coffin Lane," ever since the days of the old abbey : so Gabriel dodged the boy into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, just to teach him to modulate his voice. And, as the boy hurried away,—singing quite a different sort of tune,—Gabriel chuckled very heartily, and entered the churchyard, locking the gate behind him.

He took off his coat, set down his lantern, and, getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no very easy matter to break it up and shovel it out ; but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing, that he looked down into the grave with grim satisfaction ; murmuring, as he gathered up his things—

" Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth when life is done ;
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet—
A rich juicy meal for the worms to eat ;
Rank grass overhead, and damp clay around,
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground ! "

" Ho ! ho ! ho ! " laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone, and drew forth his wicker bottle. " A coffin at Christmas ! a real Christmas-box ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! "

" Ho ! ho ! ho ! " repeated a voice, which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave was not more still and quiet, than the churchyard in the pale frosty moonlight. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground, and spread over the thickly strewn mounds of earth so white and smooth a cover, that it seemed as if corpses lay there, hidden only by their winding sheets. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up,—all was so cold and still !

" It — it — it was the echoes ! " said Gabriel, raising the bottle to his lips again.

" It was *not* ! " said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up ; his eyes rested on a strange un-

earthly figure which made his blood run cold. His tongue was thrust out, as if in derision; and he was grinning—with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

“It was not the echoes.—What do you here on Christmas-eve?”

“I—c—came to dig a grave, Sir.”

“What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?”

“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!” screamed a wild chorus of voices. Gabriel looked fearfully round—nothing was to be seen!

“What have you got in that bottle?”

“B—b—brandy, Sir,” confessed the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

“Who drinks brandy alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night as this?”

“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!” exclaimed the wild voices again.

“And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?”

The strain sounded like the voices of many choristers, singing to the mighty swell of the old church organ—and dying away as its soft breath passed onward:—“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

“Well, Gabriel, what do you say? what do you think of this, Gabriel?” said the goblin, contemplating his boots.

“It’s—it’s—very curious, Sir: very curious, and very pretty; b—b—but I think I’ll finish my work, Sir, if you please.”

“Work! what work?”

“The grave, Sir: making the grave.”

“Oh! the grave, eh? Who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?”

“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

“I’m afraid my friends want you, Gabriel,” said the goblin, thrusting his tongue into his cheek.

“Under favour, Sir, I don’t think they can, Sir; they don’t know me, Sir; I don’t think the gentlemen have ever seen me, Sir.”

“Yes, they have. We know the man with the sulky face and the grim scowl, that came down the street to-night,

throwing his evil looks at the children and grasping his burving-spade the tighter. We know the man that struck the boy, in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not! We know him! We know him!"

"Ay! we know him! Ha! ha! ha!" and the echoes returned the sound twentyfold, "Ha! ha! ha!"—while the goblin, flinging his legs up in the air, stood upon his head, on the very edge of the tombstone, and threw a somersault, planting himself right at the sexton's feet, as a tailor generally sits upon his shop-board.

"I—I—I am—afraid—I must leave you, Sir!"

"Leave us? No! . . . Gabriel Grub is going to leave us! Hillo-ho-ho!"

The sexton looked up, and saw a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church; the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones; while the first goblin, not content with the common-sized gravestones, leaped over the family vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street posts. The organ played quicker and quicker, the goblins leaped faster and faster—coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like footballs. The sexton's brain whirled round—his legs reeled—and the goblin king, suddenly darting towards him, laid his hand upon his collar. "O! ho! ho! ho!" and sank with him through the earth!

Where was he? In a large cavern—surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins. In the centre of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the churchyard!

"Ah!—cold, to-night," said the king of the goblins, "very cold! A glass of something warm here!"

Half-a-dozen officious goblins hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire,—which they presented to the king.

"Ah! ha! this warms one indeed: bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub!"

"N n-no, no, thank you, no: I'm not in the habit of taking anything warm at night!"

But one of the goblins held him, while another poured

the blazing liquid down his throat: and the whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed, and choked, and wiped away his tears.

“And now,” said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-leaf hat into the sexton’s eye,—“and now, show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouse.”

As the goblin said this, a thick cloud, which obscured the further end of the cavern, rolled away, and disclosed—a small and scantily furnished, but neat and clean, apartment. A crowd of little children was gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother’s gown, and gambolling round her chair. A frugal meal was ready spread upon the table, and an elbow-chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door; the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her—and clapped their hands for joy, as their father entered, wet and weary, and shaking the snow from his garments. Then, as he cheerily sat down, the children climbed about his knee, and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bedroom, where the fairest and youngest child lay—dying! the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and, even as the sexton looked on him—with an interest he had never felt or known before,—he died! His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and looked with awe on his infant face, calm and tranquil now; but they knew that he was an angel,—looking down and blessing them from a bright and happy heaven!

Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye. Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave; and, soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him. The few who yet survived knelt by their tomb, and watered its green turf with their tears; not with bitter cries or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again;—and once more they mixed with the busy world, and their content and cheerfulness

were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture, and concealed it from the sexton's view.

"What do you think of that?" said the goblin. Gabriel murmured out something about . . . its being very pretty.

"You a miserable man! You!" Indignation choked the goblin's utterance, so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and, flourishing it above his head to ensure his aim, administered a good sound kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which all the goblins-in-waiting crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy;—according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

"Show him some more!" said the king of the goblins.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour, were cheerful and happy; and that, to them, the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. He saw that women—the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures—were the oftenest superior to sorrow, adversity, and distress. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and, setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable world after all.

Then the merry goblins gave three lusty cheers—"Hooray! hooray! hooray!" Again the king gave his leg a flourish, but now it applaudingly patted the shoulders of the sexton: again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief:—the morning rooster crew loud: the spirits vanished . . . and Gabriel Grub awoke!

His wicker bottle was lying *empty* by his side: and his coat, spade, and lantern, all well whitened by the last night's frost, were scattered on the ground. At first, he began to doubt the reality of his adventures; but the acute pain of his shoulders, when he attempted to rise, assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not ideal. He was, however, an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to the town,—where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his refor-

mation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments; and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate, till some very credible witnesses declared that they had seen him distinctly whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse, blind of one eye, with the hind quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear! and the new sexton exhibited—for a trifling emolument—a good-sized piece of the church-weathercock, which had been accidentally kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his aerial flight.

But a few years afterwards, Gabriel Grub reappeared—a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman, and also to the mayor. The believers in the weathercock tale were not easily prevailed to part with it; others shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads—or muttered something about Gabriel Grub's having drunk all the brandy, and then fallen asleep among the tombstones; and they explained what he supposed he had witnessed, by saying that he had seen the world and grown wiser. Be the matter how it may, Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism to the end of his days.

This story has at least one moral, if it teach no better one: and that is, if a man turns sulky, and drinks by himself at Christmas-time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it, let the spirits be ever so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof, as those seen by Gabriel Grub!

IV.—TOPSY'S FIRST LESSON.—MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

MISS OPHELIA began with Topsy by taking her into a chamber, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron: standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

“Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it.”

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woful earnestness.

"Now, Topsy, look here; this is the hem of the sheet; this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong,—will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster,—so—and tuck it clear down under the mattress, nice and smooth,—so,—do you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet must be brought down in this way, and tucked under, firm and smooth, at the foot,—so;—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before. But we will add—what Miss Ophelia did not see—that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see *you* do this."

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon caught Miss Ophelia's attention. "What's this? . . . You naughty, wicked child,—you've been stealing this!"

"Laws! why that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a' got caught in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl! you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't, I didn't; never see'd it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"O, Topsy! Topsy! don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely, it's jist the truth I've been a tellin' now, and an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so."

"Laws, Missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat 'ar,—it must have got caught in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant that she caught the child and shook her. "Don't you tell me that again!" The shake brought the gloves on to the floor from the other sleeve. "There, you!" said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy, if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time." Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me,—I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house. Now tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip you."

"Laws, Missis! . . . I took Miss Eva's red thing she w'ars on her neck."

"You did? you naughty child!—Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, Missis! I can't—they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up!—what a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears and groans, declared that she *could* not. "They's burnt up—they was."

"What did you burn 'em for?"

"'Cause I's wicked, I is. I's mighty wicked, any how—I can't help it."

Just at that moment, little Eva came into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva! where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, Aunt, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered: the more so as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly-ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

"I'm sure I can't tell what to do with such a child!" she said in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

‘Why, Missis said I must ’fess; and I couldn’t think of nothin’ else to ’fess.”

“But, of course, I didn’t want you to confess things you didn’t do; that’s telling a lie, just as much as the other.”

“Laws, now, is it?” said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

“La, there an’t any such thing as truth in that limb,” said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. “If I was Mas’r St. Clare, I’d whip her till the blood run. I would—I’d let her catch it!”

“No, no, Rosa,” said Eva, with an air of command; “you mustn’t talk so, Rosa. I can’t bear to hear it.”

“La sakes! Miss Eva, you’s so good; you don’t know nothing how to get along with niggers. There’s no way but to cut ’em well up, I tell ye.”

“Rosa!” said Eva, “hush! Don’t say another word of that sort!” and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its colour.

Rosa was cowed in a moment and went away. Eva stood looking at Topsy.

There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringeing, yet acute neighbour. They stood, the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice!

When Miss Ophelia expatiated on Topsy’s naughty, wicked conduct, Eva looked perplexed and sorrowful, but said sweetly—

“Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You’re going to be taken good care of now. I’m sure I’d rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it.”

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye

V.—THE DEATH OF LITTLE DOMBEY.—CHARLES DICKENS. PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him, with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out! But a word from his sister Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

The people round him changed unaccountably—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been the doctors was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. And Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure, with its head upon its hand, returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and, in the night-time, saw it sitting there, with fear.

“Floy,” he said, “what is that?” “Where, dearest?” “There! at the bottom of the bed.” “There’s nothing there, except papa!” The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—“My own boy, don’t you know me?” Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain;

and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days, or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. “Floy, did I ever see mamma?” “No, darling; why?” “Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?” he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. “Oh yes, dear!” “Whose, Floy?” “Your old nurse’s; often.” “And where is my old nurse?” said Paul. “Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?”

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. “Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!” “She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.” —“Thank you, Floy!”

Little Dombey closed his eyes, and fell asleep. But he soon awoke—woke mind and body, and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

“And who is this? Is this my old nurse?” said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one

who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. . . The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

VI.—THE FUNERAL OF LITTLE NELL—CHARLES DICKENS

ANON the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches,—in the pride of strength and

health—in the full blush of promise—in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim, and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it?

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat, when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust”! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart; and the villagers closed round to look into the grave, before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so daring; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon’s rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the eldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in

little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred Virtues rise, in shapes of Mercy, Charity, and Love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

VII.—AN M.P.'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.—CHARLES DICKENS.

"I BROUGHT this card from the General Agency Office, sir," said Nicholas, "wishing to offer myself as your Secretary."

"That's all you have come for, is it?" said Mr. Gregsbury. "You have no connection with any of those rascally newspapers, have you? You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, eh?"

"I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with anything at present," rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gregsbury. "Sit down.—You want to be my Secretary, do you?"

"I wish to be employed in that capacity, sir."

"Well, now, what can you do?"

"I suppose," replied Nicholas, smiling, "that I can do what falls usually to the lot of other secretaries."

"What's that?"

"A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps. They include, I presume, correspondence?"

"Good," interposed Mr. Gregsbury.

"The arrangement of papers and documents. Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly, sir," said Nicholas with a half-smile, "the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance."

"Certainly, certainly! What else?"

"Really, I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a Secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability; without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply."

"This is all very well, Mr. — What is your name?"

"Nickleby."

"This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby; and very proper so far as it goes—so far as it goes,—but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a Secretary to a Parliamentary Gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, sir."

"May I beg your pardon, if I inquire what you mean, sir?"

"My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain. My Secretary would have to make himself master of the Foreign Policy of the world as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings—all leading articles—and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir."

"Then, it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted, from day to day, with newspaper paragraphs on passing events: such as, 'Mysterious Disappearance and Supposed Suicide of a Potboy,'—or anything of that

sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then, he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about independence and good sense); and to send the manuscript to the local paper, with perhaps half-a-dozen lines of leader, to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in Parliament, and never shrunk from the responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"—Nicholas bowed.—"Besides which, I should expect him, now and then, to go through a few figures in the Printed Tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on Timber-Duty questions, and Finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a Return to Cash Payments and a Metallic Currency, with a touch now and then about the Exportation of Bullion, and the Emperor of Russia,—and bank notes,—and all that kind of thing; which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand."

"With regard to such questions as are not political, and which one can't be expected to care about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves—else where are our privileges?—I should wish my Secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous Bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing authors a right to their own property I should like to say that I, for one, would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among *the people*,—you understand?—that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large—and, if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the House, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me, or my jokes either—do you see?"

"I see that, sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected, to put it very strong about the People, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the Authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do,—except waiting in the Lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and, now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—'You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury,'—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary, I don't mind saying at once in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There!"

With this handsome offer, Mr. Gregsbury once more threw himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who had been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

"Fifteen shillings a week is not much," said Nicholas mildly.

"Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man! Fifteen shillings a——"

"Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum, sir, for I am not ashamed to confess that, whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them."

"Do you decline to undertake them, sir?" inquired Mr. Gregsbury, with his hand on the bell-rope.

"I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be, sir."

"That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little. Do you decline it, sir?"

"I have no alternative but to do so."

"Door, Matthews!" said Mr. Gregsbury as his servant appeared.

"I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir."

"I am sorry you have," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury, turning his back. "Door, Matthews!"

"Good morning, sir."

"Door, Matthews!"

The boy beckoned Nicholas, and, tumbling lazily down-stairs before him, opened the door, and ushered him into the street.

VIII.—THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.—

(COMPRESSED TRANSLATION) HANS C. ANDERSEN.

MANY years ago, there lived an Emperor, who was so fond of having new clothes, that he spent all his money upon dress and finery. He had a coat for every hour in the day: and, just as in other countries they say of a king, "His Majesty is in his council chamber," they said of him, "The Emperor is in his dressing-room."

One day, there came a couple of impostors, who gave themselves out as weavers, and pretended that they could weave the most beautiful cloth imaginable. Not only were the colours and the pattern of remarkable beauty, but the clothes, made of the material, possessed the wonderful quality of being invisible to the eyes of such persons as were either not fit for the office they held, or irremediably stupid.

"Those would, indeed, be valuable clothes," thought the Emperor; "for, when I put them on, I should be able to find out which men are unfit for their offices, and to distinguish the wise from the stupid ones. I must have some of this stuff woven for me directly!"—And he gave the two impostors a handsome sum to begin their work with.

They then put up two looms: they asked for the finest silk, and the most splendid gold thread (all of which they put into their pockets), and pretended to be working—working—working, at the empty looms.

"I should like to know how they are getting on," thought the Emperor. Yet he felt some misgivings, when he recollected that stupid persons, or such as were unfit for their office, could not see the material. "Ah! I will send my worthy Prime Minister; he has a great deal of good sense, and nobody is more fit for his office than he."

The good old Minister accordingly went into the room

where the two impostors sat, working at the empty looms. "Eh! mercy on us! I can see nothing at all." But he took care not to say so. The two impostors asked if he did not think the pattern very pretty, and the colours extremely beautiful? "T-t-t! can I be so stupid after all? I never thought myself so, and I must not let any one know it! Can I be unfit for my office? . . . Oh! it is most elegant, most lovely," answered the Minister, staring through his spectacles; "both the pattern, and the colours. I shall be sure to tell the Emperor how pleased I am with the stuff."

"We are delighted to hear you say so." And the weavers got more money, more silk, and more gold. They put it all into their pockets as before, and kept working—working—working, at the empty looms.

Every visitor spoke of the splendid stuff that was being woven. The Emperor had now a mind to see it himself; so he went, with his retinue, into the room where the two cunning impostors were working away without either warp or woof.

"Is it not magnificent?" And they pointed to the empty loom.

"Why, how's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing whatever! This is quite alarming! Can I be stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most shocking thing that could happen to me! . . . Oh, it's very pretty!" cried he; "it has our most gracious approval!" And he nodded condescendingly, as he gazed at the empty loom—for he would not own that he saw nothing.

"Oh! ah! it's very pretty!" repeated all his retinue, and they advised him to put on the beautiful new clothes on the day of the public procession. The words, "Elegant!" "Splendid!" "Magnificent!" were bandied about from mouth to mouth; and the Emperor conferred on the two impostors the title of "Weavers to the Imperial Court."

The two impostors sat up the whole of the night preceding the day on which the procession was to take place, and had lit up more than sixteen tapers. People could see them busy at work, finishing the Emperor's new clothes. They imitated the action of taking the stuff off the loom; then they cut it out in the air with large

scissors, and proceeded to sew the garments, without either needles or thread, till, at length, they said, "The clothes are now ready!"

The Emperor then came in, accompanied by the principal Lords of his Court: when the two Imperial weavers, each raising his arms, advanced: "Sire, here are the trunk-hose, here is the vest, here is the mantle. The tissue is as light as a cobweb, and one might fancy one had nothing on; but that is just its greatest beauty."

"So it is," said the courtiers; though they could see nothing, as nothing was there to be seen.

"Will your Imperial Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes?" said the impostors, "and we will dress you in the new ones, before this large glass."

The Emperor accordingly took off all his clothes; and, as they pretended to dress him in the new garments, his Majesty turned and twisted himself round, before the looking-glass.

"How capitally the clothes fit!" said all present.

"What a beautiful pattern!" "What vivid colours!"

"What a costly attire!"

"My liege, they are waiting outside with the canopy that is to be carried over your Majesty's head in the procession," cried the Master of the Ceremonies.

"Ah! I am quite ready, as you may perceive," answered the Emperor. "My dress fits nicely—does it not?" added he, turning once more to the glass, as if he were examining its beauties most minutely.

The Lords of the Bed-chamber, who were to bear the train, pretended to pick it up from the floor, with both hands; for they did not venture to show that they saw nothing.

The Emperor then went forth; while his attendants exclaimed: "Dear me! how incomparably beautiful are the Emperor's new clothes! What a fine train he has, and how well it is cut!" No one, in short, would let his neighbour think that he saw nothing; for it would have been like declaring himself unfit for his office, whatever that might be, or, at best, extremely stupid. None of the Emperor's clothes had ever met with such universal approbation as these.

"But he has got nothing on!" cried at length one little child.

"Only listen to that innocent creature!" said the father; and the child's remark was whispered from one to the other, as a piece of laughable simplicity.

"But he has got nothing on!" cried at length the whole crowd.

This startled the Emperor, for he had an inkling that they were in the right: but he thought: "I must, nevertheless, face it out till the end. Go on with the procession!"

And the lords-in-waiting went on, marching as stiffly as ever, and carrying the train—which did not exist.

IX.—THE EATANSWILL ELECTION.—

(CONDENSATION) CHARLES DICKENS.

ON one particular morning, the members of the Corresponding Branch of the United Pickwickians (attended by Mr. Samuel Weller), took their places on the outside of the Eatanswill coach, to be present at the election of a Member of Parliament for the borough of Eatanswill.

The Eatanswill people, like the people of many other small towns, considered themselves of the most mighty importance: and every man felt himself bound to unite heart and soul with one of the two great parties that divided the town—the Blues and the Buffs. The Blues lost no opportunity of opposing the Buffs—and the Buffs lost no opportunity of opposing the Blues. If the Buffs proposed to new-skylight the market-place, the Blues denounced the infamous proceeding; if the Blues proposed the erection of an additional pump, the Buffs were called on to rise as one man, and resist the monstrous enormity.

Of course there were two newspapers in the town:—*The Eatanswill Gazette*—Blue! and *The Eatanswill Independent*—Buff!! Such leading articles, and such spirited attacks!

"Our worthless contemporary, the *Gazette*——"

"That disgraceful and dastardly journal, the *Independent*——"

"That vile and slanderous calumniator, the *Gazette*——"

"That false and scurrilous print, the *Independent*——"

Never was such a contest known. The Honorable Samuel Slumkey (of Slumkey Hall) was the Blue candidate, and Horatio Fizkin, Esquire (of Fizkin Lodge), stood forward on the Buff interest. The *Gazette* warned the

electors that the eyes not only of England, but of the whole civilized world, were upon them : and the *Independent* imperatively demanded to know whether the constituency of Eatanswill were the grand fellows they had always taken them for—or base and servile tools, undeserving alike of the name of Englishmen, and the blessings of freedom.

Mr. Pickwick and the members of his Club had no sooner dismounted from the coach than they were surrounded by a branch mob of the honest and independent, who forthwith set up three deafening cheers.

“Slumkey for ever ! Hurrah !”

“One cheer more,” screamed a little fugleman. “Slumkey for ever !” roared the honest and independent.

“Slumkey for ever !” echoed Mr. Pickwick.

“Who is Slumkey ?” whispered Mr. Tupman.

“I don’t know. Hush ! Don’t ask any questions. It’s always best to do what the mob do.”

“But suppose there are two mobs ?”

“Then shout with the largest.”

They entered the hotel—“Waiter ! can we have beds here ?”

“Don’t know, sir—afraid we’re full, sir—I’ll inquire, sir. . . . All Blues, sir ?”

“We wish to see a gentleman of the name of Perker, the Honorable Mr. Slumkey’s agent. He is Blue, I think ?”

“Oh yes, sir.”

“Then we are Blue.” The waiter at once led the way to Mr. Perker’s apartment.

“Ah—ha ! my dear sir ! very happy to see you. Pray sit down. So you have carried your intention into effect. You have come down here to see an election—eh ? Spirited contest, my dear sir.”

“I am delighted to hear it.”

“Oh, yes, very much indeed. We have opened all the public houses, and left our adversary nothing but the beer shops. But Fizkin’s people have got three-and-thirty votes in the lock-up coach-house at the White Hart. The effect of that is, you see, to prevent our getting at them : and, even if we could, it would be of no use—for they keep ’em very drunk on purpose.—We are pretty confident though : we had a little tea-party here last night—

five-and-forty women, my dear sir—and gave every one a green parasol when she went away.”

“A parasol?”

“Fact, my dear sir! fact! Five-and-forty green parasols at seven and sixpence apiece. All women like finery. Extraordinary the effect of these parasols—secured all their husbands and half their brothers—beats stockings, and flannel, and all that sort of thing hollow. My idea, my dear sir, entirely! ha! ha! ha!” * * *

“Well, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick next morning—“all alive to-day, I suppose?”

“Reg’lar game, sir: our people’s a-collectin’ down at the Town Arms, and they’re a-hollerin’ themselves hoarse already.”

“Energetic, eh?”

“Uncommon! I never see men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they an’t afeerd o’ bustin’.”

“Fine, fresh, hearty fellows, they seem!”

“Werry fresh: me and the two waiters at the Peacock has been pumping over the independent woters as supped there last night. They’re in reglar fine order now! Shillin’ a head the Committee paid for that ’ere job.”

“Can such things be?”

“Law bless your heart, sir, why, where was you half baptized? that’s nothin’—that a’int,—nothin’ at all, sir! The night afore the last day of the last election here, the opposite party bribed the barmaid at the Town Arms, to hocus the brandy-and-water of fourteen unpolled electors, as was a-stoppin’ in the house.”

“What do you mean by ‘hocussing’ brandy-and-water, Sam?”

“Puttin’ laudanum in it. Bless’d if she didn’t send them all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth in a truck fast asleep, by way of experiment; but it was no go—they wouldn’t poll him; so they brought him back, and put him to bed again.”

“Strange practices, these!”

“Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at an election time, in this werry place, sir.”

“What was that, Sam?”

"Why, he drove a coach down here once. 'Lecture time came on, and he was engaged to bring down woters from London. Night afore he was a-goin' to drive up, Committee on t'other side sends for him quietly. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n in the chair, 'glad to see you, sir: how are you?' 'Wery well, thank you, sir,' says my father; 'I hope you're pretty middlin'?' says he. 'Pretty well, thank you, sir,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'sit down, Mr. Weller. . . . It's a wery bad road between this and London,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Here and there it is a heavy road,' says my father. 'Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father. 'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n, 'you're a wery good whip, we know. We're all wery fond o' you, Mr. Weller; so in case you should have a haccident when you're a-bringin' these here woters down, and should tip 'em over into the canal, without hurtin' of 'em, this is for yourself,'—and he slips a twenty-pound note in his hand. You wouldn't believe it, sir, that, on the wery day as he came down with them woters, his coach was upset on that 'ere wery spot, and every man on 'em was turned into the canal."

"And got out again, I hope, Sam?"

"Why, sir, I rather think one old gen'l'm'n was missin'; I know his hat was found; but I a'n't quite certain whether his head was in it or not.—Hooray! the fun's a-comin'!"

There was first a grand band of trumpets, banners, and drums, earning their money if ever men did. There were constables with blue staves—committee-men with blue scarves,—and voters with blue cockades. There was an open carriage-and-four with the Honorable Samuel Slumkey. The flags were rustling—the band was playing—the constables were swearing—the committee-men were squabbling—the mob was shouting—the horses were backing—the post-boys perspiring; and all for the honour and renown of the Honorable Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall—one of the candidates for the representation of the Borough of Eatanswill, in the Commons' House of Parliament. Suddenly the crowd set up a great cheering. "Hooray! hooray!"

"Slumkey has shaken hands with the coal-heavers! He has patted the babies on the head! He has kissed

one of them!—He has kissed another!—He's kissing them all!" and, hailed by the deafening shouts of the multitude, the procession moved on.

Then there was a buff procession—buff constables—buff committee-men—buff voters, and buff babies. There were deafening roars of "Silence! silence!" while the two candidates—Mr. Horatio Fizkins, and the Honorable Samuel Slumkey, with their hands upon their hearts, were bowing—and bowing—and bowing—to a troubled sea of heads; whence arose a storm of cheers, and groans, and yells, and shouts, and hootings, that would have done honour to an earthquake.

"Silence!" roared the mayor's attendants.

"Whiffin, proclaim silence!" said the mayor. Then the crier commenced a concerto on the bell, while the crowd called out, "Muffins!"

"Gentlemen," said the Mayor, "gentlemen, brother electors of the Borough of Eatanswill, we are met here to-day—for the purpose—of choosing a representative—in the room of our late——"

"Hooray for the Mayor! May he never desert the nail and sar'span business as he got his money by!"

The remainder of the speech was inaudible—with the exception of the concluding sentence, in which he thanked the meeting for the patient attention with which they had heard him throughout.

Then followed the pantomimic speeches of the rival movers and seconders: then the speeches of the candidates themselves; these addresses, though differing in every other respect, afforded a beautiful tribute to the merit and high worth of the Electors of Eatanswill. Both expressed their opinion that a more independent, a more enlightened, a more noble-minded, a more disinterested set of men than those who had promised to vote for him, never existed on earth. Mr. Fizkins expressed his readiness to do anything he was wanted, Slumkey, his determination to do nothing that was asked of him. Both said that the trade, the manufactures, the commerce, the prosperity of Eatanswill would ever be dearer to their hearts than any other earthly object; and each had it in his power to state, with the utmost confidence, that *he* was the man who would eventually be returned.

Of course there was a show of hands; of course a poll

was demanded; of course a vote of thanks was moved to the Mayor for his able conduct in the chair; and, of course, the Mayor returned thanks,—devoutly wishing that he had had a chair to display his able conduct in, for he had been standing all the time.

Everything on the day of the poll was conducted on the most liberal and delightful scale. Excisable articles were remarkably cheap at all the public houses; spring-vans paraded the streets for the accommodation of voters who were seized with any temporary dizziness in the head, or tendency to lie on the pavement. One hour before the close of the poll, the law-agent of one of the candidates had an interview with a small body of intelligent electors, who had not as yet been convinced by the eloquence of either party. The arguments of the man of business were brief but satisfactory. These electors went in a body to the poll; and, when they returned, the lawyer's client was returned also.

X.—OUR GUIDE IN ROME.—MARK TWAIN.

EUROPEAN guides tangle up everything, so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—as a parrot does; and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to begin over again. They are so employed in listening to bursts of admiration, that they could not live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies; we never admired anything, we never showed anything but impassible faces, and stupid indifference, before our guides: we have made some of these people savage, but we have never lost our serenity.

The Doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look like an inspired idiot—it comes natural to him.

The guides are delighted to secure an American party, especially before any relic of Columbus. Our guide—whom we invariably called Ferguson—fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He said,—

“Come wiz me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze lettre-writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand! Come!”

After much fumbling of keys, and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us.

"Aha! what I tell you, gentlemen! Is it not so? See—handwriting, Christopher Colombo—write it himself!"

The Doctor examined the document, very deliberately:

"Ah!—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo, ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Ah!—did he write it himself—or—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo—his own handwriting! write by himself!"

"M! why, I have seen boys in America, only fourteen years old, that could write better than that!"

"But zis is de great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is, it's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us, because we are strangers. We are not fools by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide had something which he thought would overcome us.

"Ah, gentlemen, you come wis me here! I show you beautiful, O magnifique bust—Christopher Colombo! splendid, grand, magnifique!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it was beautiful.

"Ah! look, gentleman!—beautiful, grand—bust, Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The Doctor put up his eye-glass, procured for such occasions.

"Ah!—What did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo—Well, what did he do?"

"Discover America—discover America—O, ze stupid! bêtes!—dindons!"

"Discover America? No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves, we heard nothing about it there. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—Is—is he dead?"

"O corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen—I do not know what he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe, maybe, I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah—which is the bust, and which is the pedestal?"

"Zis de bust—zis de pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner. French guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We went to the Vatican. It was hard to keep from admiration. We succeeded, though. The guide was bewildered—nonplussed. He reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder, till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy—the best preserved in the world perhaps. He took us there.

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy! 'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No! 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—not Frenchman—not Roman!—born in Egypta."

"Born in Egypta—never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is! how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O!—been dead three thousand year!"

"Eh?"

"Three thousand year."

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen, because we are strangers and trying to learn? Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us*!—Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—to——If you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, by George, we'll brain you!"

The guide thought we were lunatics: he told the hotel-keeper so the next morning. The observation was so innocent, that it was a very good thing for a guide to say. Ha! ha! Poor Ferguson! we enjoyed his society very much; I trust he enjoyed ours—but I am harassed with doubts. Ha! ha! ha!

XI.—THE BOXES—A FRENCHMAN'S DIFFICULTIES.
(*Blackwood's Magazine.*)

I WOULD well tell you, that I am come to this country to instruct me in the manners, the customs, the habits, and the policies of Great Britain.

I got upon the vapouring boat to walk so far as Douvres. It was a fine day; and after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the sherp, and I see a great mechanic of wood with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside. They tell me it was called "Jacques in de box," and I was very much please with "Jacques in de box."

Very well! . . . I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and little boy sailor come, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. But I not understand. So, I make enquire, and they tell me he was "box the compass." Box! ah! I was surprise, but I tell myself, "Well, never mind!" and so we arrive at Douvres. I find myself enough well in the hotel; but as there has been no *table d'hôte*, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait. The garson waiter tell me, "This way, sar; I have put it in a box in the café room." Box? dinner! "Well, never mind," I say to myself. "Keep the eyes open!" and I learn another sort of the box was a partition and table particulier in a salon; and I keep there when I eat; and I hear some one what was put in another box call for the "pepper box!" Oh! very well! stare at nothing at all. I ask the waiter where I may buy a portmanteau. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded that he shall find me a box. Aha! Well, I say nothing of all, but "Yes," for fear to discover my ignorance; so he bring the little box for the clothes into the great box what I was put into: and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town, and he send boot-boy with me so far as

the theatre, and I go in to pay. The man what set to have the money, asked if I would go into the boxes? "Very well," I say—"never mind:—oh yes, to be sure;" and I find very soon the box was the *loge*. Never mind! Very well! I had not understanding to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor maigre doctor, what had been to give his physic too long time at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole *box* of his proper pills. Box of pills! "Very well!" I say; "that must be egregious. It is cannot be possible:" but they bring little a box, not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous, so I returned to my hotel at despair how I could possibility learn a language what meant so many different in one word—Jacques in the box—box the compass—café room box—pepper box—portmanteau box—theatre box—pill box—Oh!"

Well, the waiter ask me if I would go by the coach to-morrow: I replied—Yes: and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country. "Sir," he say, very polite—"if you shall allow me, I would recommend you the *box*, sir; and then the coachman shall tell everything. "Very well," I reply—"yes, to be sure;—I shall have a *box* then! That is very remarkable!" and then I demanded a fire into my chamber. Very well: here is the fire. The maid of the chamber say, "You will find the coal-*box* in the closet." Well, I say nothing but "Yes, oh, yes!" But when she is gone, I look into the closet, and see a *box*, not no more like none of the other boxes what I see all day than nothing!

Well, I write at my friends: and then I tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possible be the box what I must be put in to-morrow for my coach voyage.

In the morning I see the coach at the door, and I walk all round, but I see nothing what they call *boxes*, only the same kind as my portmanteau. Ah! am I to be packed in a portmanteau? Well, never mind: we shall see. So, I ask for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who showed me at a window, "There is the letter box!" "Very well! all box again to-day," and I give my letter to the master of postes, and go away again at the coach, where I very soon find what was coach-box,

and mount myself upon it. Then come the coachman, and he call, "Bring my box-coat!" Ah! ce n'est pas possible—mais oui!"

"But never mind!" I say; "I shall see all the boxes in time." So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry, "Cheat! cheat!" and we roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear we will be reversed. After little times, we begin to entertain together, and I hear one of the wheels cry Squeak, so I say, "Sare, one of the wheel would be greased;" then he make reply, nonchalancelly, "Oh, it is nothing but one of the *boxes* what is too tight." Box on the wheel? Oh!—But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a box was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well, we fly away at the pace of charge; then come a pretty house of country well ornated, and I make enquire what it should be. "Oh," responded he, "it is what we call a *snug country box*."

Then I feel myself abyméd at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But still I tell myself, "Well, never mind: we shall see!" And then, after some times, there come another house, all alone in a forest. "What how you call that?" "Oh," he responded, "that is a shooting-box of Lord Killfox." "Oh!" I cry at last out, "that is leetle too strong! But never mind! we shall see." So I myself refreshed with a pinch of snuff, and offer him; and he remark upon an instant, "That is a very handsome box of yours, sir."

"Morblen! Box!" I exclaimed with inadvertency: but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff-box, and I take a pinch. It was of wood, beautiful with turnings, and colour of yellow. So I was pleased to admire very much and enquire the name of the wood, and again he say, "Box, sir." Well . . . I hold myself with patience, but it was difficilely, and we keep with great gallop till we come at a crowd of the people. Then I say, "What for all so large concourse?" "Oh!" he response again, "there is one grand boxing match—a battle here to day." "Peste!" I tell myself, "why everything is box! Well, never mind! I hope they all shall destroy one another, for I am fatiguéd!"

Well, we arrive at an hotel, and I go into a salon, but before I finish, great noise come into the passage, and

I demand why so great tapage? The waiter tell me, "Oh, sir, it is only two women what quarrel, and one has given another a box on the ear."

Box on the ear! Well, I go back on the coach-box, and I look, as I pass, at all the women ear, for the *box*; but not none I see. "Well," I tell myself once more, "never mind; we shall see;" and we drive on very passable and agreeable, till there come one other coach of the opposition to pass by; and the coachman whip his horses, and made some traverse upon the road; then he twist himself round, and, with full voice, cry himself out at the another man, "I'll tell you what, my hearty! if you comes some more of your gammon at me, I sha'n't stand it, and you shall yourself find in the wrong *box*!" Wrong box! What is box? What is right box? All the boxes are wrong! But it was not for many weeks after, as I found out the *wrong box* meaning.

Well, we got at London, and I meet a gentleman called Mr. Box; but he was the right box, not the wrong box, and he invited me to go with him at Leicestershire, to see the foxes hunting; but before I go my valet demand, what I shall leave behind in orders to give, what people will come at my logement for Christmas *boxes*? Ha! ha! ha! It is very droll! I am surprised at nothing now. You have, a box on the ear: a box in the pocket; a box portmanteau; a coach box: a box on the wheel: a box at theatre; a box for house of the country: a box for post of letters; a box at the café; a box for the pills: a coal box; a pepper box; a box-tree; you box at the compass; and you box at the fight! It is all a battle of boxes! But never mind! Very well! I shall remember. But I shall have fear to make sometimes myself in the wrong box!

XII.—MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE.—
(*Compilation*).—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

So you've come home at last, Mr. Caudle: pretty time of night to come to bed. Faugh! that filthy tobacco smoke! You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it! You don't smoke yourself? If you go among people who do smoke, you're just as bad. No! I sha'n't go to sleep, like a good soul! How's people to go to sleep when they're suffocated? If you want to go to sleep,

you should come home in Christian time, not at half-past twelve—going and lending your money like a fool, and spending I don't know how much more!

I wonder who'd lend *you* five pounds, Mr. Caudle? Eh? You can be very liberal, to everybody, but those belonging to you. I've wanted a new gown these three years; and all the girls want bonnets. Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow—she wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. The man called for the water-rate to-day, and next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I did think you might have gone to the sea-side this summer; but what do you care for your family? Nothing! so you can squander away five pounds on some of your brother masons, as you call them!

Nonsense! don't tell me you only spent eighteenpence! and if it was only that, do you know what fifty-two eighteenpences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? A pretty name you'll get in the neighbourhood, and a nice face you'll get in a very little time,—your nose is getting red already!

You don't see it? No, I daresay not; but I see it! I see a great many things that you don't. In a little time you'll have a face, all over, as if it was made of red currant jam. And now, I suppose, you'll be going to public dinners every day! and of course you'll be out every night. I knew what it would come to, when you were made a mason. "Brother" Caudle! huh!—when you were once made a brother, as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be—a brother, indeed! What would you say if I was to go, and be made a *sister*? why, I know very well the house wouldn't hold you!

Now, now, lie still, Caudle. Don't let's quarrel: I want to know all you've been doing to-night. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to be made a mason of, if I wasn't to know the secret *too*? A pack of nonsense, I daresay; still I *should* like to know. There's a dear! Eh? Just tell me a little bit of it. Come, there's a good creature! I'm sure I wouldn't refuse you anything. I only wish I had a secret, I should be miserable to keep it to myself. Now, Caudle! you'll tell your own Margaret? There's a love! What, you won't? Oh, you're a wretch, Mr. Caudle!

But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that

you may feast and drink together ! That's all ! that's the secret ! But it isn't the secret I care about ; it's the slight that a man pays to his wife, when he keeps something to himself that he won't let *her* know. Man and wife one indeed ! I should like to know how that can be, when a man's a mason ! Caudle, you sha'n't close your eyes for a week, unless you tell me some of it. Caudle ! do, my love ! Dearest, I say ! Ugh ! you're enough to vex a saint !

What do you say ? Eh ! I'd better get up, and sew on your shirt buttons ? Well, it's a pity you haven't worse to complain of than a button off your shirt ; and it's my belief that you pulled it off that you might have something to talk about ! Oh, you're aggravating enough. I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. But I know what I'll do for the future,—every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to them. Oh, indeed ! you'll get somebody else to sew them ? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife ! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house ! No, I'm not mad ! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad, and that's worse ! I can't even do so much as speak of a shirt-button, but I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house ! Caudle, you've a heart like a stone, you have ! But there's one comfort—it can't last long. I'm worried to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha ! you may laugh ! and I daresay you would laugh ! We shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then, but I hope you'll never have a blessed button to your back !

No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle ; nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say ? Nobody ever knew so much of me ? That's nothing at all to do with it. It's a good thing I'm not so worrying as you are, or a nice house there'd be between us ! The wife that I've been to you ! Sitting up till the middle of the night—seeing all sorts of things in the fire : while you are laughing and singing at your club, and never thinking of the clock.

You didn't want me to sit up ? Yes, yes, that's your thanks—that's your gratitude ! I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. That's like you ! (*cry*).

What? you'll have a key and let yourself in? No: not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle; I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch, and to be murdered before the morning! A key! a respectable thing that, for a married man—the father of a family—to carry about with him! To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person. Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something!

Ugh! ugh! I shall catch my death of cold, and there'll be a nice doctor's bill to pay! But when I'm gone, you'll soon fill up my place. I won't be long, Caudle; only you needn't shorten my time by keeping me sitting up at night!

What do you say? I shall see *you* out, and another husband too!

What a gross idea! To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again! No, never! Talking of that, Caudle, there are men, I know, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must remain widows. You've no need to do that. But if there's anything in this world that's mean and small, it is that! Don't you think so too, Caudle? Why don't you speak, love? Now listen, just a minute, and I'll let you go to sleep. It's no matter to me how you've made your will, because I'm sure to go first—eh?—but I'd like you to agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow, is a mean wretch!

No; when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love; and then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money as long as she keeps a widow, why, she's aggravated to take another husband. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, you could do such a thing—though it would break my heart to do it—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry directly. So don't provoke me with any “will” of that sort. What do you say, love? (*snore*). Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, (*snore*) Caudle, my love!—Caudle, dearest, I say! Caudle! Eh? (*kiss*). Oh that filthy tobacco smoke!—Whew! (*cough*). Get along with you!

“I recollect nothing more,” says Caudle; “for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious.”

READINGS IN PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

I.—GOD IS LOVE.—RICHARD WATSON.

WHERE shall we go for manifestations of the tenderness, the sympathy, the benignity of God? The Philosopher of this world leads us to Nature, its benevolent final causes, and kind contrivances to increase the sum of animal happiness; and there he stops—with half his demonstration! But the Apostle leads us to the Gift bestowed by the Father for the recovery of man's intellectual and moral nature, and to the Cross endured by the Son on this high behalf. Go to the heavens, which canopy man with grandeur, cheer his steps with successive light, and mark his festivals by their chronology; go to the atmosphere, which invigorates his spirits, and is to him the breath of life; go to the smiling fields, decked with verdure for his eye, and covered with fruits for his sustenance; go to every scene which spreads beauty before his gaze, which is made harmoniously vocal to his ear, which fills and delights the imagination by its glow or by its greatness: we travel with you, we admire with you, we feel and enjoy with you, we adore with you,—but we stay not with you. We hasten onwards, in search of a demonstration more convincing that “God is love:” we rest not till we press into the strange, the mournful, the joyful scenes of Calvary; and amidst the throng of invisible and astonished angels, weeping disciples, and the mocking multitude, under the arch of the darkened heaven, and with earth trembling beneath our feet, we gaze upon the meek, the resigned, but fainting Sufferer; and exclaim, “Herein is love!”—herein, and nowhere else, is it so affectingly, so unequivocally demonstrated,—“not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”

II.—CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.—FINLAYSON.

WHAT is it, O child of sorrow,—what is it that now wrings thy heart, and bends thee in sadness to the

ground? Whatever it be, if thou knowest the truth, the truth shall give thee relief. Have the terrors of guilt taken hold of thee? Dost thou go all the day long, mourning for thy iniquities, refusing to be comforted? And, in thy bed at night, do visions of remorse disturb thy rest, and haunt thee with the fears of a judgment to come? Behold, the Redeemer hath borne thy sins in His own body on the tree; and if thou art willing to forsake them, thou knowest, with certainty, that they shall not be remembered in the judgment against thee.

Hast thou, with weeping eyes, committed to the grave the child of thy affections, the virtuous friend of thy youth, or the tender partner whose pious attachment lightened thy load of life? Behold, they are not dead! Thou knowest that they live in a better region, with their Saviour and their God; that still thou holdest thy place in their remembrance; and that thou shalt soon meet them again, to part no more.

Dost thou look forward with trembling to the days of darkness—when thou shalt lie on the bed of sickness—when thy pulse shall have become low—when the cold damps have gathered on thy brow—when the mournful looks of thy attendants have told thee that the hour of thy departure has come? To the mere natural man, this scene is awful and alarming. But, if thou art a Christian, if thou knowest and obeyest the truth, thou shalt fear no evil. The shadows which hang over the Valley of Death shall retire at thy approach; and thou shalt see beyond it the spirits of the just, and an innumerable company of angels,—the future companions of thy bliss,—bending from their thrones to cheer thy departing soul, and to welcome thee into everlasting habitations.

III.—MAJESTY OF THE REDEEMER.—W. ARCHER BUTLER.

ON such a subject as this, what can one say which is not unworthy? It is far vaster than our largest conception, infinitely grander than our loftiest; yet, overpoweringly awful as it is, how familiarity reconciles us to hearing it without awe! We must endeavour to devise some mode of meeting this miserable influence of habit, by forcing

the mind to make an effort—faint though it may be—to realize the infinite magnificence of the subject.

You are wandering (I will suppose) in some of the wretched retreats of poverty, upon some mission of business or charity. Perplexed and wearied amid its varieties of misery, you chance to come upon an Individual whose conversation and mien attract and surprise you. Your attention enkindled by the gracious benevolence of the stranger's manner, you inquire; and the astounding fact reveals itself, that, in this lone and miserable scene, you have, by some strange conjuncture, met with one of the great lights of the age, one of the leaders of universal opinion; on whom your thoughts had long been busied, and whom you had for years desired to see. The singular accident of an interview so unexpected, fills and agitates your mind. You form a thousand theories as to what strange cause could have brought him *there*. You recall how he spoke and looked; you call it an epoch in your life to have witnessed so startling an occurrence—to have beheld one so distinguished, in a scene so much out of all possibility of anticipation.

Yet again: a loftier Personage may be imagined. In the wild revolutions of fortune, even monarchs have been wanderers. Suppose this then,—improbable indeed, but not impossible surely. And then, what feelings of respectful pity, of deep and earnest interest, would thrill your frame, as you contemplated such a one cast down from all that earth can minister of luxury and power, from the head of councils and of armies, to seek a home with the homeless, to share the bread of destitution, and feed on the charity of the scornful! How the depths of human nature are stirred by such events! how they find an echo in the recesses of our hearts,—these terrible espousals of majesty and misery!

But this will not suffice. There are beings that far overpass the glories of the statesman and the monarch of our earth. Conceive, then, no longer the mighty of our world in this strange union with misery and degradation, but the presiding Spirit of one of those orbs that are spread in their myriads through infinity; or multiply his power, and make him the deputed Governor, the vicegerent Angel, of a million of suns. Think what it would

be to find this lord of a million worlds the actual inhabitant of our own: to find, in him, an interest, a real interest in the affairs of our little corner of the universe; nay, to find him willing to throw aside his glorious toils of empire, in order to meditate and achieve our welfare. This surely would be wondrous, appalling, and yet transporting; so that, when it had passed away, life would seem to have nothing more it could offer, compared to being blessed with such an intercourse!

And now mark, —behind all the visible scenery of Nature, beyond all the systems of all the stars; around this whole universe, and through the infinity of infinite space itself; from all eternity and to all eternity; —there lives a Being, compared to whom that mighty Spirit just described, with his empire of a million suns, is infinitely less, than to you is the minutest mote that floats in the sunbeam. Hear His own voice attesting His eternal sovereignty: “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.” —But *who* is He that thus builds the throne of His glory upon the ruins of earth and heaven? who is He that thus triumphs over a perishing universe, Himself alone eternal and impassible? The child of a Jewish woman; —even He who was laid in a manger at Bethlehem!

IV.—THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.—GILFILLAN.

THAT so much of Scripture should be written in the language of poetry has excited some surprise, and created some inquiry; and yet in nothing do we perceive more clearly than in this, the genuineness, power, and divinity of the oracles of our faith. As the language of poetry is that into which all earnest natures are insensibly betrayed, so it is the only speech which has in it the power of permanent impression. The language of the imagination is the native language of man. It is the language of his excited intellect, — of his aroused passions, — of his devotion, — of all the higher moods and temperaments of his mind. It was meet, therefore, that it should be the language of his revelation from God.

The language of poetry is thus the language of the inspired volume. The Bible is a mass of beautiful figures; —its words and its thoughts are alike poetical; —it has

gathered around its central truths all natural beauty and interest:—it is a Temple with one altar and one God, but illuminated by a thousand varied lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters that in the voices of the creation. It has pressed into its service the animals of the forest, the flowers of the field, the stars of heaven, all the elements of nature. The lion spurning the sands of the desert, the wild roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness; the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple-tree bowing under its fruit; the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening the dry place; the moon and the morning star; Carmel by the sea, and Tabor among the mountains; the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the mown grass, the rainbow encompassing the landscape; the light, God's shadow; the thunder, His voice; the wind and the earthquake, His footsteps:—all such varied objects are made—as if naturally so designed from their creation—to represent Him to whom the Book and all its emblems point. Thus the quick spirit of the Book has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar; united the innumerable rays of a far-streaming glory on the little hill, Calvary;—and woven a garland for the bleeding brow of Immanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the gardens of a universe.

V.—INEFFICIENCY OF HUMAN WORKS.—

HENRY MELVILLE.

SOME persons think, that, if they repent of their sins, they shall be pardoned. In other words, they suppose that there is a virtue in repentance, which causes it to procure forgiveness. Thus, repentance is exhibited as meritorious; and how shall we simply prove that it is not meritorious? Why, allowing that man can repent of himself,—which he can not,—what is the repentance on which he presumes? What is there in it of his own? The tears? they are but the dew of an eye, which is God's. The resolutions? they are but the workings of faculties, which are God's. The amendment? it is but the better employment of a life, which is God's. Where,

then, is the merit? Oh, find something which is, at the same time, human and excellent in the offering, and you may speak of desert; but, until then, away with the notion of there being merit in repentance!—seeing that the penitent man must say, “All things come of Thee, and of Thine own, O God, do I give Thee.”

Again, some men will speak of being justified by faith, till they come to ascribe merit to faith. By faith, is interpreted as though it meant on account of faith; and thus the great truth is lost sight of, that we are justified freely “through the redemption that is in Christ.” But how can faith be a meritorious act? What is faith, but such an assent of the understanding to God’s word, as binds the heart to God’s service? And whose is the understanding, if it be not God’s? Whose is the heart, if it be not God’s? And if faith be nothing but the rendering to God that intellect, and that energy, which we have received from God, how can faith deserve of God? Oh, as with repentance, so with faith: away with the notion of merit! He who believes, so that he can dare the grave, and grasp eternity, must pour forth the confession, “All things come of Thee, and of Thine own, O God, do I give Thee.”

And once more: what merit can there be in works? If you give much alms, whose is the money? “The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.” If you mortify the body, whose are the macerated limbs? If you put sackcloth on the soul, whose is the chastened spirit? If you be moral, and honest, and friendly, and generous, and patriotic, whose are the dispositions which you exercise—whose the powers, to which you give culture and scope? And if you use only God’s gifts, can that be meritorious? You may say, “Yes—it is meritorious to use them aright, whilst others abuse them.” But, is it wickedness to abuse? Then, it can only be duty to use aright: and duty will be merit, when debt is donation! You may bestow a fortune in charity, but the wealth is already the Lord’s. You may cultivate the virtues which adorn and sweeten human life, but the employed powers are the Lord’s. You may give time and strength to the enterprises of philanthropy: each moment is the Lord’s, each sinew is the Lord’s. You may be upright in every dealing of trade, scrupulously honourable in all the inter-

courses of life : but, “a just weight and balance are the Lord’s : all the weights of the bag are His work.” And where, then, is the merit of works ? Oh, throw into one heap each power of the mind, each energy of the body ; use, in God’s service, each grain of your substance, each second of your time ; give, to the Almighty, every throb of the pulse, every drawing of the breath ; labour, and strive, and be instant in season, and out of season ; and let the steepness of the mountain daunt you not, and the swellings of the ocean deter you not, and the ruggedness of the desert appal you not ;—but, on ! still on, in toiling for your Maker ! and dream, and talk, and boast of merit, when you can find that particle in the heap, or that shred in the exploit, which you may exclude from the confession, —“All things come of Thee, and of Thine own, O God, have I given Thee.”

VI.—INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS WORLD.—DR. CHALMERS.

THOUGH the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it, were extinguished for ever—an event, so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness,—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty’s workmanship ? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar ; the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say, that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions ? that they are occupied with people ? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there ? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and His goodness rejoiced in ? that there piety has its temples and its offerings ; and the richness of the Divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers ?

And what is this world, in the immensity which teems

with them? and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it; it lies at the mercy of the slightest accident; a breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence, so insignificant in the eye of man and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we—the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death, over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity, which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis, to every pious bosom, the holy

lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man : and though at this moment, His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal ; that, though His mind takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention ; that He marks all my thoughts ; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me ; and that—with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend—the same God, who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

VII. WEALTH NOT PRODUCTIVE OF ENJOYMENT.—
JEREMY TAYLOR.

SUPPOSE a man gets all the world, what is it that he gets ? It is a bubble and a phantasm, and hath no reality beyond a present transient use ; —a thing that is impossible to be enjoyed, because its fruits and usages are transmitted to us by parts and by succession. He that hath all the world (if we can suppose such a man) cannot have a dish of fresh summer fruits in the midst of winter, not so much as a green fig : and very much of its possessions is so hid, so fugacious, and of so uncertain purchase, that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore ; all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get ; all the shell-fishes that produce pearls, produce them not for him : and the bowels of the Earth hide her treasures in undiscovered retirements ; so that it will signify as much to this great proprietor, to be entitled to an inheritance in the upper region of the

air: he is so far from possessing all its riches, that he does not so much as know of them, nor understand the philosophy of its minerals.

I consider that he who is the greatest possessor in the world, enjoys its best and most noble parts, and those which are of most excellent perfection, but in common with the inferior persons, and the most despicable of his kingdom. Can the greatest prince enclose the sun, or set one little star in his cabinet for his own use, or secure to himself the gentle and benign influence of any one constellation? Are not his subjects' fields bedewed with the same showers that water his gardens of pleasure?

Nay, those things which he esteems his ornament and the singularity of his possessions, are they not of more use to others than to himself? For, suppose his garments splendid and shining, like the robe of a cherub, or the clothing of the fields—all that he that wears them enjoys, is, that they keep him warm, and clean, and modest: and all this is done by clean and less pompous vestments; and the beauty of them, which distinguishes him from others, is made to please the eyes of the beholders: the fairest face or the sparkling eye cannot perceive or enjoy its own beauties, but by reflection. It is I that am pleased with beholding his gaiety; and the gay man, in his greatest bravery, is only pleased because I am pleased with the sight: so borrowing his little and imaginary complacency from the delight that I have, not from any inherency in his own possession.

The poorest artisan of Rome, walking in Caesar's gardens, had the same pleasures which they ministered to their lord: and although, it may be, he was put to gather fruits to eat from another place, yet his other senses were delighted equally with Caesar's: the birds made him as good music, the flowers gave him as sweet smells; he there sucked as good air, and delighted in the beauty and order of the place, for the same reason, and upon the same perception, as the prince himself: save only that Caesar paid, for all that pleasure, vast sums of money,—the blood and treasure of a province,—which the poor man had for nothing.

And so it is if the whole world should be given to any man. He knows not what to do with it: he can use no more but according to the capacities of a man: he can use nothing

but meat, and drink, and clothes. He to whom the world can be given to any purpose greater than a private estate can minister, must have new capacities created in him : he needs the understanding of an angel to take the accounts of his estate ; he had need have a stomach like fire or the grave, for else he can eat no more than one of his healthful subjects ; and unless he hath an eye like the sun, and a motion like that of a thought, and a bulk as big as one of the orbs of heaven,—the pleasures of his eye can be no greater than to behold the beauty of a little prospect from a hill, or to look upon a heap of gold packed up in a little room, or to dote upon a cabinet of jewels ; better than which, there is no man that sees at all, but sees every day. For, not to name the beauties and sparkling diamonds of heaven, a man's, or a woman's, or a hawk's eye, is more beauteous and excellent than all the jewels of his crown. Understanding and knowledge are the greatest instruments of pleasure ; and he that is most knowing, hath a capacity to become happy, which a less knowing prince, or a rich person, hath not, and in this only a man's capacity is capable of enlargement. But then, although they only have power to relish any pleasure rightly who rightly understand the nature, and degrees, and essences, and ends of things ; yet they that do so, understand also the vanity and unsatisfyingness of the things of this world : so that the relish, which could not be great but in a great understanding, appears contemptible, because its vanity appears at the same time : the understanding sees all, and sees through it.

VIII.—UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—KIRWAN.

EVERYTHING human admits of change and vicissitude ; states and empires, arts and sciences, customs and manners, laws and governments, feel, without ceasing, this inevitable principle acting upon them. God, from the throne of His immutability, sports with all the works and enterprises of man ; and, willing to show us the little value we should set on things perishable, has decreed that there should be nothing permanent on the face of the earth, but the very vicissitude that marks and agitates it.

My brethren, the true source of all our delusion is a false and deceitful security of life. Thousands pass their

accounts around us, and we are not instructed : some are struck in our very arms—our parents, our children, our friends; and yet we stand as if we had shot into the earth an eternal root. Even the most sudden transitions from life to dust, produce but a momentary impression on the dust that breathes. No examples, however awful, sink into the heart. Every instant we see health, youth, beauty, titles, reputation, and fortune, disappear like a flash. Still do we pass gaily on in the broad and flowery way—the same busy, thoughtless, irreclaimable beings; panting for every pleasure as before; thirsting for riches and pre-eminence; rushing on the melancholy ruins of one another; intriguing for the employments of those whose ashes are scarce cold; nay, often, I fear, keeping an eye on the very expiring, with the infamous view of seizing the earliest moment to solicit their spoils.

Great God! as if the all-devouring tomb, instead of solemnly pronouncing on the vanity of all human pursuits, on the contrary emitted sparks to rekindle all our attachment to a perishable world! Let me suppose, my brethren, that the number of man's days were inscribed on his brow! Is it not clear that an awful certainty of that nature must necessarily beget the most profound and operative reflection? Would it be possible to banish, even for a moment, the fatal term from his thought? The nearer he approached it, what an increase of alarm! what an increase of light—on the folly of everything but immortal good!

This much we all know, that, whatever length of days we promise ourselves, go we must: and, what is perhaps equally certain, at the moment we least expect it. Even examples of instant death in all the vigour of health, in the very bosom of security, are far from being uncommon. The scythe is suspended over our heads by a slender and imperceptible thread, which many causes, internal and external, often dis sever without allowing us a breath for recollection. But, admitting that a misfortune so terrible is the lot of the fewer number, are we, therefore, more secure from surprise? There is not one individual in ten thousand, when obliged to lie down under illness however alarming, who can bring himself to believe it will prove fatal.

No! wedded to this miserable scene of existence, our

hopes are afloat to the last; our eyes are opened, only when they are ready to close for ever. Perhaps an instant of reflection to be made the most of; perhaps to be divided between the disposition of worldly affairs, and the business of eternity! An instant of reflection!—just God!—to bewail an entire life of disorder! to inspire faith the most lively, hope the most firm, love the most pure! An instant of reflection—when reason is half eclipsed, and all the faculties palsied by the strong grasp of death! Oh, my brethren, terrible is the fate of those, who are only roused from a long and criminal security, by the sword of Divine Justice already gleaming in their eyes!

It is to the incomprehensible oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination. Observe for what man toils. Observe what it often costs him to become rich and great;—dismal vicissitudes of hope and disappointment—often all that can degrade the dignity of his nature, and offend his God! Study the matter of the pedestal, and the instability of the statue. Scarce is it erected,—scarce presented to the stare of the multitude—when death, starting like a massy fragment from the summit of a mountain, dashes the proud colossus into dust! Where, then, is the promised fruit of all his toil? Where the wretched and deluded being, who fondly promised himself that he had “laid up much goods for many years”?—Gone, my brethren, to his account!—a naked victim, trembling in the hands of the living God! Yes, my brethren, the final catastrophe of all human passions is rapid as it is awful. Fancy yourselves on that bed from which you never shall rise; and the reflection will exhibit, like a true and faithful mirror, what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. Happy they who meet that great, inevitable transition, full of days! Unhappy they who meet it but to tremble and despair! Then it is that man learns wisdom, when too late; then it is that everything will forsake him, but his virtues or his crimes. To him the world is past: dignities, honours, pleasure, glory!—past like the cloud of the morning!—nor could all that the great globe inherits, afford him, at that tremendous hour, as much consolation, as the recollection of having given but one cup of cold water to a child of wretchedness, in the name of Christ Jesus!

IX.—THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—STERNE.

THE great pursuit of man is Happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of life, he searches for it as for hidden treasure: courts it under a thousand different shapes, and, though perpetually disappointed, still persists: runs after and inquires for it afresh: asks every passenger that comes in his way, “Who will show me any good? who will assist me in the attainment of it? or direct me to the discovery of this great end of all my wishes?”

He is told by one, to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life; in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where Happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter painted in her looks.

A second, with a graver aspect, points to the costly dwellings which Pride and Extravagance have erected:—tells the inquirer, that the object he is in search of inhabits there; that Happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state; that he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The Miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead, and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that Happiness and Extravagance never inhabited under the same roof; that, if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness;—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet, at the same time, plunges him, if possible, into a greater: for, hearing the object of his pursuit to be Happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in the senses—he sends the inquirer

there ; tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where Nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites which are given us for that end : and, in a word—if he will not take his opinion on the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us, that there is nothing better in this world than that a man should eat, and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour ; for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment, Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world—shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power—and asks, if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed?

To close all, the Philosopher meets him, bustling in the full career of his pursuit—stops him,—tells him, if he is in search of Happiness, he is gone far out of his way ; that this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude, far from all commerce of the world ; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to the peaceful scene of retirement and of books.

In this circle, too often does a man run,—tries all experiments, and, generally, sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all, in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants : not knowing what to trust after so many disappointments, nor where to lay the fault—whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

IX.—THE DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL.—DR. GUTHRIE.
HAVING scattered, over an open field, the bones of the human body, bring an anatomist to the scene. Observe the man of science, how he fits bone to bone, and part to part ; till, from those scattered members, he constructs a framework, which—apart from our horror at the eyeless sockets and fleshless form—appears perfectly, divinely beautiful. In hands which have the patience to collect,

and the skill to arrange these materials, how perfectly they fit! bone to bone, and joint to joint,—till the whole figure rises to the polished dome, and the dumb skeleton seems to say, “I am fearfully and wonderfully made.”

Now, as with these parts of the human frame, so is it with the doctrines of the Gospel. From the pages of Scripture over which they are scattered, let these doctrines be collected; arrange them in systematic order; how beautifully they fit! doctrine to doctrine, duty to duty; till—connected with each other, all “members one of another”—they rise into a form of perfect symmetry, presenting that very system which, with minor differences but substantial unity, is embodied in the Confessions, Creeds, and Catechisms of Evangelical Christendom.

But there is a difference, which even childhood may discern, between the manner in which the doctrines and duties of the Gospel are set forth in the Word of God, and their more formal arrangement in our Catechisms and Confessions. They are scattered here and there over the face of Scripture, much as the plants of Nature are distributed upon the surface of our globe. There, for example, we meet with nothing that corresponds to the formal order, systematic classification, and rectangular beds of a botanical garden; on the contrary, the creations of the vegetable kingdom lie mingled in what, although beautiful, appears to be wild confusion. On the same moor, on the surface of the same meadow, the naturalist collects grasses of many forms—he finds the soil enamelled with flowers of every hue; and in those primeval forests, which have been planted by the hand of God, and beneath whose silent and solemn shades man still walks in savage freedom, trees of every form and foliage stand side by side like brothers. With the Sabbath hills around us, far from the dust and din, the splendour and squalor of the city, we have sat on a rocky bank, to wonder at the varied and rich profusion with which God had clothed the scene. Nature, like Joseph, was dressed in a coat of many colours:—lichens gray, black, and yellow, clad the rock; the glossy ivy, like a child of ambition, had planted its foot on the crag, and, hanging on by a hundred arms, had climbed to its stormy summit; mosses, of hues surpassing all the colours of the loom, spread an elastic carpet around the gushing fountain; the wild thyme lent a bed to the

weary, and its perfume to the air; heaths opened their blushing bosoms to the bee; the primrose, like modesty, looked out from its leafy shade; at the foot of the weathered stone the fern raised its plumes, and on its summit the foxglove rang his beautiful bells; while the birch bent to kiss the stream, as it ran laughing to hide itself in the lake below, or stretched out her arms to embrace the mountain ash and evergreen pine. By a slight exercise of fancy, in such a scene one could see Nature engaged in her adorations;—we could hear her singing “The earth is full of the glory of God!” “How manifold are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! in wisdom Thou hast made them all!”

Now, although, over the whole surface of our globe, plants of every form and family seem confusedly scattered; amid this apparent disorder, the eye of science discovers a perfect system in the floral kingdom: and just as there is in Nature a botanical system, so there is as certainly, in the Bible, a theological system, although its doctrines and duties are not classified according to dogmatic rules. Hence we are commanded to “search the Scriptures,” to compare “spiritual things with spiritual,” to dig for the treasures, and to dive for the pearls.

X.—THE CRUCIFIXION.—*Translation from BOSSUET.*

WHEN our Redeemer expired on the cross, sympathising nature was convulsed! The sun was suddenly enveloped in midnight darkness, and confusion reigned! But I shall pass these terrific events, in order to lead your attention to more important objects. The Cross erected on Mount Calvary was the standard of victory, to which even Thought was to be led captive, and before which Imaginations were to be cast down;—that is to say, human wisdom and sceptic reluctance. No voice sublime was heard sounding from a thunder-bearing cloud, as of old from the heights of Sinai! No approach was observed of that formidable Majesty, before whom the mountains melt as wax! Where, where was the warlike preparation of that power, which was to subdue the world? See the whole artillery collected on Mount Calvary—in the exhibition of a Cross, of an agonizing Sufferer, and a crown of thorns!

Religious truth was exiled from the earth, and idolatry

sat brooding over the moral world. The Egyptians, the fathers of philosophy; the Grecians, the inventors of the fine arts; the Romans, the conquerors of the universe; were all unfortunately celebrated for the perversion of religious worship,—for the gross errors they admitted into their belief, and the indignities they offered to the true religion. Minerals, vegetables, animals, the elements, became objects of adoration; even abstract visionary forms, such as fevers and distempers, received the honours of deification: and to the most infamous vices, and dissolute passions, altars were erected. The world, which God had made to manifest His power, seemed to have become a temple of idols, where everything was god but God Himself!

The mystery of the crucifixion was the remedy the Almighty ordained for this universal idolatry. He knew the mind of man, and knew that it was not by reasoning that an error must be destroyed, which reasoning had not established. Men gave the Divinity their own figure, and attributed to Him their vices and passions. Reasoning had no share in so brutal an error. It was a subversion of reason, a delirium, a frenzy. Argue with a frenetic person, you do but the more provoke him, and render the distemper incurable. Neither will reasoning cure the delirium of idolatry. What has learned antiquity gained by her elaborate discourses? her reasonings so artfully framed? Did Plato, with that eloquence which was styled divine, overthrow one single altar where monstrous divinities were worshipped?

Experience hath shown that the overthrow of idolatry could not be the work of reason alone. Far from committing to human wisdom the cure of such a malady, God completed its confusion by the mystery of the Cross. Idolatry (if rightly understood) took its rise from that profound self-attachment inherent in our nature. Thus it was that the Pagan mythology teemed with deities, who were subject to human passions, weaknesses, and vices. When the mysterious Cross displayed to the world an agonizing Redeemer, incredulity exclaimed, it was foolishness! But the darkening sun, Nature convulsed, the dead arising from their graves, said, it was wisdom!

XI.—ON INFIDELITY.—DR. ANDREW THOMSON.

IT is amidst trials and sorrows that infidelity appears in its justest and most frightful aspect. When subjected to the multifarious ills "which flesh is heir to," what is there to uphold our spirit, but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation? What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief that everything here below is under the management of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? Impose upon me whatever hardships you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors; do all this,—only let me trust in my Saviour, and "pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence,"—and I will "fear no evil"—I will rise superior to affliction,—“I will rejoice in my tribulation.” But, let infidelity interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and all my expectations to a few years as uncertain as they are short; and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burthen of distress? Or, where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught, which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell; but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of water to refresh me, in the weariness and the faintings of my pilgrimage.

XII.—ON WAR.—DR. CHANNING.

PUBLIC war is not an evil which stands alone, or has nothing in common with other evils. It belongs to a great family. It may be said that society, through its whole extent, is deformed by war. Even in families, we

see jarring interests and passions, invasions of right, resistance of authority, violence, force; and, in common life, how continually do we see men struggling with one another for property or distinction—injuring one another in word or deed—exasperated against one another by jealousies, neglects, and mutual reproach! All this is essentially war; but war restrained, hemmed in, disarmed, by the opinions and institutions of society. To limit its ravages, to guard reputation, property, and life, society has instituted government, erected the tribunal of justice, clothed the legislature with the power of enacting equal laws, put the sword into the hands of the magistrate, and pledged its whole force to its support. Human wisdom has been manifested in nothing more conspicuously than in civil institutions for repressing war, retaliation, and passionate resort to force, among the citizens of the same state. But here it has stopped. Government, which is ever at work to restrain the citizen at home, often lets him loose, and arms him with fire and sword, against other communities; sends out hosts for desolation and slaughter, and concentrates the whole energies of a people in the work of spreading misery and death. Government, the peace-officer at home, breathes war abroad, organizes it into a science, reduces it to a system, makes it a trade, and applauds it, as if it were the most honourable work of nations. Strange, that the wisdom which has so successfully put down the wars of individuals, has never been inspired and emboldened, to engage in the task of bringing to an end the more gigantic crimes and miseries of public war! What gives these miseries pre-eminence among human woes—what should compel us to look on them with peculiar terror—is, not their awful amount, but their origin, their source. They are miseries inflicted by man on man. They spring from depravity of will. They bear the impress of cruelty, of hardness of heart. The distorted features, writhing frames, and shrieks of the wounded and dying—these are not the chief horrors of war; they sink into unimportance, compared with the infernal passions which work this woe. Death is a light evil when not joined with crime. Had the countless millions destroyed by war been swallowed up by floods or yawning earthquakes, we should look back, awe-struck but submissive, on the mysterious Providence which had

thus fulfilled the mortal sentence, originally passed on the human race. But that man, born of woman, bound by ties of brotherhood to man, and commanded—by an inward law and the voice of God—to love and do good, should, through selfishness, pride, or revenge, inflict these agonies, and shed these torrents of human blood,—here is an evil which combines, with exquisite suffering, fiendish guilt. All other evils fade before it.

The idea of honour is associated with war. But to whom does the honour belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people who stay at home, and hire others to fight—who sleep in their warm beds, and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth—who sit at their well-spread boards, and hire others to take the chance of starving—who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds, and to linger in comfortless hospitals—certainly this mass reaps little honour from war. The honour belongs to those who are immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, What is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant, and the magnificent abode of the opulent, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honourable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist: it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from, with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honourable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the reverend benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts are honourable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

XIII.—ON AUTUMN.—ALISON.

LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of Nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness, moderate, but not extinguish their ambition;—while they see the yearly desolation of Nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying Nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which Nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises; and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves, for a time, from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene, which, with all its powers, has yet no reproach;—it tells them that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and that “the spirit must return to Him who gave it.” It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation; and that Angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and “to swear that time shall be no more,” seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men ought they to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

There is “an even-tide” in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays; and when

the winter of age begins to shed, upon the human head, its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone; and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude, which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of Nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen, every day, the shades of the evening fall, and, every year, the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and, in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of Nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven; it mingles its voice with that of Revelation; it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: and, while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of Death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal Spring for the children of God.

XIV.—ON DEATH.—BLAIR.

CHILDREN of men! it is well known to you that you are a mortal race. Death is the law of your nature, the tribute of your being, the debt which all are bound to pay. On these terms you received life—that you should be ready to give it up, when Providence calls you to make room for others; who, in like manner, when their time is come, shall follow you. He who is unwilling to submit to death when Heaven decrees it, deserves not to have lived. You

might as reasonably complain that you did not live before the time appointed for your coming into the world, as lament that you are not to live longer, when the period of your quitting it is arrived. What Divine Providence hath made necessary, human prudence ought to comply with cheerfully. Submit, at any rate, you must ; and is it not better to follow of your own accord, than to be dragged reluctantly and by force ? What privilege have you to plead, or what reason to urge, why you should possess an exemption from the common doom ? All things around you are mortal and perishing. Cities, states, and empires, have their periods set. The proudest monuments of human Art moulder into dust. Even the works of Nature wax old and decay.

In the midst of this universal tendency to change, could you expect that, to your frame alone, a permanent duration should be given ? All who have gone before you have submitted to the stroke of death. All who come after you shall undergo the same fate. The great and the good, the prince and the peasant, the renowned and the obscure, travel alike the road which leads to the grave. At the moment when you expire, thousands throughout the world, shall, with you, be yielding up their breath. Can that be held to be a great calamity, which is common to you with every thing that lives on earth ?—which is an event as much according to the course of Nature, as it is that leaves should fall in autumn, or that fruit should drop from the tree when it is fully ripe.

The pain of death cannot be very long, and is probably less severe than what you have at other times experienced. The pomp of death is more terrifying than death itself. It is to the weakness of our imagination that it owes its chief power of dejecting the spirits : for, when the force of the mind is roused, there are few passions in our nature that have not been able to overcome the fear of death. Honour has defied death ; Love has despised it ; Shame has rushed upon it ; Revenge has disregarded it ; Grief has a thousand times wished for its approach. Is it not strange that Reason and Virtue cannot give strength to surmount that fear, which, even in feeble minds, so many passions have conquered ? What inconsistency is there in complaining so much of the evils of life, and being at the same time so afraid of what is to terminate

them all! Who can tell whether his future life might not teem with disasters and miseries, as yet unknown, were it to be prolonged according to his wish?

At any rate, is it desirable to draw life out to the last dregs, and to wait till old age pour upon you its whole store of diseases and sorrows? You lament that you are to die; but, did you view your situation properly, you would have much greater cause to lament, if you were chained to this life for two or three hundred years, without possibility of release. Expect, therefore, calmly, that which is natural in itself, and which must be fit,—because it is the appointment of Heaven! Perform your duty as a good subject to the Deity, during the time allotted to you; and rejoice that a period is fixed for your dismissal from the present warfare. Remember, that a slavish dread of death destroys all the comfort of that life which you seek to preserve. Better to undergo the stroke of death at once, than to live in perpetual misery from the fear of dying.

XV.—THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.—(*Translation from*)
MASSILLON.

THE remembrance of the past, and the view of the present, would be little to the expiring sinner, could he confine himself to these; but the thoughts of a futurity convulse him with horror and despair. That futurity, that incomprehensible region of darkness, which he now approaches,—conscience his only companion; that futurity, that unknown land from which no traveller has ever returned, where he knows not whom he shall find, nor what awaits him; that futurity, that fathomless abyss, in which his mind is lost and bewildered, and into which he must now plunge, ignorant of his destiny; that futurity, that tomb, that residence of horror, where he must now occupy his place amongst the ashes and the carcasses of his ancestors; that futurity, that incomprehensible eternity, even the aspect of which he cannot support; that futurity,—in a word, that dreadful judgment, to which, before the wrath of God, he must now appear, and render account of a life of which every moment almost has been occupied by crimes:—Alas! while he only looked forward to this terrible futurity at a

distance, he made an infamous boast of not dreading it : he continually demanded, with a tone of blasphemy and derision, Who is returned from it? He ridiculed the vulgar apprehensions, and piqued himself upon his undaunted courage. But, from the moment that the hand of God is upon him ; from the moment that death approaches near, that the gates of eternity open to receive him, and that he touches upon that terrible futurity against which he seemed so fortified—ah ! he then becomes either weak, trembling, dissolved in tears, raising up suppliant hands to Heaven!—or, gloomy, silent, agitated, revolving within himself the most dreadful thoughts, and no longer expecting more consolation or mercy from his weak tears and lamentations, than from his frenzies and despair!

In vain the minister of the Church endeavours to soothe his terrors, by opening to him the bosom of Divine mercy :—a secret and terrible voice resounds from the bottom of his heart, and tells him that there is no salvation for the impious : his friends and relations are assembled round his bed to receive his last sighs, and he turns away from them his eyes, because he finds still amidst them the remembrance of his crimes. Death, however, approaches : the minister endeavours to support by prayer that spark of life which still remains: “Depart, Christian soul!” says he : he says not to him, “Prince, grandee of the world, depart!” During his life, the public monuments were hardly sufficient for the number and pride of his titles. In this last moment, they give him that title alone which he had received in baptism : the only one to which he had paid no attention, and the only one which can remain to him for ever. “Depart, Christian soul!” You had looked upon the Earth as your country, and it was only a place of pilgrimage from which you must depart. The Church thought to have announced glad tidings to you,—the expiration of your exilement, — in announcing the dissolution of your earthly frame. Alas ! and it only brings you melancholy and frightful news, and opens the commencement of your miseries and anguish.

Then the expiring sinner, finding, in the remembrance of the past, only regrets which overwhelm him ; in all which takes place around him, only images which afflict

him; in the thoughts of futurity, only horrors which appal him; no longer knowing to whom to have recourse;—neither to created beings, who now leave him; nor to the world, which vanishes; nor to men, who cannot save him from death; nor to the just God, whom he looks upon as a declared enemy, and from whom he has no indulgence to expect:—a thousand horrors occupy his thoughts; he torments, he agitates himself, in order to fly from Death which grasps him, or at least to fly from himself. From his expiring eyes issues something I know not what, of dark and gloomy, which expresses the fury of his soul; in his anguish he utters words, interrupted by sobs, which are unintelligible, and to which they know not whether repentance or despair gives birth. He deeply sighs; and they know not whether the remembrance of his past crimes, or the despair at quitting life, forces from him such groans of anguish. At last, in the midst of these melancholy exertions, his eyes fix, his features change, his countenance becomes disfigured, his livid lips convulsively separate; his whole frame quivers; and, by this last effort, his unfortunate soul tears itself reluctantly from that body of clay, falls into the hands of its God, and finds itself alone at the foot of the awful tribunal!

READINGS IN ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

I.—ON THE CHARACTER OF CAIUS VERRES.— (*Translation*) CICERO.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, namely,—that, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you,—to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation,—one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean, Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation, of the Roman people; not that I might cast envy upon that illustrious order, of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But, if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point,—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting, in this case, was, not a criminal, nor a prosecutor; but justice and adequate punishment.

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of

the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? I conclude with expressing my hope that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

II.—ON PHILIP OF MACEDON.—(*Translation*)
DEMOSTHENES.

IF there is a man in this assembly, who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies which surround him, and on the other the weakness of our state, despoiled of so much of its dominions, I cannot deny that he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this;—there was a time, Athenians! when many of the states now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. If Philip, at that time weak in himself and without allies, had *despended* of success against you, he would never have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could have raised himself to that pitch of grandeur at which you now behold him. But he knew well that the strongest places are only prizes laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror. He knew that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine, to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations.

If you, my countrymen, will now, at length, be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you be disposed to approve himself a useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities enable him: if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those hopes which every single person entertains, that the active part of public business may lie upon others, and he remain at ease;—you may then, by the assistance of the gods, recall those opportunities which your supineness hath neglected. regain your dominion, and chastise the insolence of this man.

But when, O my countrymen! will you begin to exert your vigour? Do you wait till roused by some dire event? till forced by some necessity? What, then, are we to think of our present condition? To free men, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each enquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can anything be more new than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No—but he is sick." Pray, what is it to you whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die, you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest.

Some cry, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes. Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king of Persia; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! that he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary projects, because he sees no power rising to oppose him. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us (for the weakest they are who spread such rumours) know what he is next to do. Let us disregard their tales. Let us only be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to have been done for us by others, hath turned against us; that all the resource left us is in ourselves; and that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we should be forced to engage him at home. Let us be persuaded of these things; and then we shall come to a proper determination, and be no longer guided by rumours. We need not be solicitous to know what particular events are to happen. We may well be assured that nothing good can happen, unless we give due attention to our affairs, and act as becomes Athenians.

III.—ON THE CATILINE CONSPIRACY.—(*Translation*)
CICERO.

CATILINE, how far art thou to abuse our forbearance? How long are we to be deluded by the mockery of thy madness? Where art thou to stop in this career of

unbridled licentiousness? Has the nightly guard at the Palatium nothing in it to alarm you? the patrols throughout the city, nothing; the confusion of the people, nothing; the assemblage of all true lovers of their country, nothing; the guarded majesty of this assembly, nothing; and all the eyes that at this instant are riveted upon yours—have they nothing to denounce, nor you to apprehend? Does not your conscience inform you, that the sun shines upon your secrets? And do you not discover a full knowledge of your conspiracy, revealed on the countenance of every man around you? Your employment on the last night—your occupations on the preceding night—the place where you met—the persons who met—and the plot fabricated at the meeting:—of these things, I ask not, who knows? I ask, who, among you all, is ignorant?

But, alas! for the times thus corrupted; or rather, for mankind, who thus corrupt the times! The senate knows all this! The consul sees all this! And yet the man who sits there—lives! Lives? Ay—comes down to your senate-house; takes his seat as councillor for the commonwealth; and, with a deliberate destiny in his eye, marks out our members, and selects them for slaughter; while for us, and for our country, it seems glory sufficient to escape from his fury—to find an asylum from his sword.

There has—yes, there has been, and lately been, a vindicatory virtue, an avenging spirit in this republic, that never failed to inflict speedier and heavier vengeance on a noxious citizen, than on a national foe. Against you, Catiline, and for your immediate condemnation, what, therefore, is wanting? Not the grave sanction of the senate—not the voice of the country—not ancient precedents—not living law. But we are wanting—I say it more loudly—we, the consuls ourselves.

Conscript Fathers, a camp is pitched against the Roman republic within Italy. The commander of that encampment walks within the walls of Rome, takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome: and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Catiline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated

punishment; but no man could criminate me—for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed; and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Catiline, as to say, you were not ripe for execution.

Good and great gods, where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here—here, Conscript Fathers, mixed and mingled with us all—in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives—the life of every virtuous senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate; and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought long since to have been cut down with the sword. Proceed, Catiline, in your honourable career. Go where your destiny and your desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between me and thee; for, at present, you are much too near.

Lucius Catiline, away! Begin as soon as you are able this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself: and, when this you have done, then, do Thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—Thou, the establisher of this city, pour out Thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents. Save us from his fury: our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses, and household gods, our liberties, our lives. Pursue, Tutelar God! pursue them—these foes to the gods and goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome! Erase them out of this life; and, in the next, let Thy vengeance pursue them, insatiable, implacable, immortal!

IV.—HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.—(*Translation*) LIVY.
I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left ; —not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone ; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage.—Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy ! But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these ? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia ; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limit of your labours ; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have, by a small force, been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you ? For, from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious ? And with whom are you now to fight ? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer : an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength :—a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry ; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant ; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than that of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy ; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, the Romans demand me : that I, your general, should be delivered up to them ; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum ; that they may put us to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation ! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace ! You are to set us bounds ; to shut us up within hills and rivers, but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed ! “ Pass not the Iberus.” What next ? “ Touch not the Saguntines :” is Saguntum upon the Iberus ? “ Move not a step towards that city.” Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia ? you would have Spain too ? Well, we shall yield Spain ; and then—you will pass into Africa ! Will pass, did I say ?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers ! there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then ;—be men ! The Romans may with more safety be cowards ; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither : but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and, once again I say, you are conquerors !

V.—ON BEING TAUNTED BY MR. WALPOLE.—PITT.

SIR, The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny ; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint; nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing, but age, restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the

service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

VI.—ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—LORD CHATHAM.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! “But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as do her reverence!”—The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not—and dare not—interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that, in three campaigns, we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your

attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—never, never, never!

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate, to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call, into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate, to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach upon so much of your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—“That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation!

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God,—to support

the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn:—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. . . . To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! Against whom?—your brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp, upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the Public Abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity: let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

VII.—ON CONCILIATING THE COLONIES.—
EDMUND BURKE.

MY hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, yet are as strong as the links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you: and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation:—the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened: and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have

the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, wherever that chosen race—the sons of England—worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends will you have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere: it is a weed that grows in every soil. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies; and, through them, secures to you the wealth of the world. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine that it is the Land-tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy; and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical, to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us: a sort of people, who think that nothing exists, but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But, to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling principles—which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence—are, in truth, everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom: and a great empire, and little minds, go ill together. We ought to elevate our thoughts to the greatness of that trust, to which the order of Providence

has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting, the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

VIII.—ON PRECEDENTS.—LORD ERSKINE.

GENTLEMEN—If precedents in bad times are to be followed, why should the Lords and Commons have investigated these charges, and the Crown have put them into this course of judicial trial? since, without such a trial, and even after an acquittal upon one, they might have attainted all the prisoners by act of parliament; they did so in the case of Lord Strafford. There are precedents, therefore, for all such things: but such precedents as could not, for a moment, survive the times of madness and distraction which gave them birth; and which, as soon as the spurs of the occasion were blunted, were repealed and execrated even by parliaments, which, little as I think of the present, ought not to be compared with it:—parliaments sitting in the darkness of former times—in the night of freedom—before the principles of government were developed, and before the constitution became fixed. The last of these precedents, and all the proceedings upon it, were ordered to be taken off the file and burned, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible in after-ages: an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honour, and meant as a charitable covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity, it was a treason against society: for, instead of commanding them to be burned, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned, in large letters, upon the walls of our courts of justice; that, like the characters deciphered by the Prophet to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sights, —to terrify you from acts of injustice!

In times, when the whole habitable earth is in a state of change and fluctuation; when deserts are starting up into civilized empires around you; and when men—no longer slaves to the prejudices of particular countries,

much less to the abuses of particular governments—enlist themselves, like the citizens of an enlightened world, into whatever communities their civil liberties may be best protected ; it never can be for the advantage of this country to prove that the strict, unextended letter of her laws, is no security to her inhabitants. On the contrary, when so dangerous a hire is everywhere holding out to emigration, it will be found to be the wisest policy of Great Britain to set up her happy constitution—the strict letter of her guardian laws, and the proud condition of equal freedom, which her highest and her lowest subjects ought alike to enjoy ;—it will be her wisest policy, to set up these first of human blessings against those charms of change and novelty, which the varying condition of the world is hourly displaying, and which may deeply affect the population and prosperity of our country. In times when the subordination to authority is said to be everywhere too little felt, it will be found to be the wisest policy of Great Britain, to instil into the governed an almost superstitious reverence for the strict security of the laws ; which, from their equality of principle, beget no jealousies or discontents ; which, from their equal administration, can seldom work injustice : and which, from the reverence growing out of their mildness and antiquity, acquire a stability in the habits and affections of men, far beyond the force of civil obligations : whereas, severe penalties, and arbitrary constructions of laws intended for security, lay the foundations of alienation from every human government, and have been the cause of all the calamities that have come, and are coming, upon the earth.

To conclude, my fervent wish is, that we may not conjure up a Spirit to destroy ourselves. Let us cherish the old and venerable laws of our forefathers ; let our judicial administration be strict and pure : and let the jury of the land preserve the life of a fellow-subject, who only asks it from them upon the same terms under which they hold their own lives, and all that is dear to them and their posterity for ever. Let me repeat the wish, with which I began my address to you, and which proceeds from the very bottom of my heart :—May it please Him, who is the Author of all mercies to mankind—whose Providence, I am persuaded, guides and superintends

the transactions of the world, and whose Guardian Spirit has ever hovered over this prosperous Island—to direct and fortify your judgments!

IX.—ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—GEORGE CANNING.

LITTLE, indeed, did I expect to hear the remote origin and long duration of the Slave Trade brought forward with triumph; to hear the advocates of the Slave Trade put in their claim for the venerableness of age, and the sacredness of prescription. What are the principles upon which we allow a certain claim to our respect, to belong to any institution which has subsisted from remote times? What is the reason why, when any such institutions had, by the change of circumstances, or of manners, become useless, we still tolerated them, nay, cherished them, with something of affectionate regard; and, even when they became burdensome, did not remove them without regret? What, but because, in such institutions, for the most part, we saw the shadow of departed worth or usefulness; the monument and memorial of what had, in its origin, or during its vigour, been of service or credit to mankind? Was this the case with the Slave Trade? Was the Slave Trade originally begun upon some principle of public justice or national honour, which the lapse of time, which the mutations of the world, have alone impaired and done away? Has it to plead former merits, services, and glories, in behalf of its present foulness and disgrace? Was its infancy lovely, or its manhood useful, though, in its age, it is become thus loathsome and perverse? No! its infant lips were stained with blood. Its whole existence has been a series of rapacity, cruelty, and murder.

And in what cases is it, where any existing order of things, though violent and unjust in its original institution, had, by lapse of time, been so meliorated and softened down, and reconciled to the feelings of mankind—that the remembrance of its original usurpation was lost, in the experience of present harmlessness or utility? Conquest was often of this nature. Violent and unjustifiable in its introduction, it often happened that the conquerors and the conquered became blended into one people, and that a system of common interest arose out of the

conciliated differences of parties originally hostile. But, was this the case with the Slave Trade? Was it in its outset only, that it had any thing of violence, of injustice, or of oppression?—Are the wounds which Africa felt in the first conflict healed, and skinned over? Or, are they fresh and green, as at the moment when the first slave-ship began its ravages upon the coast? Are the oppressors and the oppressed so reconciled to each other, that no trace of enmity remains? Or, is it in reason, or in common sense, to claim a prescriptive right, —not to the fruits of an ancient and forgotten crime, committed long ago, and traceable only in its consequences;—but to a series of new violences, to a chain of fresh enormities, to cruelties—continued—repeated; and of which every individual instance, inflicted a fresh calamity, and constituted a fresh, a separate, and substantive crime? Certainly not;—and I cannot conceive, that, in refusing to sanction the continuance of such a system, the House will feel itself, in the smallest degree, impairing the respect due to the establishments of antiquity, or shaking the foundations of the British Constitution.

X.—ON THE CONDITION OF INDIA.—R. B. SHERIDAN.

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had yet, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil;—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry; he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed these villages?—what disputed succession, what

religious rage, has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour?

To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters;—no!—all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo!—those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told, that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds to accelerate their dissolution: and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country: will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of those Begums, in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair, into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture?

What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That, which Nature—the common parent—plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in

the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of, his being. That feeling, which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty. That feeling, which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury, of the people; and that, when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—That principle, which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation!—to that common God, who, where He gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—That principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish—That principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer, when he ought to act—which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race!

XI.—ON THE DEFENCE OF BRITAIN FROM INVASION.

—ROBERT HALL.

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in the country she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens *us* now. We are most exactly, most critically, placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the representatives of the human race; for you it is to determine—under God—in what condition the

latest posterity shall be born. It remains with you to decide, whether that Freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good—that Freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God, and whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—that Freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders:—it is for you to decide whether that Freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom.

It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger, must vanish; you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied by every auspicious omen: advance with alacrity into the field, where God Himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet—many to the sanctuary. The faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God. The feeble hand, unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; from myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle, in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms.

The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But, should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the *nation* fall—you will have the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period—and they will incessantly revolve them—will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom entombed in your sepulchre.

XII.—ON NEGRO SLAVERY.—BROUGHAM.

I TRUST that, at length, the time is come, when Parliament will no longer bear to be told that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery; no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic, in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same—that rejects it! In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law, above all the enactments of human codes—the same, throughout the world—the same, in all times: such as it was, before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened, to one world, the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes,—such is it at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood—they shall reject, with indignation, the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man!

In vain you appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way. But the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the government at home beware—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of Negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering, that annihilated the slave trade; and if it

shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them : but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God !

XIII.—ON THE BRITISH PRESS.—MACKINTOSH.

UNFORTUNATELY for the repose of mankind, great states are compelled to consider the military spirit and martial habits of their people, as one of the main objects of their policy. Frequent hostilities seem almost the necessary condition of greatness ; and, without being great, they cannot remain safe. Smaller states, exempted from this necessity, devoted themselves to the arts of peace, to the cultivation of literature, and the improvement of reason. They became places of refuge for free and fearless discussion ; they were the impartial spectators and judges of the various contests of ambition, which, from time to time, disturbed the quiet of the world. If wars of aggrandizement were undertaken, their authors were arraigned in the sight of Europe. If acts of internal tyranny were perpetrated, they resounded, from a thousand presses, throughout all civilized countries.

Princes, on whose will there were no legal checks, thus found a moral restraint which the most powerful of them could not brave with absolute impunity. No elevation of power, no depravity however consummate, no innocence however spotless, can render man wholly independent of the praise or blame of his fellows. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature, the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth, have perished, with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion, which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed and gone for ever !

One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate.—There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society ; where he can boldly publish his judgments on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press

of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers; it is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that, if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire.—It is an awful consideration, gentlemen!—every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands;—it stands, thanks be to Heaven! solid and entire—but—it stands alone,—and it stands amid ruins!

XIV.—ON NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition; and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess—there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent: for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic: and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the crown and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A pro-

fessed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and under the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army: and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that, if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people: to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains: and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters: the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is—the interest of the people: the people are taught by him that there is no despotism, however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

XV.—ON UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.—CURRAN.

I PUT it to your oaths :—do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice, over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure ?—to propose the redeeming of Religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it ?—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving “ Universal Emancipation !” I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil ;—which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation ! No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ;—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty : his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him ; and he stands—redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of “ Universal Emancipation.”

XVI.—ON IRISH VALOUR AND LOYALTY. (REPLY TO LORD LYNTHURST.)—RICHARD L. SHEIL.

THE Duke of Wellington is not, I am inclined to believe, a man of excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved ; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking, that, when he heard his countrymen, (for we are his countrymen,) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. Yes, “ the battles, sieges, fortunes,” that

he has passed, ought to have brought back upon him—he ought to have remembered—that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom our armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through those phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All—all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory:—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all the greatest!—Tell me, for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier* before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast: tell me, for you must needs remember,—on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers upon them—when the artillery of France, levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, played upon them—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if, for an instant, when to hesitate for that instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at length let loose—when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain exclaimed: “Up, lads, and at them!”—tell me, if Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious Isle, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream—on the same field. When the still morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited: the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we

* Sir H. Hardinge.

be told as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

XVII.—ON THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT ACTIONS.—
WEBSTER.

GREAT actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the welfare of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss only of so many lives and so much treasure.

But there are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events; that give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armour, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness. When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast? what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valour were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this

spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment: he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure yet to himself and to the world.

XVIII.—ON THE PRESENT AGE.—CHANNING.

THE Present age! In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! What infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in a crisis so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. Ours is an age never to be forgotten. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, —and the French Revolution —that volcanic force which shook the earth to its centre, —are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, Washington and Napoleon,—the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign,

serene, and undecaying star. Another American name will live in history,—Franklin; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet, whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer, who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human mind with new hope and new daring. We are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time, how obscure! The future into which it opens, who can foresee? To the Father of all ages let us commit this future,—with humble, yet courageous and unfaltering hope!

XIX.—ON THE POETRY OF CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.—
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHERE should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat: or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest fields, and nut-brown waters flowing ever under the forest vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us,—but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity;

the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun : all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass ; and to be in this and be a part of this : acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men : —such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hang for ever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut-in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews : as island channels and torrent ravines are spanned with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought : not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.

XX.—ON BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.—
PATRICK HENRY.

MR. PRESIDENT—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Syren, till she transforms us to beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation ? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth : to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided : and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to

justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be "betrayed with a kiss!" Ask yourselves, How this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last "arguments" to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and to rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult: our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate

those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—"unable to cope with so formidable an adversary!" But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just Power who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace, peace!" but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty Powers!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

XXI.—ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.—EVERETT.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections ! Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ ; and going back to read, in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, of the exemplars of patriotic virtue ? We can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil ;—strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue. Here we ought to go for our instruction :—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But, when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece ; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the work-shops and door-posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times ; they possibly increase the interest by the very contrast they exhibit : but they *do* warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home ; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theatre ; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know,—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance, for conscience' and liberty's sake, not merely

of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits, and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread : it beats in our veins : it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause,—“My sons, scorn to be slaves!”—but it cries with a still more moving eloquence,—“My sons, forget not your fathers!”

XXII.—ON TRUE ELOQUENCE.—LOVELL.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions : when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited : nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from afar. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent ; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence ; or rather, it is something greater, and higher than all eloquence,—it is action ! noble, sublime, godlike action !

MISCELLANEOUS READINGS IN POETRY.

[Many of the Poetical Extracts throughout the Book are printed PROSAICALLY, as a mode of obviating the too rhythmical delivery which is often associated with metrically printed LINES; and as an assistance to the habitual use of pauses and tones in strict accordance with the SENSE.]

I.—ON THE BEING OF A GOD.—DR. YOUNG.

RETIRE;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home! Imagination's airy wing repress; lock up thy senses—let no passion stir—wake all to Reason, let her reign alone: then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire, as I have done,—and shall inquire no more. In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know, but that I am; and, since I am, conclude something eternal. Had there e'er been nought, nought still had been: eternal there must be. But what, eternal?—Why not human race, and Adam's ancestors without an end?—That's hard to be conceived; since every link of that long-chained succession is so frail. Can every part depend, and not the whole? Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise: I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore. Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs would want some other father. Much design is seen in all their motions, all their makes. Design implies intelligence and art, that can't be from themselves—or man:—that art man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow? And nothing greater, yet allowed, than man. Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain, shot through vast masses of enormous weight? Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume such various forms, and gave it wings to fly? Has matter innate motion? then, each atom, asserting its indisputable right to dance, would form a universe of dust. Has matter none? then, whence these glorious forms and boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed? Has matter more than motion? Has it thought, judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd in mathematics? Has it framed such laws, which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—If so, how

each sage atom laughs at me, who think a clod inferior to a man ! If art, to form,—and counsel, to conduct,—and that with greater far than human skill,—resides not in each block ; a Godhead reigns. And, if a God there is, that God how great !

II.—THE MESSIAH.—ALEXANDER POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :—
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ;
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
Oh, spring to light : auspicious Babe, be born !
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !

Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :
" Prepare the way ! a God — a God appears !"
" A God — a God !" the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains ! and, ye valleys, rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay :
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !

The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him, ye deaf ! and, all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
 From every face he wipes off every tear :
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field ;
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and stately box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
 Pleased, the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd His word, His saving power remains :
 —Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

III. — THANATOPSIS : A VIEW OF DEATH. — W. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds communion
 with her visible forms, she speaks a various language :
 for his gayer hours, she has a voice of gladness, and a
 smile, and eloquence of beauty ; and she glides into his
 darker musings, with a mild and gentle sympathy, that
 steals away their sharpness ere he is aware. When
 thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over
 thy spirit ; and sad images of the stern agony, and
 shroud, and pall, and breathless darkness, and the
 narrow house, make thee to shudder and grow sick at

heart ; go forth under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings ; while from all around,—earth, and her waters, and the depths of air,—comes a still voice :—

“ Yet a few days, and thee the all-beholding sun shall see no more in all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground, where thy pale form was laid with many tears, nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim thy growth to be resolved to earth again ; and, lost each human trace, surrendering up thine individual being, thou shalt go to mix for ever with the elements ; to be a brother to the insensible rock ; and to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon. The oak shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

“ Yet not to thine eternal resting-place shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down with patriarchs of the infant world—with kings—the powerful of the earth—the wise—the good ;—fair forms—and hoary seers of ages past ; all in one mighty sepulchre. The hills, rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales, stretching in pensive quietness between ; the venerable woods ; rivers, that move in majesty ; and the complaining brooks, that make the meadows green ; and, poured round all, old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—are but the solemn decorations all of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, the planets, all the infinite host of heaven, are shining on the sad abodes of Death, through the still lapse of ages. All that tread the globe are but a handful, to the tribes that slumber in its bosom. Take the wings of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ; or lose thyself in the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings—yet the dead are there ; and millions, in those solitudes, since first the flight of years began, have laid them down in their last sleep :—the dead reign there alone ! So shalt thou rest :—and what if thou shalt fall unnoticed by the living, and no friend take note of thy departure ? All that breathe will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh when thou art gone ; the solemn brood of care plod on ; and each one, as before, will chase his favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave their mirth and their employments, and shall come and make their bed with thee.

As the long train of ages glides away, the sons of men,—the youth in life's green spring, and he who goes in the full strength of years; matron and maid; the bowed with age; the infant in the smiles and beauty of its innocent life cut off,—shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side, by those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

“So live, that,—when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravans that move to the pale realms of Shade, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of Death,—thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

IV.—HUMAN LIFE: ITS FOUR STAGES.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby :
Still, in the vale, the village bells ring round,
Still, in Llewellyn-hall, the jests resound :
For, now, the caudle-cup is circling there ;
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle, to admire
The babe,—the sleeping image of his sire!

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale :
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran :
Then, the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
The ale (now brewed) in floods of amber shine ;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The Nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
“ 'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled ! ”

And soon, again, shall music swell the breeze :
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round : and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene :
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves, in her virgin veil, the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
 When, in dim chambers, long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard, where only joy hath been ;
 When, by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth, with them who went before.

And such is Human Life ! So gliding on,
 It glimmers, like a meteor—and is gone !

V.—ON PROCRASTINATION.—DR. YOUNG.

BE wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer : next day, the fatal precedent will plead ; thus on,—till Wisdom is pushed out of life. Procrastination is the thief of Time. Year after year it steals, till all are fled ; and, to the mercies of a moment, leaves the vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears the palm,—That all men are about to live : for ever on the brink of being born. All pay themselves the compliment to think, they, one day, shall not drivel ; and their pride on this reversion takes up ready praise ; at least their own : their future selves applaud, how excellent that life—they ne'er will lead ! Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ; that lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign : the thing they can't but purpose, they postpone. 'Tis not in Folly not to scorn a fool, and scarce in human Wisdom to do more. All promise is—poor dilatory man, and that through every stage. When young, indeed, in full content we sometimes nobly rest, unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish, as duteous sons, our fathers were more wise. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ; knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ; at fifty, chides his infamous delay ; pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ; in all the magnanimity of thought, resolves, and re-resolves, then—dies the same !

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal. All men think all men mortal, but themselves ; themselves, when some alarming shock of fate strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread : but their hearts wounded,—like the wounded air,—soon close : where passed the shaft, no trace is found. As from the wing

no scar the sky retains, the parted wave no furrow from the keel; so dies in human hearts the thought of death. Even with the tender tear, which Nature sheds o'er those we love, we drop it—in their grave!

VI.—TO-MORROW.—COTTON.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say?

Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.

Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,—

The currency of idiots: injurious bankrupt,

That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow;

It is a period nowhere to be found

In all the hoary registers of Time,

Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

With those who own it. No, my Horatio,

'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father;

Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;

For, be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales:

And, though their flight be silent, and their path

Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,

They post to heaven, and there record thy folly:—

Because, though stationed on the important watch,

Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,

Didst let them pass, unnoticed, unimproved.

And know, for that thou slumberedst on the guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer, at the bar,

For every fugitive; and when thou thus

Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal

Of hood-winked Justice, who shall tell thy audit?

Then, stay the present instant, dear Horatio!

Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;

'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious

Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—

O! let it not elude thy grasp; but like

The good old patriarch upon record,

Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee!

VII.—ADDRESS TO INDEPENDENCE.—SMOLLETT.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share: lord of the lion heart and eagle eye! thy steps I follow with my bosom bare, nor heed the storm that howls along the sky. Thou, guardian genius, thou didst teach my youth Pomp and her tinsel livery to despise: my lips, by thee chastised to early truth, ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread, where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined to dazzle and seduce, their banners spread, and forge vile shackles for the free-born mind: where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears, and all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow; and Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,—full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow: where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain, presents her cup of stale profession's froth; and pale Disease, with all his bloated train, torments the sons of gluttony and sloth. In Fortune's car behold the minion ride, with either India's glittering spoils oppressed: so moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride, that bears the treasure which he cannot taste. For him let venal bards disgrace the bay, and hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string; her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay, and all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;—disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene; and Nature, still to all her feelings just, in vengeance hang a damp on every scene, shook from the baneful pinions of Disgust.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts, by mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell; where the poised lark his evening ditty chants, and Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell. There Study shall with Solitude recline, and Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains; and Toil and Temperance sedately twine the slender cord that fluttering life sustains: and fearless Poverty shall guard the door; and Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread; and Industry supply the humble store; and Sleep, unbribed, his dews refreshing shed: white-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite, shall chase far off the goblins of the night; and Independence o'er the day preside:—propitious power! my patron and my pride.

VIII.—ON SLAVERY.—COWPER.

Oh ! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more ! My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart :
 It does not feel for man. That natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty—of a skin
 Not coloured like his own ; and, having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith,
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys :
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes—that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast !
 Then, what is man ? And what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall ;

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

IX.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—THOMAS HOOD.

ONE more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate, gone to her death ! Take her up tenderly—lift her with care : fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair ! Look at her garments, clinging like cerements ; whilst the wave constantly drips from her clothing. Take her up instantly, loving, not loathing. Touch her not scornfully, think of her mournfully, gently and humanly ; not of the stains of her :—all that remains of her now is pure womanly. Make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny, rash and undutiful : past all dishonour, Death has left on her only the beautiful. Still,—for all slips of hers, one of Eve's family !—wipe those poor lips of hers, oozing so clammy. Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb—her fair auburn tresses !—whilst wonderment guesses, Where was her home ? who was her father ? who was her mother ? had she a sister ? had she a brother ? or was there a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet than all other ? Alas ! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun ! Oh ! it was pitiful ! near a whole city full, home she had none. Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly feelings had changed : love, by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence : even God's providence seeming estranged !

Where the lamps quiver so far in the river, with many a light from window and casement, from garret to basement, she stood with amazement, houseless—by night. The bleak wind of March made her tremble and shiver ; but not the dark arch, or the black-flowing river : mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery ; swift to be hurled any where, any where, out of the world ! In she plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran :—over the brink of it, picture it, think of it, dissolute Man ! lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care : fashioned

so slenderly, young, and so fair ! Ere her limbs frigidly stiffen too rigidly, decently, kindly, smooth and compose them ; and her eyes —close them, staring so blindly ! Dreadfully staring, through muddy impurity ; as when, with the daring last look of despairing, fixed on futurity ! Perishing gloomily ; spurred by contumely, cold inhumanity, burning insanity, into her rest.—Cross her hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast ; owning her weakness, her evil behaviour—and leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour !

X.—DAVID AND ABSALOM.—N. P. WILLIS.

THE pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave ; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air ; as glossy now,
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him : and the jewell'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
—A slow step startled him ! He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang : but the bent form
Of David entered, — and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died : then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die !

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !

That death should settle in thy glorious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,

My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ; and I am chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,—

Like a rich harpstring,—yearning to caress thee ;

And hear thy sweet ‘ *my father* ’ from these dumb

And cold lips, Absalom !

“ The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush

Of music, and the voices of the young ;

And life will pass me in the mantling blush,

And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;

But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come

To meet me, Absalom !

“ And, oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,

Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !

It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,

To see thee, Absalom !

“ And now, farewell ! ’Tis hard to give thee up,

With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee :

And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,

If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.

May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,

My lost boy, Absalom ! ”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself

A moment on his child : then, giving him

A look of melting tenderness, he clasped

His hand convulsively, as if in prayer ;

And, as if strength were given him of God,

He rose up calmly, and composed the pall

Firmly and decently—and left him there,

As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

XI.—ON MAN.—ALEXANDER POPE.

AWAKE, my St. John—leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings ;

Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man :
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan :
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot ;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
 Say, first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of man, what see we, but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ?
 Through worlds unnumbered though the God be
 known,

'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns ;
 What varied being peoples every star,—
 May tell why heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, — has thy pervading soul
 Looked through ? or, can a part contain the whole ?
 Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
 And, drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou find
 Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
 That wisdom infinite must form the best ;

Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this—If God has placed him wrong ?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May—must, be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though laboured-on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :
 In God's, one single can its end produce,
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
 'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions', passions', being's use and end ;
 Why doing, suffering ; checked, impelled ; and why
 This hour a Slave, the next a Deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ;
 His knowledge measured to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.

XII.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.—

ALEXANDER POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame, quit, oh, quit this mortal
 frame!—trembling, hoping,—lingering, flying; oh, the
 pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature! cease
 thy strife, and let me languish into life!——Hark, they
 whisper! Angels say, “Sister spirit, come away!”——
 What is this absorbs me quite, steals my senses, shuts
 my sight, drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me,
 my soul—can this be death? The world recedes!—it
 disappears!—heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears with
 sounds seraphic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount!
 I fly!——O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death!
 where is thy sting?

XIII.—THE SKYLARK.—JAMES HOGG.

BIRD of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless, sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea ; emblem of happiness, blest is thy dwelling-place—oh, to abide in the desert with thee ! Wild is thy lay, and loud, far in the downy cloud ; love gives it energy, love gave it birth. Where, on the dewy wing,—where art thou journeying ? thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth. O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er muir and mountain green, o'er the red streamer that heralds the day, over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim, musical cherub, soar singing away ! Then, when the gloaming comes, low in the heather-blooms, sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ! Emblem of happiness, blest is thy dwelling-place—oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

XIV.—THE THREE SONS.—MOULTRIE.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle
mould ;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond his
childish years.
I cannot say how this may be : I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air.
I know his heart is kind and fond ; I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency :
But that which others most admire, is the thought which
fills his mind,—
The food for grave inquiring speech, he everywhere doth
find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together
walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children
talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat
or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teaches him
to pray,

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words
which he will say.——

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years,
like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful
brow,

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be !
How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on
my knee !

I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath ever
been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender
feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love
revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in
the street,

Will speak their joy, and bless my boy—he looks so mild
and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and
hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.——

Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly
love :

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must
dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in
him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he is
gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were
 given,
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in
 heaven !
 I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he weareth now,
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he
 doth feel,
 Are number'd with the secret things which God will not
 reveal.
 But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
 Where other blessed infants are—on their Saviour's loving
 breast.
 I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
 But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever
 fresh.
 I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering
 wings,
 And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's
 divinest things.
 We trust that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear
 and I,)
 Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
 What'e'r befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never
 cease ;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
 must be ;
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this*
 world's misery ;
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
 grief and pain,—
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here
 again.

XV. — THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.—
 DAVID MOIR (DELTA).

With ceaseless sorrow, uncontrolled, the mother mourned
 her lot ; she wept, and would not be consoled, because
 her child was not. She gazed upon its nursery floor —
 but there it did not play ; the toys it loved, the clothes
 it wore, all void and vacant lay. Her house, her heart,
 were dark and drear, without their wonted light ; the

little star had left its sphere, that there had shone so bright. Her tears, at each returning thought, fell like the frequent rain; Time on its wings no healing brought, and Wisdom spoke in vain. Even in the middle hour of night she sought no soft relief; but, by the taper's misty light, sat nourishing her grief. 'Twas then a sight of solemn awe rose near her like a cloud:—the image of her child she saw, wrapped in its little shroud! It sat within its favourite chair; it sat, and seemed to sigh; and turned upon its mother there a meek, imploring eye. "O child! what brings that breathless form back from its place of rest? for, well I know, no life can warm again that livid breast. The grave is now your bed, my child; go, slumber there in peace!"—"I cannot go," it answered mild, "until your sorrow cease. I've tried to rest in that dark bed, but rest I cannot get; for always, with the tears you shed, my winding-sheet is wet. The drops, dear mother! trickle still into my coffin deep: it feels so comfortless, so chill, I cannot go to sleep!" "O child! those words—that touching look,—my fortitude restore: I feel and own the blest rebuke, and weep thy loss no more." She spoke, and dried her tears the while; and, as her passion fell, the vision wore an angel smile, and looked a fond farewell!

XVI.—DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.—SHIRLEY.

THE glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things: there is no armour against fate: Death lays his icy hand on kings;—sceptre and crown must tumble down, and in the dust be equal made with the poor crooked scythe and spade. Some men with swords may reap the field, and plant fresh laurels where they kill; but their strong nerves at last must yield: they tame but one another still: early or late, they stoop to Fate: and must give up their murmuring breath, when they, pale captives, creep to death. The garlands wither on your brow, then boast no more your mighty deeds; upon Death's purple altar, now, see where the victor-victim bleeds. All heads must come to the cold tomb; only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

XVII.—RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM
MOSCOW.—DR. CROLY.

Magnificence of ruin ! What has time,
In all it ever gazed upon,—of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare ?
How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar !
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came ;
The land before them, silence and despair,
The land behind them, massacre and flame :
Blood will have tenfold blood :—What are they now ?
A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands,—column deep,
Broad square, loose squadron,—rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow : on, through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved : to clangour rude
Of drum, and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino ! Still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay ;
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill—
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay !
In vain the startled legions burst away ;
The land was all one naked sepulchre :
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay :—
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms, and arms, and corpses mouldering
drear.

They reach the wilderness : the majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze—
Stern nakedness, dark earth, and wrathful sky !
If ruins were there, they had ceased to blaze ;
If blood were shed, the ground no more betrays,
E'en by a skeleton, the crime of man :
Behind them, rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night ; before their van,
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan:
The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar

Of armies, on that boundless field o'erthrown :
 Now, in the awful gusts, the desert hoar
 Is tempested—a sea, without a shore,
 Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly !
 Volley on volley down the hailstones pour !
 Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
 And, dying, hear the storm more wildly thunder by.
 Such is the hand of Heaven !—A human blow
 Had crushed them in the fight, or flung the chain
 Round them, where Moscow's stately towers were low,
 And all be stilled. Napoleon ! thy war-plain
 Was a whole empire : thy devoted train
 Must war, from day to day, with storm and gloom,
 (Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain ;)
 Must lie, from night to night, as in a tomb ;
 Must fly, toil, bleed for home—yet never see that home !

XVIII.—ODE TO ADVERSITY.—THOMAS GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove ! relentless Power, thou tamer of the
 human breast ; whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 the bad affright, afflict the best ! Bound in thy adaman-
 tine chain, the proud are taught to taste of pain ; and
 purple tyrants vainly groan with pangs unfelt before,—
 unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth Virtue—his
 darling child—designed, to thee he gave the heavenly
 birth, and bade thee form her infant mind. Stern, rugged
 nurse ! thy rigid lore with patience many a year she
 bore : what sorrow was thou bad'st her know, and from
 her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly self-pleasing Folly's idle
 brood,—wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,—
 and leave us leisure to be good. Light they disperse ;
 and with them go the summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 by vain Prosperity received, to her they vow their truth
 and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed, immersed in rapturous
 thought profound ; and Melancholy, silent maid, with
 leaden eye that loves the ground ; still on thy solemn
 steps attend :—warm Charity, the general friend : with
 Justice, to herself severe ; and Pity, dropping soft the
 sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently, on thy suppliant's head, dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand ! not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, not circled with the vengeful band (as by the impious thou art seen,) with thundering voice and threatening mien ; with screaming Horror's funeral cry, Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty !

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear ! thy milder influence impart ! thy philosophic train be there, to soften, not to wound my heart. The generous spark, extinct, revive ; teach me to love, and to forgive ; exact my own defects to scan ; what others are, to feel ; and know myself—a man !

XIX.—INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.—THOMAS MOORE.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move dissension between hearts that love !—hearts, that the world in vain had tried, and sorrow but more closely tied ; that stood the storm when waves were rough, yet in a sunny hour fall off :—like ships that have gone down at sea, when heaven is all tranquillity ! A something light as air—a look—a word unkind, or wrongly taken—oh ! love, that tempests never shook, a breath, a touch like this, hath shaken. And ruder words will soon rush in, to spread the breach that words begin ; and eyes forget the gentle ray they wore in courtship's smiling day ; and voices lose the tone that shed a tenderness round all they said ; till, fast declining, one by one, the sweetnesss of love are gone ; and hearts, so lately mingled, seem like broken clouds ;—or like the stream that smiling left the mountain's brow, as though its waters ne'er could sever ; yet, ere it reach the plain below, breaks into floods, that part for ever !

XX.—ODE IN IMITATION OF ALCEUS.—SIR W. JONES

WHAT constitutes a state ?

Not high-raised battlement, or laboured mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate ;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;

Not bays, and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride :—

No :—Men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude :
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
 These constitute a state ;
 And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning Good, repressing Ill :
 Smit by her sacred frown
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapour, sinks ;
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.—
 Such was this heaven-loved Isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore :
 No more shall Freedom smile ?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

XXI.—THE CLOUD.—P. B. SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, from the
 seas and the streams ; I bear light shade for the leaves,
 when laid in their noon-day dreams. From my wings
 are shaken the dews that waken the sweet buds every
 one, when rocked to rest on their mother's breast, as
 she dances about the sun. I wield the flail of lashing
 hail, and whiten the green plains under ; and then again
 I dissolve it in rain, and laugh as I pass in thunder. I
 sift the snow on the mountains below, and their great
 pines groan aghast : and all the night 'tis my pillow
 white, while I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers, Lightning,
 my pilot, sits ; in a cavern under is fettered the Thunder ;
 it struggles and howls by fits : over earth and ocean,
 with gentle motion, this pilot is guiding me, lured by the
 love of the genii that move in the depths of the purple
 sea : over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, over the

lakes and the plains, wherever he dream, under mountain or stream, the Spirit he loves remains;—and I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile, whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor-eyes, and his burning plumes outspread, leaps on the back of my sailing rack, when the morning star shines dead:—as on the jag of a mountain-crag, which an earthquake rocks and swings, an eagle alit, one moment may sit in the light of its golden wings. And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath, its ardours of rest and of love, and the crimson pall of eve may fall from the depth of heaven above; with wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest, as still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden, whom mortals call the Moon, glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor, by the midnight breezes strewn: and wherever the beat of her unseen feet, which only the angels hear, may have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof, the stars peep behind her and peer: and I laugh to see them whirl and flee, like a swarm of golden bees, when I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas, like strips of the sky fallen through me on high, are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone, and the moon's with a girdle of pearl; the volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim, when the whirlwinds my banner unfurl. From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape, over a torrent sea, sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof—the mountains its columns be. The triumphal arch through which I march with hurricane, fire, and snow, when the powers of the air are chained to my chair, is the million-coloured bow: the sphere-fire above its soft colours wove, while the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water, and the nursling of the sky: I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; I change, but I cannot die. For after the rain, when, with never a stain, the pavilion of heaven is bare, and the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams, build up the blue dome of air, I silently laugh at my own cenotaph; and, out of the caverns of rain, like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb, I rise and unbuild it again.

XXII.—ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.—LORD BYRON.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ; there is a rapture on the lonely shore : there is society, where none intrudes—by the deep Sea,—and music in its roar. I love not Man the less, but Nature more, from these our interviews ; in which I steal from all I may be, or have been before, to mingle with the Universe—and feel what I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on ! thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll ! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ; man marks the earth with ruin—his control stops with the shore : upon the watery plain the wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage—save his own ; when, for a moment, like a drop of rain, he sinks into thy depths with bubbling green, without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown !

His steps are not upon thy paths ; thy fields are not a spoil for him ; thou dost arise and shake him from thee : the vile strength he wields for earth's destruction thou dost all despise, spurning him from thy bosom to the skies : and send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray, and howling, to his gods, where haply lies his petty hope in some near port or bay ; then dashest him again to earth—there let him lay !——

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake, and monarchs tremble in their capitals : the oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make their clay creator the vain title take of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—these are thy toys ; and, as the snowy flake, they melt into thy yeast of waves,—which mar alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all, save thee : Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ? Thy waters wasted them while they were free, and many a tyrant since ; their shores obey the stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou, unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play ; Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow ;—such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests ; in all time—calm or convulsed ; in breeze, or gale, or storm : icing the pole, or in the torrid clime dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime ;

the image of Eternity, the throne of the Invisible ! Even from out thy slime, the monsters of the deep are made ; each zone obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless—alone !

XXIII.—TO THE NIGHTINGALE.—KEATS.

O, FOR a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt Mirth !
 O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple stainèd mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with *thee* fade away, into the forest dim :
 Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where Palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs ;
 Where Youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think, is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.
 Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,—
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards, —
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards : . . .
 Already with thee ! Tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
 Through verdurous blooms, and winding mossy
 ways.
 Darkling, I listen ; and, for many a time,
 I have been half in love with easeful Death ;
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath :
 Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While *thou* art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod!
 Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
 In ancient days, by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song, that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.
 “Forlorn!”—The very sound is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self:
 Adieu!—the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! Thy plaintive anthem fades—
 Past the near meadows,—over the still stream,—
 Up the hill side;—and now, ’tis buried deep
 In the next valley’s glades:—
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music!—Do I wake or sleep?

XXIV.—THE SKYLARK.—P. B. SHELLEY.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit! bird thou never wert;
 That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher from the earth thou springest;
 Like a cloud of fire the blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
 In the golden lightening of the sunken sun,
 O’er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and
 run,
 Like an unbodied Joy whose race is just begun.
 The pale purple Even melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven in the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud ;
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed
What thou art, we know not;—what is most like thee?—
From rainbow-clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody !

Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour,
With music, sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its ærial hue.
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view.

Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm Winds deflowered, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass !
Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine ?
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all but an empty vaunt --
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ? what shapes of sky
or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance, languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep than we mortals dream ;
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?
 We look before and after, and pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
 Yet, if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born not to shed a tear ;
 I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.
 Better than all measures of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures that in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !
 Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know ;
 Such harmonious madness from my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now !

XXV.—THE HOLLY TREE.—SOUTHEY.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see the holly tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives its glossy
 leaves, ordered by an Intelligence, so wise as might
 confound the atheist's sophistries. Below,—a circling
 fence,—its leaves are seen wrinkled and keen ; no grazing
 cattle, through their prickly round, can reach to wound ;
 but, as they grow where nothing is to fear, smooth and
 unarm'd the pointless leaves appear. I love to view
 these things with curious eyes, and moralize : and, in
 this wisdom of the holly tree, can emblems see where-
 with, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,—one which
 may profit in the after-time. Thus, though abroad,
 perchance, I might appear harsh and austere ; to those
 who on my leisure would intrude, reserved and rude :
 gentle at home amid my friends I'd be, like the high
 leaves upon the holly tree. And should my youth, as
 youth is apt, I know, some harshness show, all vain
 asperities, I, day by day, would wear away ; till the
 smooth temper of my age should be—like the high
 leaves upon the holly tree. And as, when all the
 summer trees are seen so bright and green, the holly-
 leaves their fadeless hues display less bright than they ;
 but when the bare and wintry woods we see, what then
 so cheerful as the holly tree ?—So,—serious should my

youth appear among the thoughtless throng; so would I seem, amid the young and gay, more grave than they; that, in my age, as cheerful I might be, as the green winter of the holly tree.

XXVI.—THUNDER-STORM ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.—

LORD BYRON.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O Night,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud!

And this is in the night! Most glorious night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines—a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earthquake's birth.

XXVII.—ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FIVE years have passed: five summers, with the length
of five long winters; and again I hear these waters,
rolling from their mountain-springs with a sweet inland
murmur. Once again do I behold these steep and lofty
cliffs, which, on a wild secluded scene, impress thoughts
of more deep seclusion, and connect the landscape with
the quiet of the sky.

Though absent long, these forms of beauty have not
been to me, as is a landscape to a blind man's eye; but
oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din of towns and
cities, I have owed to them, in hours of weariness,
sensations sweet: felt in the blood, and felt along the
heart, and passing even into my purer mind, with
tranquil restoration:—feelings, too, of unremembered

pleasure; such, perhaps, as may have had no trivial influence on that best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, to them I may have owed another gift of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood, in which the burthen of the mystery, in which the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world, is lightened;—that serene and blessed mood, in which the affections gently lead us on, until the breath of this corporeal frame, and even the motion of our human blood, almost suspended, we are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul; while, with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

If this be but a vain belief—yet, oh! how oft, in darkness, and amid the many shapes of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir unprofitable, and the fever of the world, have hung upon the beatings of my heart, how oft in spirit have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye?—thou wanderer through the woods; how often has my spirit turned to thee! And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, with many recognitions dim and faint, and somewhat of a sad perplexity, the picture of the mind revives again; while here I stand, not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts that, in this moment, there is life and food for future years. And so I dare to hope, though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came among these hills; when, like a roe, I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides of the deep rivers and the lonely streams—wherever Nature led; more like a man flying from something that he dreads, than one who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then (the coarser pleasures of my boyish days, and their glad animal movements all gone by) to me was all in all. I cannot paint what then I was. The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion; the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, their colours, and their forms, were then to me an appetite; a feeling and a love, that had no need of a remoter charm by thought supplied, or any interest unborrowed from the eye. That time is past, and all its aching joys are now no more, and all its dizzy raptures.

Not for this faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur : other gifts have followed ;—for such loss, I would believe, abundant recompense. For, I have learned to look on Nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes the still sad music of Humanity,—nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power to chasten and subdue. And I have felt a Presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man : a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things. Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows, and the woods, and mountains, and of all that we behold from this green earth ; of all the mighty world of eye and ear, both what they half create, and what perceive ; well pleased to recognise, in Nature, and the language of the sense, the anchor of my purest thoughts ;—the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart,—and soul of all my moral being.

XXVIII.—BEAUTY AND EXPRESSION.—THOMAS MOORE.

THERE'S a beauty for ever unchangingly bright, like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light, shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender : that was not her beauty—that sameness of splendour ; but the loveliness ever in motion, which plays like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days : now here and now there giving warmth, as it flies from the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes. When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace, that charm of all others, was born with her face ; and when angry, —for even in the tranquildest climes light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—the short, passing anger but seemed to awaken new beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken. If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye at once took a darker, a heavenlier dye : from the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings from innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings. Then her mirth—O ! 'twas sportive, as ever took wing from the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring ; while her laugh, full of life, without any control but the sweet

one of gracefulness, rung from her soul : and where it most sparkled no glance could discover, in lip, cheek, or eyes ; for she brightened all over,—like any fair lake that the breeze is upon, when it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun !

XXIX—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain ;
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed ;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm ;—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill ;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play ;
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending, as the old surveyed :
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :—
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love ;
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove :—
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.
 Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;

There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below :
 The swain, responsive as the milk-maid sung ;
 The sober herd, that lowed to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool :
 The playful children, just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind ;
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind ;—
 These, all, in sweet confusion, sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

XXX.—THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich—with forty pounds a year !
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered Beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined Spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken Soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won !
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The Reverend Champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway ;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The Service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile :
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

XXXI.—THE LAST MINSTREL.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE way was long, the wind was cold, the Minstrel
was infirm and old ; his withered cheek and tresses gray
seemed to have known a better day : the harp, his sole-
remaining joy, was carried by an orphan-boy : the last
of all the bards was he, who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled, his tuneful brethren
all were dead ; and he, neglected and oppressed, wished
to be with them, and at rest ! No more, on prancing
palfrey borne, he carolled, light as lark at morn ; no
longer courted and caressed, high-placed in hall, a
welcome guest, he poured, to lord and lady gay, the
unpremeditated lay ; old times were changed—old
manners gone—a stranger filled the Stuart's throne.
The bigots of the iron time had called his harmless art

—a crime: a wandering harper, scorned and poor, he begged his bread from door to door; and tuned, to please a peasant's ear, the harp, a king had loved to hear!

He passed, where Newark's stately tower looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower: the Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—no humbler resting-place was nigh. With hesitating step, at last, the embattled portal-arch he passed; whose ponderous grate and massy bar had oft rolled back the tide of war, but never closed the iron door against the desolate and poor. The Duchess marked his weary pace, his timid mien, and reverend face; and bade her page the menials tell that they should tend the old man well:—for she had known adversity, though born in such a high degree: in pride of power, in beauty's bloom, had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied, and the old man was gratified, began to rise his minstrel pride; and he began to talk, anon, of good Earl Francis, dead and gone; and of Earl Walter—rest him, God!—a braver ne'er to battle rode: and how full many a tale he knew of the old warriors of Buceleugh; and, would the noble Duchess deign to listen to an old man's strain, though stiff his hand, his voice though weak, he thought, even yet,—the sooth to speak,—that, if she loved the harp to hear, he could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained: the aged Minstrel audience gained: but when he reached the room of state, where she, with all her ladies, sat, perchance he wished his boon denied: for, when to tune his harp he tried, his trembling hand had lost the ease which marks security to please: and scenes, long past, of joy and pain, came wildering o'er his aged brain: he tried to tune his harp, in vain.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed, and an uncertain warbling made: and, oft, he shook his hoary head. But when he caught the measure wild, the old man raised his face, and smiled; and lighted up his faded eye, with all a poet's ecstasy! In varying cadence, soft or strong, he swept the sounding chords along: the present scene, the future lot, his toils, his wants, were all forgot: cold diffidence, and age's frost, in the full tide of soul were lost; each blank in faithless memory's void, the poet's glowing thought supplied;

and, while his harp responsive rung, 'twas thus the latest Minstrel sung :

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

“BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!—whose heart hath ne’er within him burned, as home his footsteps he hath turned from wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go—mark him well; for him, no minstrel-raptures swell: high though his titles, proud his name, boundless his wealth, as wish can claim; despite those titles, power and pelf, the wretch, concentred all in self, living, shall forfeit fair renown, and, doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!”

XXXII.—HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.—COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star in his steep course?—so long he seems to pause on thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc! The Arve and Arvêron at thy base rave ceaselessly: but thou, most awful form! risest from forth the silent sea of pines, how silently! Around thee and above, deep is the air and dark, substantial-black,—an ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it, as with a wedge! But when I look again; it is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine, thy habitation from eternity!—O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee, till thou, still present to the bodily sense, didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer, I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, so sweet we know not we are listening to it, thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought, yea, with my life and life’s own secret joy; till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused into the mighty vision passing,—there, as in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake!—voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake, green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale! O, struggling with the darkness all the night, and visited all night by troops of stars, or when they climb the sky, or when they sink;—companion of the morning-star at dawn, thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn co-herald, —wake, O wake, and utter praise!—Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth? Who filled thy countenance with rosy light? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad! who called you forth from night and utter death? from dark and icy caverns called you forth, down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks, for ever shattered, and the same for ever? Who gave you your invulnerable life, your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy: unceasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded (and the silence came), "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow adown enormous ravines slope amain;—torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice, and stopped at once amid their maddest plunge! motionless torrents! silent cataracts! —who made you glorious as the gates of heaven, beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet!—God! . . . Let the torrents, like a shout of nations, answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!—God! Sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice! ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow, and in their perilous fall, shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost! ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest! ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm! ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! ye signs and wonders of the element!—utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks, oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou, that, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low in adoration, upward from thy base slow travelling,

with dim eyes suffused with tears, solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud, to rise before me,—rise, O ever, rise! rise like a cloud of incense from the earth! Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills! thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven! great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky, and tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun, Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

XXXIII.—GREECE PRESENT AND PAST.—LORD BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead, ere the first day of death is fled,—the first dark day of nothingness, the last of danger and distress;—before decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers, and marked the mild angelic air—the rapture of repose that's there—the fixed, yet tender traits, that streak the languor of the placid cheek; and—but for that sad shrouded eye, that fires not—wins not—weeps not—now;—and but for that chill changeless brow, whose touch thrills with mortality, and curdles to the gazer's heart, as if to him it could impart the doom he dreads, yet dwells upon:—Yes—but for these, and these alone, some moments—ay—one treacherous hour, he still might doubt the tyrant's power: so fair—so calm—so softly sealed, the first—last look—by death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore:—'tis Greece—but living Greece no more! So coldly sweet, so deadly fair, we start—for soul is wanting there. Hers is the loveliness in death, that parts not quite with parting breath; but beauty, with that fearful bloom, that hue which haunts it to the tomb;—expression's last receding ray, a gilded halo hovering round decay, the farewell beam of feeling past away! Spark of that flame, perchance,—of heavenly birth—which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!

* * * * *

Clime of the unforgotten brave! whose land, from plain to mountain-cave, was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave! Shrine of the mighty! can it be that this is all remains of thee? Approach, thou craven crouching slave; say, is not this Thermopylæ? these waters blue that round you lave—oh servile offspring of the free!—pronounce what sea, what shore is this!—the gulf, the rock of

Salamis!—These scenes, their story not unknown, arise, and make again your own; snatch from the ashes of your sires the embers of their former fires; and he who in the strife expires, will add to theirs a name of fear that Tyranny shall quake to hear; and leave his sons a hope, a fame, they too will rather die than shame! for Freedom's battle once begun, bequeathed by bleeding sire to son, though baffled oft is ever won. Bear witness, Greece, thy living page: attest it, many a deathless age! While kings, in dusty darkness hid, have left a nameless pyramid, thy heroes—though the general doom hath swept the column from their tomb,—a mightier monument command, the mountains of their native land! There points thy muse, to stranger's eye, the graves of those that cannot die!

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace, each step from splendour to disgrace: enough—no foreign foe could quell thy soul, till from itself it fell. Yes! self abasement paved the way to villain bonds, and despot sway.

XXXIV.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.—ROBERT BURNS.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray that lov'st to greet the early morn! again thou usher'st in the day, my Mary from my soul was torn! O Mary! dear, departed shade! where is thy place of blissful rest? Seest thou thy lover lowly laid? hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? That sacred hour can I forget?—can I forget the hallowed grove, where, by the winding Ayr, we met to live one day of parting love? EVERLASTING will not efface those records dear of transports past! thy image at our last embrace—ah! little thought we 'twas our last! Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore, o'erhung with wild woods, thickening green; the fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar, twined amorous 'round the raptured scene. The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed; the birds sang love on every spray; till, too, too soon, the glowing west proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.—Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes, and fondly broods with miser care; time but the impression deeper makes, as streams their channels deeper wear. My Mary! dear, departed shade! where is thy blissful place of rest? Seest thou thy lover lowly laid? hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

XXXV.—THE PULPIT.—COWPER.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes !
 But rare at home, and never at his books,
 Or with his pen save when he scrawls a card ;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor ;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold ;
 And well prepared,—by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love of world,—
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride :—
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the Church ! and lay not careless hands
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher,—such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,—
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty man.
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 And then, skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
 Cry—" Hem ! " and, reading what they never wrote,
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What !—will a man play tricks—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand ;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock !

Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass !
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious,—as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril spectacle bestrid.

Some, decent in demeanour, while they preach,
That task performed, relapse into themselves ;
And, having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton : giving proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First, we stroke
An eye-brow : next compose a straggling lock ;
Then, with an air most gracefully performed,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease,
With handkerchief in hand depending low :
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera-glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognise the slow-retiring fair.—
Now, this is fulsome : and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect

And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
 May be indifferent to her house of clay,
 And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;
 But how a body so fantastic, trim,
 And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
 Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt !

XXXVI.—WAITING FOR THE MAY.—D. F. M'CARATHY.

AH ! my heart is weary waiting, waiting for the May—
 waiting for the pleasant rambles, where the fragrant
 hawthorn-brambles, with the woodbine alternating, scent
 the dewy way. Ah ! my heart is weary, waiting, waiting
 for the May !

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing, longing for the
 May—longing to escape from study to the fair young
 face and ruddy, and the thousand charms belonging
 to the summer's day. Ah ! my heart is sick, with long-
 ing, longing for the May !

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing, sighing for the
 May—sighing for their sure returning when the summer-
 beams are burning, hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 all the winter lay. Ah ! my heart is sore, with sighing,
 sighing for the May !

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing, throbbing
 for the May, throbbing for the seaside billows, or the
 water-wooing willows, where in laughing and in sobbing
 glide the streams away. Ah ! my heart is pained, with
 throbbing, throbbing for the May !

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary, waiting for the May :—
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings—moonlit evenings,
 sunbright mornings ;—summer comes, yet, dark and
 dreary, life still ebbs away—Man is ever weary, weary,
 waiting for the May !

XXXVII.—FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.—MARK AKENSIDE.

THE high-born soul disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring
 wing beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth and
 this diurnal scene, she springs aloft through fields of
 air ; pursues the flying storm ; rides on the volleyed
 lightning through the heavens ; or, yoked with whirl-
 winds and the northern blast, sweeps the long tract of

day. Then high she soars the blue profound, and hovering round the sun, beholds him pouring the redundant stream of light; beholds his unrelenting sway bend the reluctant planets, to absolve the fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused, she darts her swiftness up the long career of devious comets; through its burning signs, exulting, measures the perennial wheel of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,—whose blended light, as with a milky zone, invests the orient. Now, amazed, she views the empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold, beyond this concave heaven, their ealın abode; and fields of radiance, whose unfading light has travelled the profound six thousand years, nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things. Even on the barriers of the world, untired, she meditates the eternal depth below: till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep she plunges: soon o'erwhelmed, and swallowed up, in that immense of being. There her hopes rest, at the fated goal. For, from the birth of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said, —that, not in humble or in brief Delight, not in the fading echoes of Renown, Power's purple robes, or Pleasure's flowery lap, the Soul should find enjoyment: but from these turning disdainful to an equal Good, through all the ascent of things enlarge her view, —till every bound at length should disappear, and Infinite Perfection close the scene.

XXXVIII.—THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.—
SAMUEL FERGUSON.

COME, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged 'Tis at a white heat now: the bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow the little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound, and fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round; all clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there. The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below, and red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe: It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow! 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!

“Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out—leap out!” bang, bang the sledges go; hurrah! the jettied lightnings are

hissing high and low.—Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time; your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime. But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be, “The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!” Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red; our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped. Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array, for a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay.—In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last; a shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast. O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me, what pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend, with sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee, thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand to shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave so freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave.—Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung, honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

XXXIX.—THE CATARACT OF LODORE.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“How does the water come down at Lodore?” my little ones asked me once on a time; moreover, they tasked me to tell them in rhyme, as, many a time, they had seen it before. So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store:—and 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing, because I was Laureate to them and the King.

How does the water come down at Lodore? From its sources which well in the tarn on the fell; from its fountains in the mountains, its rills and its gills; through moss and through brake, it runs and it creeps for awhile,

till it sleeps in its own little lake. And thence at departing, awakening and starting, it runs through the reeds, and away it proceeds—through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade, and through the wood-shelter, among crags in its flurry, helter-skelter, hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling ; now smoking and frothing its tumult and wrath in ; till, in this rapid race on which it is bent, it reaches the place of its steep descent. The cataract strong then plunges along ; striking and raging, as if a war waging its caverns and rocks among : rising and leaping, sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping, showering and springing, flying and flinging, writhing and singing, eddying and whisking, spouting and frisking, turning and twisting around and around with endless rebound : smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in ; confounding, astounding, dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound !

Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding, and shocking and rocking, and darting and parting, and threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing, and dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting, and shining and twining, and rattling and battling, and shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring, and waving and raving, and tossing and crossing, and flowing and going, and running and stunning, and foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning, and dropping and hopping, and working and jerking, and guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving, and moaning and groaning ; and glittering and frittering, and gathering and feathering, and whitening and brightening, and quivering and shivering, and hurrying and skurrying, and thundering and floundering.

Dividing and gliding and sliding, and falling and brawling and sprawling, and driving and riving and striving, and sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, and sounding and bounding and rounding, and bubbling and troubling and doubling, and grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, and clattering and battering and shattering ! Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, delaying and straying and playing and spraying, advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling, and gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming, and rushing and

flushing and brushing and pushing, and flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping, and curling and whirling and purling and twirling, and thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping, and dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing '—and so never ending, but always descending, sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending, all at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar ;—and this way, the water comes down at Lodore !

XL.—OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night :
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,—
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest :
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?"
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around !
 O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* Country, and that spot *thy* Home.

RECITATIONS FOR JUNIOR PUPILS.

I.—MIRIAM'S SONG.—THOMAS MOORE.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free !
 Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is broken :
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
 How vain was their boasting !—the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free !
 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword !
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
 For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free !

II.—THE MINSTREL BOY.—THOMAS MOORE.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone—
 In the ranks of death you'll find him !
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song !" said the Warrior-Bard—
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
*One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee.*"
 The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder !
 And said, "No chain shall subdue thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 Thy shall never sound in slavery !"

III.—THE HARP OF IRELAND.—THOMAS MOORE.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,—so glory's thrill is o'er ;
 And hearts that once beat high for praise, now feel that pulse no
 more !
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of Tara swells :
 The chord alone, that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells !
 Thus Freedom never so seldom wakes, the only thrub she gives
 Is—when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives !

IV.—SAUL'S ADDRESS.—LORD BYRON.

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me when leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path,—
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet ;
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet !

Farewell to others ; but never WE part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, that awaits us to-day !

V.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—H. KIRKE WHITE.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain, the glittering host bestud
the sky,

One star alone, of all the train, can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark !—to God the chorus breaks, from every host, from every
gem ;

But one alone the Saviour speaks—it is the Star of Bethlehem !

Once on the raging seas I rode ; the storm was loud—the night was
dark—

The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed the wind, that tossed my
foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze ;—death-struck I ceased the tide to
stem,

When, suddenly, a Star arose !—it was the Star of Bethlehem !

It was my guide—my light—my all ! it bade my dark forebodings
cease ;

And through the storm, and danger's thrall, it led me to the port of
peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore, the Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

VI.—THE SPRING JOURNEY.—REGINALD HEBER.

O, GREEN was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud :
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty—above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill ;
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

O such be Life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill ;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven !

VII.—THE SLUGGARD.—DR. ISAAC WATTS.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I hear him complain,
 " You have waked me too soon ! I must slumber again."
 As the door on its hinges ; so he, on his bed,
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.
 " O, a little more sleep ! a little more slumber !"
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number :
 And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.
 I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
 The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher ;
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.
 I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 He had ta'en better care for improving his mind ;
 He told me . . . his dreams ! talked of . . . eating and drinking !
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.
 Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me !
 That man's but a picture of what I might be ;
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

VIII.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.—LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
 Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset was seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
 For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !
 And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-feeding surf.
 And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
 And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow—in the glance of the Lord !

IX.—CASABIANCA.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled ;
 The flames that lit the battle's wreck, shone round him o'er the dead ;
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm,—
 A creature of heroic blood : a proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below, his voice no longer heard.
 He called aloud :—" Say, father, say, if yet my task is done ? "
 He knew not that the chieftain lay unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he cried, " if I may yet be gone ? "
 But now the booming shots replied, and fast the flames rolled on !
 Upon his brow he felt their breath, and in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of death in still but brave despair ;
 And shouted but once more aloud, " My father ! must I stay ? "
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing fires made
 way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild, they caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child, like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound ;—the boy—oh ! where was he ?
 Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea !—
 With mast, and helm, and pennon fair, that well had borne their part ;
 But the noblest thing that perished there, was—that young faithful
 heart.

X.—ALL HOLLOW.—ANONYMOUS.

I STOOD beneath a hollow tree, the blast it hollow blew ;
 I thought upon the hollow world, and all its hollow crew,
 Ambition and its hollow schemes, the hollow hopes we follow ;
 Imagination's hollow dreams,—all hollow, hollow, hollow !
 A crown it is a hollow thing, and hollow heads oft wear it,
 The hollow title of a king, what hollow hearts oft bear it !
 No hollow wiles, nor honey'd smiles, of ladies fair I follow ;
 For beauty sweet still hides deceit ; 'tis hollow, hollow, hollow !
 The hollow leader but betrays the hollow dupes who heed him ;
 The hollow critic vends his praise to hollow fools who feed him ;
 The hollow friend who takes your hand, is but a summer swallow ;
 Whate'er I see is like this tree,—all, hollow, hollow, hollow !

XI.—THE ANGELS' WHISPER.—SAMUEL LOVER.

A BABY was sleeping ; its Mother was weeping, for her Husband
 was far on the wild raging sea ; and the tempest was swelling round
 the fisherman's dwelling, as she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh ! come
 back to me." Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slum-
 bered, and smiled in her face, as she bended her knee ; " Oh ! bless'd
 be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning ; for I know that the
 Angels are whispering with thee ! And while they are keeping
 bright watch o'er thy sleeping, oh ! pray to them softly, my baby,
 with me ; and say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father !
 for I know that the Angels are whispering with thee ! "—The dawn
 of the morning saw Dermot returning, and the wife wept with joy
 her babe's father to see ; and closely caressing her child, with a
 blessing, said, " I knew that the Angels were whispering with thee ! "

XII.—THE INFANT ORATOR.—EVERETT.

You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage ;
 and if I chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, don't view me
 with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by. Large streams from
 little fountains flow ; tall oaks from little acorns grow ; and though

I now am small and young, of judgment weak, and feeble tongue, yet all great learned men, like me once learned to read their A, B, C. But why may not Victoria's reign bring back the good old days again; exceed what Greece and Rome have done, or any land beneath the sun? Or, where's the town, go far and near, that does not find a rival here? or, where's the boy, but three feet high, who's made improvements more than I? These thoughts inspire my youthful mind to be the greatest of mankind; great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood; but only great, as I am good.

XIII.—BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.—ELIZA COOK.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood to think;

'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was beginning to sink;

For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man could be;
And, after a while, as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up," said he.
Now just at that moment a spider dropped, with its silken cobweb clue;

And the king, in the midst of his thinking, stopped—to see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome; and it hung by a rope so fine,

That how it would get to its cobweb home, King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with strong endeavour,—
But down it came, with a slipping sprawl, as near to the ground as ever.

Again the spider swung below, but again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will strive no more to climb.

When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles every time."

Up again it went, inch by inch, higher and higher he got;

Till a bold little run, at the very last pinch, put him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honour to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair; he conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

Again King Robert roused his soul; and history tells the tale,

That he tried once more,—'twas at Bannockburn,—and that time he did not fail!

XIV.—THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.—MRS. HEMANS.

ALONE, through gloomy forest shades, a Soldier went by night;
No moon-beam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed guiding light;
Yet, on his still midnight round, the youth all cheerily passed,
Unchecked by aught of beating sound, that muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?—In his far home, perchance—

His father's hall—his mother's bower, 'midst the gay vines of France.

Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? came not faint whispers near?
No!—The wild wind hath many a sigh, amidst the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again!—and from his hand what grasp hath wrenched the
blade?

O, single, midst a hostile band, young Soldier, thou'rt betrayed!
"Silence!" in under-tones they cry; "no whisper—not a breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence thee to death."

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, "Arm! arm!—Auvergne!—
the foe!"

The stir—the tramp—the bugle-call—he heard their tumults grow;
And sent his dying voice through all—"Auvergne! Auvergne!
the foe!"

XV.—THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—MRS. MACLEAN. (L. E. L.)

THE muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier,
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a Soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain:
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land—to die!
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—
—I saw a poor and aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan;
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bowed to the cold damp ground:
He raised his head, his tears were done,—
The FATHER had prayed o'er his only son!

XVI.—GERTRUDE VON DER WART.—MRS. HILMAN.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised, the breeze threw back
her hair;

Up to the fearful wheel she gazed:—all that she loved was there!
The night was round her clear and cold, the holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold the might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried : "my Rudolph, say not so ;
This is no time to quit thy side ; peace—peace : I cannot go !
Hath the world aught for me to fear, when death is on thy brow ?
The world—what means it ?—mine is here ; I will not leave thee now !

"I have been with thee in thine hour of glory and of bliss ;
Doubt not its memory's living power, to strengthen me through this :
And thou, mine honoured lord and true, bear on, bear nobly on !
We have the blessed heaven in view, whose rest shall soon be won !"

And were not these high words to flow from woman's breaking heart ?
Through all that night of bitterest woe, she bore her lofty part ;
But, oh ! with such a glazing eye, with such a curdling cheek,
Love, love, of mortal agony, thou, only thou, shouldst speak !

The wind rose high, but with it rose her voice that he might hear :
Perchance that dark hour brought repose to happy bosoms near,
While she sat pining with despair, beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer, forth on the rushing storm.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith, enduring to the last !
She had her meed ! one smile in death—and ! his worn spirit passed !
While, even as o'er a martyr's grave, she knelt on that sad spot ;
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave strength to forsake it not !

XVII.—COURAGE IN POVERTY.—ALEXANDER POPE.

IN Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earned a little purse of gold :
Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night
He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, every mite.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger joined,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leaped the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well !" his great Commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next, pleased his Excellence a town to batter
(His name I know not, and 'tis no great matter) ;
"Go on, my friend " (he cried), "see yonder walls,
Advance and conquer ! go, where glory calls !
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
"D'ye think me, noble General, such a sot ?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat !"

XVIII.—THE PERI AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—

THOMAS MOORE.

"How happy," exclaimed the Child of Air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall !
Though mine are the gardens of Earth and Sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all !
"Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall ;

Though bright are the waters that glittering play,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet, O ! 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

“ Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world,—as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall—
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all ! ”

. XIX.—THE STAR OF HEAVEN.—J. J. CALLANAN.

SHINE on, thou bright beacon, unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness, o'er Life's troubled sea ;
Its morning of promise, its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows roar wildly ; then, bright one, shine on !

The wings of the tempest may rush o'er thy ray,
But tranquil thou smilest, undimmed by its sway ;
High, high o'er the worlds where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest, all beauteous, all glorious,—alone.

From the deep womb of darkness the lightning-flash leaps ;
O'er the bark of my fortunes each mad billow sweeps,
From the port of her safety by warring-winds driven ;
And no light o'er her course—but yon lone one of Heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one ! the hour may be near,
When our own sunny headland far off shall appear ;
When the voice of the storm shall be silent and past,
In some island of Heaven we may anchor at last.

But, bark of eternity, where art thou now ?
The wild waters shriek o'er each plunge of thy prow,
On the world's dreary ocean thus shatter'd and tost ;—
Then, lone one, shine on ! “ If I lose thee, I'm lost ! ”

XX.—THE MOTHER OF THE MACCABEES.—J. J. CALLANAN.

THAT mother viewed the scene of blood ; her six unconquered sons
were gone : fearless she viewed ;—beside her stood her last—her
youngest—dearest one ! He looked upon her, and he smiled :—oh !
will she save that only child ? “ By all my love, my son,” she said,
“ the breast that nursed,—the arms that bore,—the unsleeping care
that watched thee,—fed,—till manhood's years required no more ; by
all I've wept and prayed for thee, now, now, be firm, and pity me !
Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven, with its high field of azure light ;
look on this earth, to mankind given, arrayed in beauty and in might ;
and think, nor scorn thy mother's prayer, on Him who said it—and
they were ! So shalt thou not this tyrant fear, nor, recreant, shun
the glorious strife ; behold ! thy battle-field is near ; then go, my son,
nor heed thy life ; go, like thy faithful brothers die,—that I may meet
you all on high ! ” . . . Like arrow from the bended bow, he sprang
upon the bloody pile :—like sun-rise on the morning's snow, was that
heroic mother's smile. He died,—nor feared the tyrant's nod—for
Judah's law, and Judah's God.

XXI.—JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.—LORD BYRON.

SINCE our country, our God, O my sire, demand that thy daughter expire ; since thy triumph was bought by thy vow, strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !—and the voice of my mourning is o'er, and the mountains behold me no more. If the hand that I love lay me low, there cannot be pain in the blow : and of this, O my father, be sure, that the blood of thy child is as pure as the blessing I beg ere it flow, and the last thought that soothes me below. Though the virgins of Salem lament, be the judge and the hero unbent : I have won the great battle for thee, and my father and country are free ! When this blood of thy giving hath gushed, when the voice that thou lovest is hushed, let my memory still be thy pride, and forget not I smiled—as I died !

XXII.—OLD IRONSIDES.—OLIVER W. HOLMES.

AY ! tear her tattered ensign down ! long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, and burst the cannon's roar :—
The meteor of the ocean-air shall sweep the clouds no more !
Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood, where knelt the vanquished
foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, and waves were white
below,—
No more shall feel the victor's tread, or know the conquered knee :—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the Eagle of the Sea !
Oh, better that her shattered bulk should sink beneath the wave ! . . .
Her thunder shook the mighty deep, and there should be her grave !
Nail to the mast her holy flag—set every threadbare sail—
And give her to the God of Storms, the lightning, and the Gale !

XXIII.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high on a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods, against a stormy sky, their giant branches toss'd ;
And the heavy night hung dark, the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark on the wild New England
shore.
Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of
fame ;
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom, with their hymns of lofty
cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang : this the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the
free,
The sea-eagle roar'd from his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd :—such was their welcome
home.
There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band :
Woe had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's
land ?
There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heart of
youth.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—No—'twas a faith's pure
 shrine.
 Yes, call that holy ground, which first their brave feet trod!
 They have left unstain'd what there they found—FREEDOM TO WOR-
 SHIP GOD!

XXIV.—A PSALM OF LIFE.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers, and things are not what they
 seem.
 Life is real! life is earnest! and the grave is not its goal:
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," was not spoken of the soul.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each To-morrow finds us farther than To-day.
 Art is long, and time is fleeting; and our hearts, though stout and
 brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle; be a hero in the strife!
 Trust no Future, how'er pleasant! let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act—act in the living Present! heart within, and God o'erhead!
 Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime;
 And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time;—
 Footprints that perhaps another, sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing, shall take heart again.
 Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,—learn to labour, and to wait!

XXV.—CHRISTIAN WARFARE.—CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

SOLDIER, go!—but not to claim mouldering spoils of earth-born
 treasure;
 Not to build a vaunting name, not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
 Dream not that the way is smooth, hope not that the thorns are roses,
 Turn no wishful eye of youth where the sunny beam reposes;
 Thou hast sterner work to do, hosts to cut thy passage through;
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning;—forward! there is no returning.
 Soldier, rest!—but not for thee spreads the world her downy pillow;
 On the rock thy couch must be, while around thee chafes the billow.
 Thine must be a watchful sleep, wearier than another's waking;
 Such a charge as thou dost keep, brooks no moment of forsaking:
 Sleep, as on the battle field; girded—grasping sword and shield;
 Those thou canst not name nor number, steal upon thy broken
 slumber.
 Soldier, rise!—the war is done; lo! the hosts of hell are flying:
 'Twas thy Lord the battle won; Jesus vanquished them by dying:
 Pass the stream;—before thee lies all the conquered land of glory!
 Hark, what songs of rapture rise! these proclaim the Victor's story.
 Soldier, lay thy weapons down; quit the sword, and take the crown;
 Triumph! all thy foes are banished—Death is slain—and Earth has
 vanished!

XXVI.—THE SAILOR'S SONG.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea, a wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail, and bends the gallant mast !
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys ! while, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the lee !
 "O for a soft and gentle wind !" I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the swelling breeze, and white waves heaving high !
 The white waves heaving high, my boys ! the good ship tight and free !
 The world of waters is our home, and merry men are we !
 There's tempest in yon horned moon, and lightnings in the cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners ! the wind is wakening loud :
 The wind is wakening loud, my boys ; the lightning flashes free,
 The hollow oak our palace is, our heritage the sea !

XXVII.—THE LESSONS OF THE BIRDS.—G. W. DOANE.

What is that, mother ? The lark, my child !
 The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
 When he starts from his humble grassy nest ;
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother ? The dove, my son !
 And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
 Constant and pure by that lonely nest,—
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,—
 For her absent dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother ? The eagle, boy !
 Proudly careering his course of joy ;
 Firm on his own mountain-vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun ;
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on !

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
 Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother ? The swan, my love !
 He is floating down from his native grove :
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,—
 He is floating down, by himself, to die !
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my son, that when death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home !

XXVIII.—THE SHIP ON FIRE.—CHARLES MACKAY.

THERE was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
 For, fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
 The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
 And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest ;
 "O, happy !" said she, "when our roomy vessel,
 We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore !"

Hark ! hark ! what was that ? Hark ! hark to the shout !—
 “ Fire ! fire ! ”—then a tramp, and a rush, and a rout ;
 And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
 And the mother knelt down ; and the half-spoken prayer
 That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
 Was, “ Father, have mercy ! look down on my child ! ”

Fire ! fire ! it is raging above and below ;
 And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow :
 The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
 And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
 The flames in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher !—
 O God, it is fearful to perish by fire !

They prayed for the light, and, at noontide about,
 The sun o’er the waters shone joyously out.
 “ A sail, ho ! a sail ! ” cried the man on the lee ;
 “ A sail ! ” and they turned their glad eyes o’er the sea.
 “ They see us ! they see us ! the signal is waved !
 They bear down upon us !—thank God ! we are saved ! ”

XXIX.—ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE.—O. GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, with one accord lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never needed a good word—from those who spoke her praise !
 The needy seldom pass’d her door, and always found her kind ;
 She freely lent to all the poor—who left a pledge behind !
 She strove the neighbourhood to please, with manners wondrous
 winning,

And never followed wicked ways—unless when she was sinning !
 At church, in silks and satins new, with hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in the pew—but when she shut her eyes !
 Her love was sought, I do aver, by twenty beaux and more ;
 The king himself has followed her—when she has walked before !
 But now, her wealth and finery fled, her hangers-on cut short all,
 The doctors found, when she was dead—her last disorder mortal !
 Let us lament, in sorrow sore ; for all the world may say,
 That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—she had not died to-day !

XXX.—THE JACKDAW.—WILLIAM COWPER.

THERE is a bird, that, by his coat, and by the hoarseness of his note,
 might be supposed a crow ; a great frequenter of the church,—where,
 bishop-like, he finds a perch, and dormitory too. Above the steeple
 shines a plate that turns and turns, to indicate from what point blows
 the weather ; look up—your brains begin to swim ; ’tis in the clouds—
 that pleases him ; he chooses it the rather. Fond of the speculative
 height, thither he wings his airy flight ; and thence securely sees the
 bustle and the raree-show that occupy mankind below—secure, and at
 his ease. You think, no doubt, he sits and muses on future broken
 bones and bruises, if he should chance to fall : no, not a single thought
 like that employs his philosophic pate, or troubles it at all. He sees
 that this great round-about, the world, with all its motley rout, church,
 army, physic, law, its customs and its businesses, are no concern at all
 of his ; and says—what says he ?—“ Caw ! ” . . . Thrice happy bird ! I,
 too, have seen much of the vanities of men ; and, sick of having seen
 them, would cheerfully these limbs resign, for such a pair of wings as
 thine, and—such a head between them !

XXXI.—NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.—C. F. ORNE.

Ho ! ye who at the anvil toil, and strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast the sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring and fire's intenser glow :—
Oh ! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do !

Ho ! ye who till the stubborn soil, whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun, with burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth from olden time till now :—
But, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and labour all day through,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do !

Ho ! ye who plough the sea's blue field, who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel there lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds like fiends of fury rave :—
Oh ! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and labour long hours through,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do !

Ho ! ye upon whose fevered cheeks the hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day and half the weary night :
Who labour for the souls of men, champions of truth and right :—
Although ye feel your toil is hard, even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do !

Ho ! all who labour, all who strive, ye wield a lofty power ;
Work with your might, work with your strength, till every golden
hour !

The glorious privilege "to do," is man's most noble dower.
Oh ! to your birthright and yourselves, to your own souls, be true !
A weary, wretched life is theirs, who have no work to do !

XXXII. THE PATRIOT'S MOURNERS.—W. COLLINS.

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest !
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod !

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes—a pilgrim grey—
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell—a weeping hermit—there !

XXXIII.—THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK.—S. LOVER.

The summer wind lightly was playing round the battlement high
of the tower, where a vane, like a lady, was staying, —a lady vane
possid in her bower. To peep round the corner the sly wind would
try, but vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ; and so she
kept turning shyly away,—thus they kept playing all through the
day. The summer wind said, "she's coquetting ; but each belle has her
points to be found ; before evening, I'll venture on betting, she will
not then go, but come round." So he tried from the east, and he tried
from the west, and the north and the south, to see which was best ;
but still she kept turning shyly away :—thus they kept playing all

through the day. At evening, her hard heart to soften, he said, "You're a flirt, I am sure; but if vainly you're changing so often, no lover you'll ever secure." "Sweet sir," said the vane, "it is you who begin: when YOU change so often, in ME 'tis no sin. If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh, and only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

XXXIV.—THE BENDED BOW.—MRS. HEMANS.

THERE was heard the sound of the coming foe, there was sent through the land a Bended Bow; and a Voice was poured on the free winds far, as the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard ye not the battle horn? Reaper! leave thy golden corn! leave it for the birds of heaven,—swords must flash, and shields be riven! leave it for the winds to shed:—arm! ere stone and turf grow red!" And the Reaper armed like a foeman's son,—and the Bended Bow and the Voice passed on!

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase; take the falchion from its place; let the wolf go free to-day, leave him for a nobler prey! let the deer ungalled sweep by:—arm thee! freedom's foes are nigh!" And the Hunter armed ere his chase was done,—and the Bended Bow and the Voice passed on!

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast,—stay not till the song hath ceased! though the mead be foaming bright, though the fires give ruddy light, leave the hearth and leave the hall: arm thee! freedom's foes must fall." And the Chieftain armed, and the horn was blown, and the Bended Bow and the Voice passed on!

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told in the bower, and in the hold! where the goat-herd's lay is sung, where the minstrel's harp is strung! foes are on thy native sea—give our bards a tale of thee!" And the Prince came armed like a leader's son,—and the Bended Bow and the Voice passed on!

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy! he must learn the battle's joy; Sister! bring the sword and spear, give thy brother words of cheer; Maiden! bid thy lover part, freedom calls the strong in heart!" And the Bended Bow and the Voice passed on,—and the bards made song for a battle won!

XXXV.—BRITISH FREEDOM.—CHARLES MACKAY.

WE want no flag, no flaunting rag, for LIBERTY to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns, to struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words, the mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before,—and so we shall again.

The greatest triumphs sprung from force will stain the brightest cause:
'Tis not in blood that Liberty inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart in language clear and plain:—
True thoughts have moved the world before,—and so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "FRATERNITY!" we keep the march of Time,
And yet we grasp not pike nor spear, our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,—and so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade to show a front to Wrong;
We have a citadel in Truth, more durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith, have never striv'n in
vain;

They've won our battles many a time,—and so they shall again.

Peace, Progress, Knowledge, Brotherhood—the ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny : but we rely to see their triumph near.
No widows' groans shall lead our cause, nor blood of brethren stain ;
We've won without such aid before,—and so we shall again.

XXXVI.—THE MARINERS.—PARK BENJAMIN.

How cheery are the Mariners, those children of the sea !
Their hearts are like its yeasty waves, as bounding, and as free !
They whistle, when the storm-bird wheels in circles round the mast,
And sing, when, deep in foam, the ship ploughs onward to the blast.
What care the Mariners for gales ? there's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee, and leagues of waves before :
Let billows toss to mountain-heights, or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out, nor reel beneath the blow.
With streamers down, and canvas furl'd, the gallant hull will float
Securely, as, on inland lake, a silken-tassel'd boat :
And sound asleep some Mariners ; and some, with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark that roll along the skies.
God keep these cheery Mariners, and temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast, to their storm-shattered sails :
And men on shore will bless the ship—that could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand, to brave the mighty sea !

XXXVII.—THE ORPHAN BOY.—MRS. OPIE.

STAY, Lady ! stay for mercy's sake, and hear a helpless Orphan's tale !
Ah ! sure, my looks must pity wake ; 'tis want that makes my cheek
so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride, and my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—and I am now an Orphan Boy !
Poor, foolish child ! how pleased was I, when news of Nelson's victory
came,
Along the crowded streets to fly, and see the lighted windows flame !
To force me home my mother sought ! she could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought—and made me a poor Orphan
Boy !
The people's shouts were long and loud ; my mother, shuddering, closed
her ears :
" Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd ; my mother answered with
her tears.
" Why are you crying thus," said I, " while others laugh, and shout
with joy ? "
She kissed me, and, with such a sigh, she called me her poor Orphan
Boy !
" What is an orphan boy ? " I said ; when, suddenly, she gasped for
breath,
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid ; but, ah ! her eyes were
closed in death !
And now they've tolled my mother's knell, and I'm no more a parent's
joy :
Oh, Lady ! I have learned too well what 'tis to be an Orphan Boy !
Oh, were I by your bounty fed—nay, gentle Lady, do not chide ;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread ; the sailor's orphan boy has
pride !
Lady, you weep !—Ha !—this to me ? You'll give me clothing, food,
employ ?
Look down, dear parents ! look and see your happy, happy Orphan Boy !

XXXVIII.—CONFIDENCE IN GOD.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord ! how sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide, their help omnipotence !
 In foreign realms, and lands remote, supported by Thy care,
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt, and breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil, made every region please ;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed, and smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.
 Think, O my soul, devoutly think, how with affrighted eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep in all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face, and fear in every heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs, o'ercame the pilot's art.
 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord, Thy mercy set me free ;
 While, in the confidence of prayer, my soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung high on the broken wave,
 I knew Thou wert not slow to hear, nor impotent to save.
 The storm was laid, the winds retired, obedient to Thy will ;
 The sea, that roared at Thy command, at Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths, Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, and humbly hope for more.
 My life,—if Thou preserv'st my life,—Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death,—since death must be my doom,—shall join my soul to
 Thee.

XXXIX.—JERUSALEM.—THOMAS MOORE.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel ! silence is o'er thy plains !
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate, thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee on Etham's barren shore ?
 That fire from heaven, which led thee, now lights thy path no more !

Lord ! Thou didst love Jerusalem ; once she was all Thine own :
 Her love Thy fairest heritage, her power Thy glory's throne ;
 Till evil came, and blighted Thy long-loved olive-tree,
 And Salem's shrines were lighted for other gods than Thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma ; then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness, the light wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers, where once the mighty trod ;
 And sunk those guilty towers, where Baal reigned as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors ! steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements, for they are not the Lord's !
 Till Zion's mournful daughter o'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes in brighter vision rise,
 When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine on all her mourners' eyes ;
 And, on her mountains beauteous, stand messengers of peace ;
 "Salvation by the Lord's right hand !" they shout and never cease.

XL.—THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE stately Homes of England !—how beautiful they stand !
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees, o'er all the pleasant land.
 The deer across their greensward bound through shade and sunny
 gleam ;
 And the swan glides past them with the sound of some rejoicing stream

The merry Homes of England !—Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love meet in the ruddy light !
 There woman's voice flows forth in song, or childhood's tale is told ;
 Or lips move tunefully along some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !—how softly on their bowers.
 Is laid the holy quietness that breathes from Sabbath hours ;
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime floats through their woods
 at morn ;

All other sounds, in that still time, of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !—by thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks, and round the hamlet-fane.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep, each from its nook of
 leaves,

And fearless there the lowly sleep, as the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !—long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd, to guard each hallowed wall !
 And green for ever be the groves, and bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves its country and its God !

XLI.—O'BRAZIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.—

GERALD GRIFFIN.

ON the Ocean, that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
 A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell :
 Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
 And they called it "O'Brazil—the Isle of the Blest."
 From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
 The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim ;
 The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
 And it looked like an Eden,—away, far away !

A Peasant, who heard of the wonderful tale,
 In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail ;
 From Ara, the holy, he turned to the West,
 For, though Ara was holy, O'Brazil was blest !
 He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
 He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar :
 Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,
 And he sped to O'Brazil,—away, far away !

Morn rose on the deep !—and that shadowy Isle
 O'er the faint rim of distance reflected its smile ;
 Noon burned on the wave !—and that shadowy shore
 Seemed lovely distant, and faint as before :
 Lone Evening came down on the wanderer's track,
 And to Ara again he looked timidly back :—
 Ah ! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
 Yet the Isle of the Blest was away, far away !

Rash dreamer, return ! Oh, ye winds of the main,
 Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again !
 Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
 To barter thy calm life of labour and peace !
 The warning of reason was spoken in vain,
 He never revisited Ara again !
 Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
 And he died on the waters, away, far away !

XLII.—THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England ! that guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again to match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep, while the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long, and the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame, and ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep, while the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long, and the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark, no towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves, her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak, she quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore, when the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long, and the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart, and the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors ! our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name, when the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more, and the storm has ceased to blow

XLIII.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.—MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells, thou hollow-sounding
 and mysterious Main ?—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured
 shells ; bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain. Keep,
 keep thy riches, melancholy Sea ! we ask not such from thee.—Yet
 more, the Depths have more ! What wealth untold, far down and shining
 through their stillness lies ! Thou hast the starry gems, the burning
 gold, won from ten thousand royal argosies. Sweep o'er thy spoils,
 thou wild and wrathful main ; Earth claims not these again !—Yet
 more, the Depths have more ! Thy waves have rolled above the cities
 of a world gone by ! sand hath filled up the palaces of old, sea-weed
 o'ergrown the halls of revelry ! Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scorn-
 ful play : man yields them to decay !—Yet more ! the Billows and the
 Depths have more ! High hearts and brave are gathered to thy
 breast ! They hear not now the booming waters roar ; the battle-
 thunders will not break their rest : keep thy red gold and gems, thou
 stormy Grave—give back the true and brave !—Give back the lost
 and lovely ! those for whom the place was kept at board and hearth
 so long ; the prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom, and
 the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song ! Hold fast thy buried
 isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—but all is not thine own !—To thee the
 love of woman hath gone down ; dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's
 noble head, o'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown ;—
 yet must thou hear a Voice—"Restore the Dead !" Earth shall
 reclaim her precious things from thee : "Restore the Dead, thou Sea !"

XLIV.—EXCELSIOR.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As, through an Alpine village, passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice
 A banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior !"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 "Excelsior !"

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone ;
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 "Excelsior !"

"Try not the pass," the old man said ;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 "Excelsior !"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast !"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye ;
 But still he answered with a sigh,
 "Excelsior !"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
 Beware the awful avalanche !"
 This was the peasant's last good-night ;
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 "Excelsior !"

At break of day, as, heavenward,
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 "Excelsior !"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found ;
 Still grasping in his hand of ice,
 The banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior !"

There in the twilight cold and grey,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 "Excelsior !"

XIV.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpowered—
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded—to die !

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw.
 And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
 Then pledged we the wine-cup; and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart,—
 "Stay! stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was their war-broken Soldier to stay;—
 But, sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

XLVI.—THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.—THOMAS MOORE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine; my temple, Lord, that arch of
 Thine; my censor's breath the mountain airs, and silent thoughts my
 only prayers. My choir shall be the moon-lit waves, when murmuring
 homeward to their caves: or when the stillness of the sea, even more
 than music, breathes of Thee. I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 all light and silence, like Thy throne: and the pale stars shall be, at
 night, the only eyes that watch my rite. Thy heaven, on which 'tis
 bliss to look, shall be my pure and shining book; where I shall read,
 in words of flame, the glories of Thy wondrous name. I'll read Thy
 anger, in the rack that clouds awhile the day-beam's track; Thy
 mercy, in the azure hue of sunny brightness breaking through!—
 There's nothing bright, above, below, from flowers that bloom to stars
 that glow, but in its light my soul can see some feature of Thy deity!
 There's nothing dark, below, above, but in its gloom I trace Thy love;
 and meekly wait that moment, when Thy touch shall turn all bright
 again!

XLVII.—THE DYING CHIEF.—MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

THE stars looked down on the battle-plain, where night-winds were
 deeply sighing: and with shattered lance, near his war-steed slain,
 lay a youthful Chieftain—dying! He had folded round his gallant
 breast the banner, once o'er him streaming; for a noble shroud, as he
 sunk to rest on the couch that knows no dreaming. Proudly he lay
 on his broken shield, by the rushing Guadalquiver; while, dark with
 the blood of his last red field, swept on the majestic river. There
 were hands which came to bind his wound, there were eyes o'er the
 warrior weeping; but he raised his head from the dewy ground, where
 the land's high hearts were sleeping! And "Away!" he cried;—
 "your aid is vain; my soul may not brook recalling,—I have seen the
 stately flower of Spain, like the autumn vine-leaves falling! I have
 seen the Moorish banners wave o'er the halls where my youth was
 cherished; I have drawn a sword that could not save; I have stood,
 where my king hath perished! Leave me to die with the free and
 brave, on the banks of my own bright river! ye can give me nought
 but a warrior's grave, by the chainless Guadalquiver!"

XLVIII.—SONG OF OLD TIME.—ELIZA COOK.

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings,
 Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
 But monarch and courtier, though great they be,
 Must fall from their glory, and bend to me.

My sceptre is gemless ; yet who can say
 They will not come under its mighty sway ?
 Ye may learn who I am ;—there's the passing chime,
 And the dial to herald me—Old King Time !

Softly I creep like a thief in the night,
 After cheeks all blooming, and eyes all bright ;
 My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
 In the deep-worn furrows, and locks of snow.
 Who laugh at my power ? The young and the gay :—
 But they dream not how closely I track their way !
 Wait till their first bright sands have run,
 And they will not *smile* at what Time hath done !

I eat through treasures, with moth and rust ;
 I lay the gorgeous palace in dust :
 I make the shell-proof tower my own,
 And break the battlement, stone from stone.
 Work on at your cities and temples, proud Man !
 Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can ;
 But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
 And Time,—Old Time,—will be King, after all !

XLIX.—WHAT IS TIME?—MARSDEN.

I ASKED an aged Man, with hoary hairs,
 Wrinkled, and curved with worldly cares ;—
 "Time is the warp of life," he said ; "oh, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient, venerable Dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying Sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins ; "Time !" he replied ;
 "I've lost it ! ah, the treasure !"—and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
 And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the Seasons, in their annual round
 Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
 And they replied, (no oracle more wise),
 "'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize !"

I asked a Spirit lost,—but oh ! the shriek
 That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak,—
 It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite !"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
 "Time is the present hour, the past is fled :
 Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."

I asked Old Father Time himself at last ;
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past,—
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
 "Mortal !" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er ;
 Time was,—Time is,—but Time shall be no more !"

L.—LOOK ALOFT.—JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
 "Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.
 If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
 "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.
 Should the vision which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.
 Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
 "Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."
 And oh ! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
 His fears on thy future, his pall on thy past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart !

LI.—THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.—ELIZA COOK.

THERE'S a magical tie to the land of our home,
 Which the heart cannot break, though the footstep may roam :
 Be that land where it may—at the line or the pole,—
 It still holds the magnet that draws on the soul.
 'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,
 'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave !
 Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
 And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the Land of my Birth !"
 My country ! thy green hills are dearer to me
 Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign sea ;
 What emerald can peer, or what sapphire can vie,
 With the grass of thy fields, or thy summer-day sky ?
 They tell me of regions where flowers are found,
 Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round ;
 But brighter to me cannot garland the earth
 Than those that spring forth in the Land of my Birth !
 My country, I love thee !—though freely I'd rove
 Through the western savannah, or sweet orange-grove,
 Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale
 That bore me away with a homeward-bound sail.
 My country, I love thee !—and oh, mayst thou have
 The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave ;
 Mayst thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied earth,
 And my ashes repose in the Land of my Birth !

LII.—THE MARINER'S HYMN.—MRS. SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner ! Christian, God speed thee
 Let loose the rudder-bands !—good angels lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily ; tempests will come ;
 Steer thy course steadily ! Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee
 Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.
 Reef-in the fore-sail there ! hold the helm fast !
 So—let the vessel ware ! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman ? What of the night ?
 "Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant !—danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How ! gains the leak so fast ? Clean out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise—Heave out thy gold !
 There—let the ingots go !—now the ship rights ;
 Hurrah ! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island ;
 Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high land ;
 Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—
 Christian ! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME !

LIII.—THE COMMON LOT.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past, there lived . . . a man ; and who
 was he ?

Mortal ! how'er thy lot be cast, that man resembled thee.
 Unknown the region of his birth ; the land in which he died, unknown :
 His name has perished from the earth : This truth survives alone,—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear, alternate triumphed in his
 breast :

His bliss, and woe—a smile, a tear ; oblivion hides the rest.
 The bounding pulse, the languid limb, the changing spirits' rise and fall,
 We know that these were felt by him, for these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er ; enjoyed—but his delights are
 fled ;

Had friends—his friends are now no more ; had foes—his foes are dead.
 He loved—but whom he loved, the grave hath lost in its unconscious
 womb :

O, she was fair ! but nought could save her beauty from the tomb.

He saw—whatever thou hast seen ; encountered—all that troubles
 thee ;

He was—whatever thou hast been ; he is—what thou shalt be !
 The rolling seasons, day and night, sun, moon, and stars, the earth
 and main,—

Erswhere his portion,—life and light, to him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye that once their shades and glory
 threw,

Have left, in yonder silent sky, no vestige where they flew.
 The annals of the human race, then ruins since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN !

LIV.—FREEDOM.—ROBERT LOWELL.

MEN ! whose boast it is that ye come of fathers brave and free, if there breathe on earth a slave, are ye truly free and brave ? If ye do not feel the chain, when it works a brother's pain, are ye not base slaves indeed,—slaves unworthy to be freed ?—Is true freedom but to break fetters for our own dear sake ? and, with callous hearts, forget that we owe mankind a debt ? No ! true Freedom is, to share all the chains our brothers wear, and, with heart and hand, to be earnest to make others free !—They are slaves who fear to speak for the fallen and the weak ; they are slaves who will not choose hatred, scoffing, and abuse, rather than in silence shrink from the truth they needs must think ! They are slaves who will not dare all wrongs to right, all rights to share !

LV.—THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.—D. F. MCCARTHY.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land !
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These grey old pillar temples—these conquerors of time !

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires :—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires !

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just ;
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower !

But the grass grows again, when, in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of the Earth ;
But for man, in this world, no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labours of his hands or the ashes of his urns !

How many different rites have these grey old temples known !
To the mind, what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone !
What terror, and what error ! what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth !

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;
And the warm blood of the victim gave these grey old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the east,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest !

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's cell ;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For, the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood !

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one good throb to the heart :
While the breast needeth rest may these grey old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past !

LVI.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands; the smith, a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands; and the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands. His hair is crisp, and black, and long, his face is like the tan; his brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns whate'er he can; and looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man. Week in, week out, from morn till night you can hear his bellows blow; you can hear him swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow, like a sexton ringing the village-bell, when the evening sun is low. And children coming home from school look in at the open door; they love to see the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar, and catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing floor. He goes on Sunday to the church, and sits among his boys; he hears the parson pray and preach;—he hears his daughter's voice singing in the village choir, and it makes his heart rejoice! It sounds to him like her mother's voice, singing in Paradise! he needs must think of her once more, how in the grave she lies: and with his hard, rough hand, he wipes a tear out of his eyes. Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing, onward through life he goes; each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close; something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou hast taught! thus at the flaming forge of life our fortunes must be wrought; thus on its sounding anvil shaped each burning deed and thought!

LVII.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IT was a summer evening, old Kaspar's work was done; and he before his cottage door was sitting in the sun, and by him sported on the green his little grandchild, Wilhelmine. She saw her brother Peterkin roll something large and round, which he beside the rivulet in playing there had found: he came to ask what he had found, that was so large, and smooth, and round? Old Kaspar took it from the boy, who stood expectant by; and then the old man shook his head, and with a natural sigh, "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he, "who fell in the great victory! I find them in the garden, for there's many hereabout; and often when I go to plough, the plough-share turns them out: for many thousand men," said he, "were slain in that great victory." "Now tell us what 'twas all about," young Peterkin hecries; and little Wilhelmine looks up with wonder-waiting eyes: "Now tell us all about the war, and what they fought each other for?" "It was the English," Kaspar cried, "who put the French to rout; but what they fought each other for, I could not well make out; but everybody said," quoth he, "that 'twas a famous victory. My father lived at Blenheim then, yon little stream hard by; they burnt his dwelling to the ground, and he was forced to fly: so with his wife and child he fled, nor had he where to rest his head! With fire and sword the country round was wasted far and wide, and many a widowed mother then, and new-born baby, died! but things like that, you know, must be at every famous victory. They say it was a shocking sight, after the field was won; for many thousand bodies here lay rotting in the sun; but things like that, you know, must be after a famous victory. Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, and our good Prince Eugene"—"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!" said little Wilhelmine. "Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he, "it was a famous victory. And everybody praised the Duke who this great fight did win." "But what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he, "but 'twas a famous victory."

LVIII.—HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—ELIZA COOK.

HOME for the holidays—here we go !
 Bless me ! the train is exceedingly slow !
 We have two long hours to travel, you say ?
 Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away !
 Two hours more ! Why, the sun will be down
 Before we reach home, in our dear native town !
 And then, what a number of fathers, and mothers,
 And uncles, and aunts, and sisters, and brothers,
 Will be waiting to meet us !—Oh ! do make haste,
 For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no time to waste !
 Thank goodness ! we sha'n't have to study and stammer
 Over Latin, and sums, and that nasty Greek Grammar !
 Lectures, and classes, and lessons are done,
 And now we'll have nothing but frolic and fun !
 Home for the holidays !—off we go !
 But this Fast Train is really exceedingly slow !
 What sport we shall have when Christmas comes,
 When "snap-dragon" burns our fingers and thumbs !
 We'll hang mistletoe o'er our dear little cousins,
 And pull them beneath it, and kiss them by dozens :
 We'll crown the plum-pudding with bunches of bay,
 And roast all the chestnuts that come in our way :
 And when "Twelfth Night" falls, we'll have such a cake
 That, as we stand round it, the table shall quake.
 We'll draw "King and Queen," and be happy together,
 And dance old "Sir Roger," with hearts like a feather.
 Home for the holidays !—here we go !
 But this Fast Train is really exceedingly slow !
 Yet, stay : I declare there's our own house at last !
 The park is right over the tunnel just past.
 Huzza ! huzza ! I can see my papa !
 I can see George's uncle, and Edward's mamma !
 And, Fred, there's your brother ! look ! look ! there he stands !
 They see us—they see us ! they're waving their hands !
 Why don't the train stop ? what *are* they about ?—
 Now, now, it is steady—oh, pray, let us out !
 —A cheer for the school, boys ! a kiss for mamma !
 We're home for the holidays ! Now, huzza !

LIX.—THE GLUTTONOUS DUCK.—MISS TAYLOR.

A DUCK once had got such a habit of stuffing,
 That all the day long she was panting and puffing ;
 And, by every creature who did her great crop see,
 Was thought to be galloping fast for the drosy.
 One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,—
 With full twice as much as there should have been in her,—
 Whilst up to the eyes in a gutter a-roking,
 She was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choking !
 There was an old fellow, much famed for discerning,
 A Drake—who had taken a liking for learning ;
 And high in respect with his feathery friends,
 Was called Doctor Drake :—for this doctor she sends.
 In a hole in the dunghill was Dr. Drake's shop,
 Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop ;—
 Small pebbles, and two or three different gravels,
 With certain famed plants he had found in his travels.

"Dear Sir," said the duck with a delicate quack,—
Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
"My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

"I feel so distended with wind, and oppressed,—
So squeamish and faint, such a load at my chest :
And day after day, it certainly *is* hard
To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard !"

"Give me leave,"—said the Doctor, with medical look,
As her cold flabby paw in his fingers he took ;
"By the feel of your pulse, your complaint, I am thinking,
Must surely be owing to eating and drinking !"

"Oh no, Sir ! believe me !" the lady replied,
Quite alarmed for her stomach, as well as her pride ;
"I am sure, it arises from nothing I eat,
But I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

"I have only been picking a bit in the gutter,
Where cook had been pouring some cold melted butter,
A slice of green cabbage, some scraps of old meat—
Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat."

The doctor was then to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding ;
When, all on a sudden, she rolled on her side,—
Gave a horrible "quack," and a struggle,—and died.

Her remains were interred in a neighbouring swamp,
By her friends,—with a great deal of funeral pomp ;
And I've heard this inscription her tombstone was put on—
"Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton !"
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends
To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends !

LX.—THE COW AND THE ASS.—MISS TAYLOR.

HARD by a green meadow a stream used to flow, so clear one might see the white pebbles below ; to this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray, to stand in the shade on a hot summer's day. A cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun, came here to refresh, as she often had done ; and standing stock still, leaning over the stream, was musing perhaps, or perhaps she might dream. But soon a brown ass, of respectable look, came trotting up also to taste of the brook, and to nibble a few of the daisies and grass : "How d'ye do ?" said the cow : "How d'ye do ?" said the ass. "Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand ; "By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand ;" then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow, "Ma'am, your health," said the ass ; "Thank you, sir," said the cow. When a few of these compliments were had been pass'd, they laid themselves down on the meadow at last ; and waiting politely, as gentlemen must, the ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first. Then with a deep sigh, she directly began, "Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man ? 'Tis a subject that lies with a weight on my mind ; we certainly are much oppressed by mankind. Now what is the reason I see none at all, that I always must go when the cart comes to call ; whatever I'm doing, 'tis certainly hard, at once I must go to be milked in the yard. I've no will of my own, but must do as they please, and give them my milk to make butter and cheese ; I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail, or give Sake a box on the ear with my tail." "But, ma'am," said the ass,

"not presuming to teach—O dear, I beg pardon,—pray finish your speech,—I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," said the swain, "go on, and I'll not interrupt you again." "Why, sir, I was only about to observe, I'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I'll serve ; but leave them for ever to do as they please, and look somewhere else for their butter and cheese." Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done, and then, "Not presuming to teach"—he begun—"with submission, dear madam, to your better wit, I own I am not quite convinced by it yet. That you're of great service to them is quite true, but surely they, too, are of service to you ; 'tis their nice green meadows in which you regale ; they feed you in winter, when grass and weeds fail. 'Tis under their shelter you snugly repose, when, without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be froze : for my own part, I know, I receive much from man, and for him, in return, I do all that I can." The cow upon this cast her eyes on the grass, not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass ; yet, thought she, "I'm determined I'll benefit by't, for I really believe that the fellow is right."

LXI.—OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.—ANONYMOUS.

DEAR friends, we thank you for your condescension, in deigning thus to lend us your attention ; and hope the various pieces we recite (boys though we are), will yield you some delight. The powers of eloquence can charm the soul, inspire the virtuous, and the bad control ; can rouse the passions, or their rage can still, and mould a stubborn mob to one man's will. Nor to the senate or the bar confined, the pulpit shows its influence o'er the mind :—such glorious deeds can eloquence achieve ; such fame, such deathless laurels, it can give. Then say not this our weak attempt is vain, for frequent practice will perfection gain : the fear to speak in public it destroys, and drives away the bashfulness of boys. Various the pieces we to-night repeat, and in them various excellences meet ; some rouse the soul—some gently soothe the ear, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." We would your kind indulgence then bespeak for awkward manner, and for utterance weak ; our powers, indeed, are feeble,—but our aim is not to rival Greek or Roman fame ; our sole ambition aims at your applause : we are but young—let youth then plead our cause ; and, if your approbation be obtained, our wish is answered, and our end is gained.

LXII.—OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.—ANONYMOUS.

OUR parts are performed, and our speeches are ended,—

We are monarchs, and courtiers, and heroes no more ;

To a much humbler station again we've descended,

And are now but the schoolboys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream ;

'Tis gone ;—but remembrance will often retrace

The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,

And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you !—Our gratitude words cannot tell,

But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs ;

With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,

And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve,—since applauses thus cheer us,

That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks ;

And we hope to convince you, the next time you hear us,

That praise has but sharpened our relish for books.

RECITATIONS FOR SENIOR PUPILS.

I.—THE VOICE AND PEN.—D. F. MCCARTHY.

OH ! the Orator's Voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore,
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What burst the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den ?
'Tis the fearless Voice, and the Pen of power—
Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee, "No arms have ye—
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear !
Your hills are ours ; with our forts and towers,
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants, beware ! for the arms we bear
Are, the Voice and the fearless Pen !

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around—
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound ;
Oh ! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men ;
And they'll quickly say, "Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen ?"

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead SPOKE, and the universe woke—
And the mighty work was done !
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless Pen,
And the chains accurs'd asunder burst,
That fettered the minds of men !

Oh ! these are the swords with which we fight,—
The arms in which we trust ;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust !
When these we bore, we triumphed before ;
With these we'll triumph again ;
And the world will say, "No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen !"
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

II.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—WOLFE

NOT a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried :
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
 We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.
 No useless coffin enclosed his breast ;
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
 Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow :
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow !
 We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him !
 But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the bell tolled the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone, with his glory !

III.—BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.—ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS ! wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory !
 Now's the day and now's the hour !
 See the front of battle lower !
 See, approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward !—chains and slavery !
 Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
 Wha an fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be—a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !
 Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's word will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or Freeman fa' ?
 Caledonian !—on wi' me !
 By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !

We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free !
 Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward !—let us do, or die !

IV.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.—T. CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
 But Linden showed another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night ;
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery !
 By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;
 And, furious, every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry !
 Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.
 But redder yet these fires shall glow
 On Linden's hills of purpled snow ;
 And bloodier still shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
 'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.
 The combat deepens !—On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !
 Oh few shall part where many meet ;
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be—a soldier's sepulchre !

V.—THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.—T. CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North sing the glorious day's renown, when to battle fierce came forth all the might of Denmark's crown, and her arms along the deep proudly shone ; by each gun the lighted brand, in a bold determined hand ; and the prince of all the land led them on. Like leviathans afloat, by their bulwarks on the brine, while the sign of battle flew on the lofty British line. It was ten of April morn by the chime : as they drifted on their path, there was silence deep as death ; and the boldest held his breath for a time. But the might of England flush'd to anticipate the scene ; and her van the fleetest rush'd o'er the deadly space between. " Hearts of oak !" our captain cried ; when each gun from its adamant lips, spread a death-shade round the ships, like the hurricane eclipse of the sun. Again ! again ! again ! and the havoc did not slack, till—a feeble cheer—the Dane to

our cheering sent us back. Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—then ceased, and all is wail, as they strike the shatter'd sail, or, in conflagration pale, light the gloom. Out spoke the victor then, as he hailed them o'er the wave : "Ye are brothers ! ye are men ! and we conquer but to save : so peace, instead of death, let us bring ; but yield, proud foe, thy fleet, with the crews, at England's feet, and make submission meet to our king." Then Denmark blessed our chief, that he gave her wounds repose ; and the sounds of joy and grief from her people wildly rose, as Death withdrew his shades from the day ; while the sun looked smiling bright o'er a wide and woful sight, where the fires of funeral light died away. Now joy, Old England, raise, for the tidings of thy might, by the festal cities' blaze, whilst the wine-cup shines in light ; and yet, amidst that joy and uproar, let us think of them that sleep, full many a fathom deep, by thy wild and stormy steep, Elsinore ! Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride once so faithful and so true, on the deck of fame that died, with the gallant good Riou : soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave ; while the billow mournful rolls, and the mermaid's song condole, singing glory to the souls of the brave !

VI.—THE DRUM.—DOUGLAS JERROLD'S MAGAZINE.

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall ;
 Dusty wreaths, and tattered flags, round about it fall.
 A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills, watched the sheep whose skin
 A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din.

O, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
 And pleasant 'tis, among its heath, to make your summer bed ;
 And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that trickle to its vales,
 And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the passing gales.
 And thus hath felt the Shepherd-boy whilst tending of his fold ;
 Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day !—but change with time will come !
 And he—(alas for him the day !) he heard...the little drum !
 "Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story !
 For he who strikes a foeman down, wins a wreath of glory."
 "Rub-a-dub !" and "rub-a-dub !" the drummer beats away—
 The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying ;
 Around him many a parching tongue for "Water !" faintly crying :
 O, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
 Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed :
 Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
 Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales

At length, upon his wearied eyes, the mists of slumber come,
 And he is in his home again—till wakened by the drum !
 "Take arms ! take arms !" his leader cries, "the hated foeman's nigh !"
 Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.
 The shepherd's blood makes red the sand : "Oh ! water—give me
 some !

My voice might reach a friendly ear—but for that little drum !"

'Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
 And many a one by "glory" lured, did curse the drum that day.
 "Rub-a-dub !" and "rub-a-dub !" the drummer beat aloud—
 The shepherd...died ! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his shroud.
 —And this is "Glory" ?—Yes ; and still will man the tempter follow,
 Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but a sound—and hollow !

VII.—THE INCHCAPE BELL.—SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, the ship was still as she could be : her sails from heaven received no motion, her keel was steady in the ocean. Without either sign or sound of shock, the waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ; so little they rose, so little they fell, they did not move the Inchcape Bell. The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ; on a buoy, in the storm it floated and swung, and over the waves its warning rung. When the rock was hid by the surges' swell, the mariners heard the warning bell ; and then they knew the perilous Rock, and blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, all things were joyful on that day ; the sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around, and there was joyance in their sound. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen, a darker speck on the ocean green ; Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck, and he fixed his eye on the darker speck. His eye was on the Inchcape float : quoth he, " My men, put out the boat, and row me to the Inchcape Rock ; I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok ! " The boat is lowered, the boatmen row, and to the Inchcape Rock they go ; Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, and he cut the bell from the Inchcape float. Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound, the bubbles rose and burst around : quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away, he scoured the seas for many a day ; and now, grown rich with plundered store, he steers his course for Scotland's shore. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky they cannot see the sun on high ; the wind hath blown a gale all day, at evening it hath died away. " Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ? for yonder methinks should be the shore ! " " Now where we are I cannot tell, but I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell." They hear no sound, the swell is strong ; though the wind hath fallen they drift along, till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock — " Oh, Fate, it is the Inchcape Rock ! " Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair, he cursed himself in his despair ; the waves rush in on every side, the ship is sinking beneath the tide. But ever, in his dying fear, one dreadful sound could the Rover hear : — a sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell, the Fiends below were ringing his knell !

VIII.—THE DESTROYING ANGEL.—ANONYMOUS.

" To your homes," said the leader of Israel's host, " and slaughter a sacrifice ; let the life-blood be sprinkled on each door-post, nor stir till the morn arise ; and the Angel of Vengeance shall pass you by : he shall see the red stain, and shall not come nigh where the hope of your household lies." The people heark, and they bow them low — each to his house hath flown : the lamb is slain, and with blood they go and sprinkle the lintel-stone ; and the doors they close when the sun hath set : — but few in oblivious sleep forget the judgment to be done. 'Tis midnight — yet they hear no sound along the lone still street : no blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground, no tramp of unearthly feet, nor rush as of harpy-wing goes by ; but the calm moon floats in the cloudless sky, and her wan light clear and sweet. Once only, shot like an arrowy ray, a pale blue flash was seen ; it pass'd so swift, the eye scarce could say that such a thing had been ; yet the beat of every heart was still, and the flesh crawl'd fearfully and chill, and back they'd every year. The courage of Israel's bravest quail'd at the view of that awful light, though knowing the blood of their offering avail'd to shield them from its might : they felt 'twas the Spirit of

Death had passed,—that the brightness they saw his cold glance had cast on Egypt's land that night. Wail, King of the Pyramids! Death hath cast his shafts through thine empire wide; but o'er Israel in bondage his rage hath pass'd, no first-born of hers hath died.—Go, Satrap! command that the captives be free, lest their God, in fierce anger, should smite even thee, on the crown of thy purple pride.

IX.—CRESCENTIUS.—L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

I LOOKED upon his brow;—no sign of guilt or fear was there; he stood as proud by that death-shrine, as even o'er despair he had a power; in his eye there was a quenchless energy—a spirit, that could dare the deadliest form that death could take, and dare it for the daring's sake. He stood, the fetters on his hand—he raised them haughtily; and had that grasp been on the brand, it could not wave on high with freer pride than it waved now. Around he looked, with changeless brow, on many a torture nigh—the rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel, and, worst of all, his own red steel! I saw him once before; he rode upon a coal-black steed, and tens of thousands thronged the road, and bade their warrior speed. His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold, and graced with many a dent, that told of many a soldier's deed; the sun shone on his sparkling mail, and danced his snow-plume in the gale. But now he stood chained and alone; the headsman by his side: the plume, the helm, the charger, gone: the sword, that had defied the mightiest, lay broken near; and yet no sign or sound of fear came from that lip of pride: and never king or conqueror's brow wore higher look, than his did now. He bent beneath the headsman's stroke with an uncovered eye; a wild shout from the numbers broke, that thronged to see him die. It was a people's loud acclaim, the voice of anger and of shame—a nation's funeral cry;—Rome's wail above her only son, her patriot—and her latest one!

X.—BOADICEA.—WILLIAM COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior-queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsel of her country's gods,
Sage, beneath a spreading oak, sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke, full of rage, and full of grief.

“Princess, if our aged eyes weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’Tis because resentment ties all the terrors of our tongues,
Rome shall perish! write that word in the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred, deep in ruin as in guilt!
Rome, for empire far renowned, tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground:—hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise, heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, harmony the path to fame!
Then, the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings, shall a wider world command.
Regions Caesar never knew, thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they!”

Such the Bard's prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending as he swept the chords of his sweet but awful lyre,
She, with all a monarch's pride, felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,—dying, hurled them at the foe!
“Ruffians! pitiless as proud, Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed; shame and ruin wait for you!”

XI.—THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.—ELIZA COOK.

The sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the Isle ;
 The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the while ;
 But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers' halls,
 And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.
 We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-corn,
 To wreath with bursting wheat-ears that outline the saffron morn ;
 We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land—
 The ploughshare of Old England, and the sturdy peasant band !

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told ;
 We see it in the teeming barns and fields of waving gold :
 Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there—
 God speed it well, and let it thrive unshackled everywhere !
 The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust,
 But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
 Fill up, fill up ! with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land—
 The ploughshare of Old England, and the sturdy peasant band !

XII.—THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.—ELIZA COOK.

I LOVE it, I love it ! and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm-chair ? I've treasured it long as a sainted prize, I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs : 'tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ; not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would you know the spell ?—A mother sat there ! and a sacred thing is that old arm-chair. In childhood's hour I linger'd near the hallow'd seat with listening ear ; and gentle words that mother would give, to fit me to die and teach me to live. She told me that shame would never befall, with truth for my creed and God for my guide ; she taught me to lisp my earliest prayer, as I knelt beside that old arm-chair. I sat and watch'd her many a day, when her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray ; and I almost worship'd her when she smiled, and turn'd from her Bible to bless her child. Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—my idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled ! I learnt how much the heart can bear, when I saw her die in her old arm-chair. 'Tis past, 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now with quivering breath and throbbing brow : 'twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died, and memory flows with lava tide. Say it is folly, and deem me weak, whilst scalding drops start down my cheek ; but I love it, I love it ; and cannot tear my soul from a Mother's Old Arm-Chair.

XIII.—THE HIGH-BORN LADY.—THOMAS MOORE.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
 Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she ;
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
 But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid so excelling,
 "That Knight must the conqueror of conquerors be ;
 He must prove as bold as the monarchs of olden times ;—
 None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye !"

Thus spoke the proud dame, with scorn looking round her
 On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree,
 Who humbly and helplessly left another to find her
 And worshiped at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight from a far land to woo her,
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
 His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrilled through her,
 He whispered his vows to the high-born Ladye.
 "Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
 In me the great conqueror of conquerors see;
 Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee.
 And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"
 The maiden she smiled, and in jewels arrayed her,
 Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
 And proud was the step, as her bridegroom conveyed her
 In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.
 "But whither," she, starting, exclaimed, "have you led me?
 Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
 Is this the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"
 With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.
 "'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures,"—
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
 But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features!
 —And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

XIV.—THE ARAB MAID'S SONG.—THOMAS MOORE.

FLY to the desert! fly with me! Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
 but, oh! the choice what heart can doubt, of tents with love, or
 thrones without? Our rocks are rough—but, smiling there, the acacia
 waves her yellow hair, lonely and sweet; nor loved the less for flower-
 ing in a wilderness. Our sands are bare—but, down their slope the
 silvery-footed antelope as gracefully and gaily springs, as o'er the
 marble courts of kings. Then, come!—thy Arab maid will be the
 loved and low acacia-tree; the antelope, whose feet shall bless, with
 their light sound, thy loneliness. Oh! there are looks and tones,
 that dart an instant sunshine through the heart; as if the soul that
 minute caught some treasure, it through life had sought; as if the
 very lips and eyes, predestined to have all our sighs, and never be for-
 got again, sparkled, and spoke before us then! So came thy every
 glance and tone, when first on me they breathed and shone; new—
 as if brought from other spheres, yet welcome—as if loved for years!
 Then fly with me!—if thou hast known no other flame, nor falsely
 thrown a gem away, that thou hast sworn should ever in thy heart
 be worn: come!—if the love thou hast for me is pure and fresh, as
 mine for thee—fresh, as the fountain under ground, when first 'tis by
 the lapwing found;—but if, for me, thou dost forsake some other
 maid, and rudely break her worshiped image from its base, to give
 to me the ruined place, then fare thee well!—I'd rather make my
 bower upon some icy lake, when thawing suns begin to shine, than
 trust to love so false as thine!

XV.—GLENARA.—T. CAMPBELL.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad on the gale,
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
 'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
 And her sire and her people are called to the bier.
 Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud:
 Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
 They marched all in silence—they looked to the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
 To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
 "Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
 Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.
 "And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
 Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
 So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,
 But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed!
 "I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,"
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud;
 "And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"
 Oh, pale grew the cheek of the chieftain, I ween,
 When the shroud was unclosed,—and no body was seen!
 Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
 'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:
 "I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
 I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief;
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:—
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me MY dream!"
 In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
 And the desert revealed where his lady was found:
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne; . . .
 —Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

XVI.—THE EXILE OF ERIN.—T. CAMPBELL.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten mill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH!
 "Sad is my fate!"—said the heart-broken stranger—
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
 A home and a country remain not to me!
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH!
 "Erin! my country! Though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!
 But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!
 Oh, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me!—
 They died to defend me—or live to deplore!
 "Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?"

Ah ! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure !
 Why didst thou dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure ,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall !

" Yet—all its sad recollections suppressing—
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw :—
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee—his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers !—ERIN GO BRAGH !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,
 ERIN MAVOURNEEN ! ERIN GO BRAGH ! "

XVII.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.—T. CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound, cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound, to row us o'er the ferry."
 " Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle, this dark and stormy
 water ? "

" Oh ! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle, and this Lord Ullin's daughter ;
 And fast before her father's men three days we've fled together ;
 For, should he find us in the glen, my blood would stain the heather.
 His horsemen hard behind us ride ; should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride, when they have slain her lover ? "
 Out spoke the hardy Highland wight, " I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :
 It is not for your silver bright, but for your winsome lady :
 And, by my word ! the bonny bird in danger shall not tarry ;
 So, though the waves are raging white, I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace, the water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And, in the scowl of heaven, each face grew dark as they were speak-
 ing.

But still as wilder blew the wind, and as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,—their trampling sounded nearer !
 " Oh, haste thee ! haste ! " the lady cries ; " though tempests round
 us gather,

I'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,—a stormy sea before her !
 When, oh ! too strong for human hand, the tempest gathered o'er her !
 And still they rowed, amidst the roar of waters fast prevailing.
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—his wrath was changed to wailing ;
 For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade, his child he did discover ;
 One lovely arm she stretched for aid, and one was round her lover.

" Come back ! come back ! " he cried in grief, across this stormy water :
 " And I'll forgive your Highland chief !—my daughter ! oh, my
 daughter ! "

—'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore, return or aid preventing ;
 The waters wild went o'er his child,—and he was left lamenting !

XVIII.—THE AFRICAN CHIEF,—W. C. BRYANT.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood—a man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude, that shrunk to hear his name ;
 All stern of look, and strong of limb, his dark eye on the ground :—
 And silently they gazed on him, as on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—he was a captive now ;
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not, was written on his brow :
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore, showed warrior true and brave ;
 A prince among his tribe before,—he could not be a slave !

Then to his conqueror he spake—"My brother is a king ;
Undo this neck~~lace~~ from my neck, and take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns ; and I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains, and gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold will I unbind thy chain ;
That fettered hand shall never hold the battle-spear again :
A price thy nation never gave, shall yet be paid for thee ;
Or thou shalt be the Christian's slave, in lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior-chief, and bade to shred his locks away,
And, one by one, each heavy braid before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long : and deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold, among the dark and crisped hair.

"Look ! feast thy greedy eyes with gold, long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,—and say that I am freed.
Take it !—my wife, the long, long day weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play, and ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa-shade thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook the captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain ; at once his eye grew wild ;
He struggled fiercely with his chain, whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands ; for soon, at close of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands, the foul hyena's prey.

XIX.—THE SONG OF THE SWORD.—ANONYMOUS.

WEARY, and wounded, and worn, wounded and ready to die,
A Soldier they left, all alone and forlorn, on the field of the battle to
lie.

The dead and the dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone, he sang . . . the Song of the
Sword.

"Fight—fight—fight ! though a thousand fathers die ;
Fight—fight—fight ! though a thousand children cry !
Fight—fight—fight ! while mothers and wives lament ;
And fight—fight—fight, while millions of money are spent.

"Fight—fight—fight ! should the cause be foul or fair,
Though all that's gained is an empty name, and a tax too great to
bear :

An empty name, and a paltry fame, and thousands lying dead ;
Whilst every glorious victory must raise the price of bread.

"War—war—war ! fire, and famine, and sword ;
Desolate fields and desolate towns, and thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home, and never a shed, whilst kingdoms perish and
fall ;
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead, . . . and all for nothing
at all !

"War—war—war ! musket, and powder, and ball—
Ah ! what do we fight so for ? ah ! why have we battles at all ?
"The Justice must be done, they say, the nation's honour to keep :
Alas ! that Justice should be so dear, and human life so cheap !

"War—war—war ! misery, murder, and crime
Are all the blessing I've seen in thee, from my youth to the present
time.

Misery, murder, and crime—crime, misery, murder, and woe !
 Ah ! would I had known in my younger days the horrors which now
 I know !”

Weary, and wounded, and worn, wounded and ready to die,
 A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn, on the field of the battle to
 lie.

The dead and the dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
 And thus, with a sad and a terrible tone, (oh, would that these truths
 were more perfectly known !) he sang the Song of the Sword.

XX.—HARMOSAN.—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
 And the Moslems' fiery valour had the crowning victory won ;
 Harmosan, the last of foemen, and the boldest to defy,
 Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble Satrap, “ Lo, I perish in my thirst ;
 Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst.”—
 In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forebore,
 Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore.

“ But what fear'st thou ?” cried the Caliph : “ dost thou dread a secret
 blow ?

Fear it not ; our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealings know.
 Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely ; for thou shalt not die,
 before

Thou hast drunk that cup of water : this reprieve is thine—no more.”

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
 And the liquid sunk,—for ever lost, amid the burning sand :

“ Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
 I have drained :—then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up.”

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred :
 Then exclaimed, “ For ever sacred must remain a Monarch's word.
 Bring forth another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give ;—
 Drink, I said before, and perish—now, I bid thee drink and live !”

XXI.—WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.—PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL).

AWAKE ! 'tis the terror of war ! The crescent is tossed on the wind ;
 but our flag flies on high, like the perilous star of the battle. Before
 and behind, wherever it glitters, it darts bright death into tyrannous
 hearts. Who are they that now bid us be slaves ? They are foes to
 the good and the free. Go, bid them first fetter the might of the
 waves ! The sea may be conquered ; but we have spirits untameable
 still, and the strength to be free,—and the will ! The Helots are
 come : in their eyes proud hate and fierce massacre burn ; they hate us,—
 but shall they despise ? They are come ; shall they ever return ? O God
 of the Greeks ! from thy throne look down, and we'll conquer alone !
 Our fathers—each man was a god, his will was a law, and the sound
 of his voice, like a spirit's, was worshiped : he trod, and thousands
 fell worshipers round : from the gates of the West to the Sun, he
 bade, and his bidding was done. And we—shall we die in our chains,
 who once were as free as the wind ? Who is it that threatens ?—who
 is it arraigns ? Are they princes of Europe or Ind ? Are they kings
 to the uttermost pole ? They are dogs, with a taint on their soul !

XXII.—WE ARE SEVEN.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE child—"heaven's matin hymn"—that lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb . . . what can it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl, she was eight years old she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl that clustered round her head.
She had a rustic woodland air, and she was wildly clad,
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ; her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, how many may you be ?"

"How many ? Seven in all," she said, and wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell." She answered, "Seven are we,

And two of us at Conway dwell, and two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, my sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage, I dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, and two are gone to sea :
Yet you are seven ! I pray you tell, sweet maid, how this may be ?"

Then did the little maid reply, "Seven boys and girls are we,
Two of us in the churchyard lie, beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid, your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid, then you are only five ?"

"Their graves are green, they may be seen," the little maid replied ;
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door, and they are side by side !
My stockings there I often knit, my kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit, and sing a song to them.

And often, after sunset, sir, when it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer, and eat my supper there.
The first that died was sister Jane ; in bed she meaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain, and then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid, and when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played, my brother John and I ;
And when the ground was white with snow, and I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go, and he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I, "if they two are in heaven ?"

Quick was the little maid's reply—"O, master, we are seven !"

"But they are dead—these two are dead, their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away ; for still the little maid would have her will,—

And said, "Nay ! we are seven."

XXIII.—APOLOGY FOR THE PIG.—ROBERT SOUTHY.

JACOB ! I do not love to see thy nose turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig. It would be well, my friend, if we, like him, were perfect in our kind. And why despise the sow-born grunter ? "He is obstinate," thou answeredst ; "ugly ; and the filthiest beast that banquets upon offal."

Now, I pray thee, hear the pig's Counsel. Is he obstinate ? We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words, by sophist sounds. A democratic beast—he knows that his unmerciful drivers seek their profit and not his. He hath not learned that pigs were made for man, born to be brawned and baconized. And for his ugliness—nay, Jacob, look at him ; those eyes have taught the lover flattery. Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that, the wanton hop marries her stately spouse. And what is beauty but the aptitude of parts

harmonious? Give thy fancy scope, and thou wilt find that no imagined change can beautify the beast. All would but mar his pig perfection.

The last charge,—he lives a dirty life. Here I could shelter him with precedents right reverend and noble; and show, by sanction of authority, that 'tis a very honourable thing to thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest, on better ground, the unanswerable defence. The pig is a philosopher, who knows no prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt? If matter, why, the delicate dish that tempts the o'ergorged epicure is nothing more. And—there, that breeze pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile that speaks conviction. O'er you blossomed field of beans it came—and thoughts of bacon rise!

XXIV.—THE SLAVE'S DREAM.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay, his sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep, he saw his native land!
Wide through the landscape of his dreams the lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans descend the mountain-road.
He saw once more his dark-eyed queen among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks, they held him by the hand!

A tear burst from the sleeper's lids, and fell into the sand.
And then at furious speed he rode along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains, and, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel smiting his war-steed's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag, the bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight, o'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts, and the ocean rose to view.
At night he heard the lion roar, and the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds beside some hidden stream;
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums, through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues, shouted of Liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud, with a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled at their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip, nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep, and his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul had broken and thrown away!

XXV.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus, that sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds that ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm, his pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow the smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor, had sailed the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane:

Last night, the moon had a golden ring, and to-night no moon we see !"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scornful laugh
laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the north-east :
The snow fell hissing in the brine, and the billows frothed like yeast.
Down came the storm, and smote amain the vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed, then leaped her cable's
length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter, and do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale, that ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her in his seaman's coat against the stinging blast ;

He cut a rope from a broken spar, and bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ; oh, say, what may it be ?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—and he steered for the
open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns ; oh, say, what may it be ?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live in such an angry sea !"

"Oh, father ! I see a gleaming light ; oh, say, what may it be ?"

But the father answered never a word, a frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, with his face turned to the
skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow on his fixed and
glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed that saved she might
be ;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave on the Lake of Galilee.
And fast through the midnight dark and drear, through the whistling
sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept towards the reef of Norman's
Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between, a sound came from the land ;

It was the sound of the trampling surf on the rocks and the hard sea-
sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, she drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side like the horns of an angry bull.
Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, with the masts, went by the
board ;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank : Ho ! ho ! the breakers
roared !

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach a fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes :

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, on the billows fall and
rise.

—Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*, in the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this, on the reef of Norman's Woe !

XXVI.—THE DEATH OF DUKE D'ENGHIEN.—BAINE.

ALONE, but yet undauntedly, the victim marked the band
Of musketeers, in dark array before him waiting stand.

The moon was shining bright and high, the torches gleamed below ;
A moving grave was yawning nigh—a dim and deadly show.

Musket and sabre, glancing light, flashed through the murky gloom ;
And full in front of that pale light stood he, a thing of doom.

No word was said ; they strove to veil the prince's burning eyes ;

But high he reared his forehead pale, and spurned the weak disguise.

Ay ! he will fall in heaven's face, with witness stars in view ;
 The towers of France, in dying, trace—and fondly look adieu !
 He gazed—his lips moved slow in prayer—he thought on one loved
 form,

Cleared his broad forehead, and made bare his bosom for the storm.

He raised his hand—that hand which led Gaul's armies many a day :
 It fell—the fatal volley sped—the noble youth is clay.

They laid him in that low rude grave ; no tear of kindred nigh—
 No pomp of death—no flag to wave—no heart to breathe a sigh.

Think ye he sleeps forgotten now among the silent dead ?

Though worms are feasting on his brow, and bloody is his bed,
 I tell you, No ! . . . His memory spoke on many a battle-plain,
 Till Europe from her slumber woke, and burst the despot's chain.

Where'er Napoleon's banner flew, a bloody shade it bore,

Till, on the plains of Waterloo, it sunk, to rise no more.

That shade yet rests upon his fame, though now his grave is green,
 And all men curse his hated name, who think on young D'Enghien !

XXVII.—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.—BAINE.

HE stood, all bleeding, on the bank, above the frothing river ;
 He heard the wild waves roaring past, he saw their white crests quiver ;
 He knew that far o'er that billowy war, hands were waiting to deliver.
 Dark was the night of the ocean flood, and thunder-voiced the roar,
 With which the broad St. Lawrence leaped by the green Canadian
 shore ;

But close behind, the gusty wind the planter's curses bore.

The fugitive raised his tearful gaze, wild gleaming to the sky :

"O Heaven !" he murmured, "give me strength to reach yon shore,
 or die :

From whip, from chain, from slavery's stain, and bondman's bread I fly.

I am weak with hunger—spent with toil—for long hath been my flight ;

And cruel eyes have traced my steps, unceasing, day and night :

Have for me care, whilst thus I dare yon battling water's night."

They came with blood-stained lash and gun ; they stood above the
 flood,

And shook on high the felon whip, thick with its clotted blood ;

But the dauntless slave, 'mid the foaming wave, laughed at their
 baffled mood.

He reached the bank—he sprang to land :—'twas British soil he trod !

The soil, where ne'er a bondman's print defiles the holy sod ;

But the eye turns up, like a wild flower's cup, free, glad, and light, to
 God !

He looked to earth—he looked to heaven—he laughed in frenzied glee ;

He felt the new-sprung Power within, bestirring boundingly ;

And he shouted high, to earth and sky, "Free ! before Heaven—free !"

An Arab steed, on a desert plain ; a bark, on the blue sea-wave ;

An eagle, soaring, his tawny wing in the golden light to lave :

He was nobler than all,—he had shivered the thrall, and spurned the
 name of a slave !

XXVIII.—THE GHEBERS' ATTACK.—THOMAS MOORE.

BUT see ! he starts ;—what heard he then ? That dreadful shout !—
 across the glen from the land-side it comes, and loud rings through
 the chasm ; as if the crowd of fearful things that haunt that dell, its

Ghouls, and Dives, and shapes of hell, had all in one dread howl broke out, so loud, so terrible that shout! "They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries; his proud soul mounting to his eyes:—"Now, Spirits of the Brave! who roam enfranchised through yon starry dome, rejoice—for souls of kindred fire are on the wing to join your choir!" He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound, with eager haste reclined the steep, and gained the shrine:—his Chiefs stood round—their swords, as with instinctive leap, together, at that cry accurs'd, had, from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst! And hark!—again—again it rings! near and more near, its echoings peal through the chasm.—Oh! who that then had seen those listening warrior-men, with their swords grasped, their eyes of flame turned on their Chief—could doubt the shame, the indignant shame, with which they thrill, to hear those shouts, and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own:—"What! while our arms can wield these blades, shall we die tamely?—die alone? without one victim to our shades—one Moslem heart, where, buried deep, the sabre from its toil may sleep? No!—God of Iran's burning skies! thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice. No!—though of all earth's hopes bereft, life, swords, and vengeance, still are left! We'll make yon valley's reeking caves live in the awe-struck minds of men; till tyrants shudder, when their slaves tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen. Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains, our refuge still from life and chain; but his the best, the holiest bed, who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!"

XXIX.—DEATH OF DE BOUNE.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On! gay, yet fearful to behold,—flashing with steel, and rough with gold, and bristled o'er with bills and spears, with plumes and pennons waving fair,—was that bright battle-front; for there rode England's king and peers; and who, that saw that monarch ride, his kingdom battled by his side, could then his deathful doom foretell? Fair was his seat in knightly selle; and in his sprightly eye was set some spark of the Paganet. Though light and wandering was his glance, it flashed, at sight of shield and lance, "Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine, you knight who marshals thus their line?" "The tokens on his helmet tell the Bruce, my liege; I know him well." "And shall the malicious traitor brave the presence where our banners wave?" "So please my liege," said Argentine, "were he but horsed on steel like mine, to give him fair and knightly chance, I would adventure both my lance." "In battle-day," the king replied, "nice to-morrow rules are set aside. Still must the rebel dare our wrath? Set on him—sweep him from our path!" And, at King Edward's signal, soon dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Roome. He spurred his steed, he couched his lance, and darted on the Bruce at once.—As motionless as rock,—that bade the wrath of the advancing tide, the Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high, and dashed was each crazing eye.—The heart had hardly time to shrink, the eye-lid scarce had time to wink, while on the king, like dash of flame, spurred to full speed the war-horse came! The partridge may the falcon mock, if that slight poultry stand the shock! But, sweeping from the hulk of a forest, just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear. Onward the bottled warrior bore his course; but soon his course was o'er! High in his stirrup stood the king, and gave his battle-axe the swing. Right on De Bounce, the while he passed, fell that stern dart—the first—the last!—Such strength upon the blow was put, the helmet crashed like hazel-nut; the axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,

was shivered to the gauntlet grasp. Springs from the blow the startled horse—drops to the plain the lifeless corse! First of that fatal field, how soon, how sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XXX.—THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Oh! tell me, harper, wherefore flow thy wayward notes of wail and woe, far down the desert of Glencoe, where none may list their melody? Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly, or to the dun deer glancing by, or to the eagle that from high screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for these have rest; the mist-wreath hath the mountain crest, the stag his lair, the erne her nest, abode of lone security; but those for whom I pour the lay, not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray, not this deep dell that shrouds from day, could screen from treacherous cruelty. Their flag was furled, and mute their drum; the very household dogs were dumb, unwont to bay at guests that come in guise of hospitality. His blithest notes the piper plied, her gayest snood the maiden tied, the dame her distaff flung aside to tend her kindly housewifery. The hand that mingled in the meal, at midnight drew the felon steel, and gave the host's kind breast to feel meed for his hospitality! The friendly heart which warmed that hand, at midnight armed it with the brand; and bade destruction's flames expand their red and fearful blazony. Then woman's shriek was heard in vain; nor infancy's unpitied plain, more than the warrior's groan, could gain respite from ruthless butchery. The winter-wind that whistled shrill, the snows that night that choked the rill, though wild and pitiless, had still far more than Saxon clemency!—Long have my harp's best notes been gone, few are its strings and faint their tone; they can but sound, in desert lone, their gray-haired master's misery. Were each gray hair a minstrel-string, each chord should imprecations fling, till startled Scotland loud should ring—"Revenge for blood and treachery!"

XXXI.—THE LAST OF THE RED MEN.—W. C. BRYANT.

The sun's last ray was glowing fair, on crag, and tree, and flood;
And fell in mellow softness where the lonely Indian stood.
Beneath his eye, in living gold, the broad Pacific lay;
Unruffled there, a skiff might hold its bright and fearless way.

Far, far behind him, mountains blue in shadowy distance melt;
And far beyond, the dark woods grew, where his forefathers dwelt!
No breathing sound was in the air, as, leaning on his bow,
A lone and weary pilgrim there, he murmur'd stern and low:

"Far by Ohio's mighty river, bright star, I've worship'd thee!
My native stream—its bosom never the Red Man more may see;
The Pale-face rears his wigwam where our Indian hunters roved;
His hatchet fells the forest fair, our Indian maidens loved:

"A thousand warriors bore in war the token of my sires:
On all the hills were seen afar their blazing council-fires!
The foe-man heard their war-whoop shrill, and held his breath in fear;
And in the wood, and on the hill, their arrows pierced the deer.

"Where are they now?—the stranger's tread is on their silent place!
Yon fading light on me is shed, the last of all my race!
Where are they now?—in Summer's light, go, seek the Winter's
snow!

Forgotten is our name and might, and broken is our bow!

"The White Man came; his bayonets gleam where Sachems held their sway;

And, like the shadow of a dream, our tribe has passed away!
Curs'd be their race! to faith untrue! false heart! deceitful tongue!—
Hear me, O evil Manitou—revenge the Indian's wrong!

"I hear him in the hollow moan of the dark heaving sea;
And whispers murmur in the tone, of vengeance yet to be!
What if no stone shall mark the spot where lonely sleep the brave?
Their mighty arm is unforget, their glory has no grave!

"But to our foes we leave a shame!—disgrace can never die;
Their sons shall blush to hear a name still blackened with a lie!
So be it ever to their race,—false friends, and bitter cares!
By fraud they have the Indian's place; the Indian's curse be theirs!"

XXXII.—THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.—W. C. BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, our lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn-beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men.

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The north wind searching for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sigh—to find them in the wood and by the stream no more!

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died—
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not nearest it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

XXXIII.—ARNOLD WINKELRIED.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

It was the Austrian phalanx stood, a living wall, a human wood;
It pressed like their front appears, and her out with projecting spears.
—Opposed to these, a stout, bold contended for their Fatherland;

Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke from manly necks the ignoble yoke ;

Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call, they come to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death hung on the passing of a breath ;
The fire of conflict burned within ; the battle trembled to begin :

Yet, while the Austrians held their ground, point for assault was nowhere found ;

Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed, the unbroken line of lances blazed ;

That line 'twere suicide to meet, and perish at their tyrant's feet.

Few were the numbers they could boast ; but every freeman was a host,
And felt, as 'twere a secret known, that one should turn the scale alone.

It did depend on one indeed ; behold him—Arnold Winkelried !

There stands not on the roll of Fame a hero of a nobler name.

Unmarked he stood among the throng, in rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace, the very thought come o'er his face ;

And, by the uplifting of his brow, tell where the bolt would strike,
and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—the field was in a moment won !

" Make way for Liberty ! " he cried ; then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ; ten spears he swept within his grasp.

" Make way for Liberty ! " he cried ; their keen points crossed from side to side,

Then with them falling down, did he bravely make way for Liberty.

On to the breach his comrades fly—" Make way for Liberty ! " they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart, as rushed the spears through Arnold's heart ;

While instantaneous, as his fall before the foes, fear seized them all :
An earthquake could not overthrow a city with a surer blow.

—Thus, Switzerland again was free ; thus Death made way for Liberty.

XXXIV.—THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.—

Mrs. CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly—bow the head—in reverent silence bow ;—no passing bell doth toll, yet an immortal soul is passing now. Stranger ! however great, with lowly reverence bow : there's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry bed—greater than thou. Beneath that beggar's roof, lo ! Death doth keep his state ! Enter—no crowds attend ; enter—no guards defend this palace gate. That pavement, damp and cold, no smiling courtiers tread ; one silent woman stands, lifting, with meagre hands, a dying head. No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone ; a sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and then the parting groan ! Oh ! change—oh, wondrous change ! burst are the prison bars ! This moment there, so low, so agonized ;—and now, beyond the stars ! Oh ! change—stupendous change ! There lies the soulless clod ;—the sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—wakes with his God !

XXXV.—THE FELON.—M. G. LEWIS.

Oh ! mark his wan and hollow cheeks, and mark his eye-balls' glare,
And mark his teeth in anguish clinched—the anguish of despair !
Know, three days since, his penance o'er, yon culprit left a jail ;
And since three days, no food has passed those lips so parched and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims; "where hide my shameful head?

How fly from scorn, or how contrive to earn an honest bread?
This branded hand would gladly toil; but when for work I pray,
Who views this mark, 'A felon!' cries, and loathing turns away.

"My heart has greatly erred—but now would fain return to good!
My hand has deeply sinned—but yet has ne'er been stained with blood!
For alms, or work, in vain I sue—the scorers both deny:
I starve! I starve!—then what remains? this choice—to sin, or die!

'Here, Virtue spurns me with disdain,—there, Pleasure spreads her
snare;

Strong habit drives me back to Vice; and, urged by fierce despair,
I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart, to fly from shame—in vain!
World! 'tis thy cruel will!—I yield, and plunge in guilt again!

"There's mercy, in each ray of light that mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy, in each breath of air that mortal lips e'er draw;
There's mercy, both for bird and beast, in Heaven's indulgent plan;
There's mercy, in each creeping thing—but man has none for man!

"Ye proudly honest! when you heard my wounded conscience groan,
Had generous hand, or feeling heart, one glimpse of mercy shown,
That act had made, from burning eyes, sweet tears of virtue roll,
Had fixed my heart, assured my faith—and heaven had gained a soul!"

XXXVI.—THE POLISH EXILES.—MISS PARDOE.

FORTH went they from their fatherland, a fallen and fettered race,
To find, upon a distant strand, their dark abiding place.

Forth went they: not as freemen go, with firm and fearless eye;
But with the bowed mien of woe, as men go forth to die.

The aged in their silver hair, the young in manhood's might,
The mother with her infant care, the child in wild affright;
Forth went they all—a pallid band!—with many an anxious start:
The chains lay heavy on their hand, but heavier on their heart!

No sounds disturbed the desert air but those of bitter woe;
Save when, at times, re-echoed there the curses of the foe—
When hark! another cry pealed out—a cry of idiot glee;
Answered, and heightened, by the shout of the fierce soldiery!

'Twas childhood's voice! but, ah!—how wild, how demon-like its
swell!—

The mother shrieked, to hear her child give forth that soul-fraught
yell!

And fathers wrung their fettered hands beneath their maddening woe,
While shouted out their infant bands shrill chorus to the foe!

And curses deep and low were and, whose murmurs reached to Heaven;
Thick sighs were heaved—hot tears were shed, and woman-hearts
were riven;

All heedless of their present woes, the children onward trod,
And sang—and their young voices rose a vengeance-cry to God;

XXXVII.—THE MARINER'S DREAM.—DIMOND.

IN slumbers of midnight the Sailor-Boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but concealed every thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch—
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call!

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the friends, whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O Fate! thou hast blessed me—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares in his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting wrath on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire!
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save:
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

Oh, Sailor-Boy! Sailor-Boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonoured, down deep in the main
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to Remembrance for thee;
But still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
And the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be—
Oh, Sailor-Boy! Sailor-Boy! peace to thy soul!

XXXVIII.—ROB ROY'S GRAVE.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood, the English ballad-singer's joy! and Scotland has a thief as good, an outlaw of as daring mood; she has her brave Rob Roy! Then clear the weeds from off his grave, and let us chant a passing stave, in honour of that hero brave! Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart, and wondrous length and strength of arm; nor craved he more to quell his foes, or keep his friends from harm. Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave; as wise in thought, as bold in deed; for, in the principles of things, *he* sought his moral creed. Said generous Rob,—“What need of books? burn all the statutes and their shelves—they stir us up against our kind; and worse—against ourselves. And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose dis-

functions that are plain and few ; these find I graven on my heart—*that* tells me what to do. The creatures sea, of flood and field, and those that travel on the wind ! with them no strife can last ; they live in peace, and peace of mind. For why ? because the good old rule sufficeth them, the simple plan,—that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can ! All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall by strength of prowess, or of wit : 'tis God's appointment *who* must sway, and *who* is to submit. Since, then, the rule of right is plain, and longest life is but a day ; to have my ends, maintain my rights, I'll take the shortest way." And thus among these rocks he lived, through summer's heat and winter's snow ; the eagle, he was lord above, but bold Rob Roy was lord below.

XXXIX.—THE SLAVE'S PETITION.—MRS. NORTON.

It was an aged man, who stood beside the blue Atlantic sea ;
They cast his fetters by the flood, and hailed the time-worn captive free ;

From his indignant eye there flashed a gleam his better nature gave ;
And while his tyrants shrank abashed, thus spoke the spirit-stricken Slave :

" Bring back the chain, whose weight so long these tortured limbs
have vainly borne ;

The word of freedom from your tongue, my weary ear rejects with
scorn !

'Tis true, there was—there was a time, I sighed, I panted to be free,
And, pining for my sunny clime, bowed down my stubborn knee.

" Then I have stretched my yearning arms, and shook in wrath my
galling chain ;—

Then, when the magic word had charms, I groaned for Liberty, in vain !
That freedom ye at length bestow, and bid me bless my envied fate :
Ye tell me I am free to go—where ?—I am desolate !

" The boundless hope—the spring of joy, felt when the spirit's strength
is young,

Which slavery only can alloy,—the mockeries to which I clung,—
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray made life's dull lamp less dimly
burn,

The tones I pined for day by day,—can ye bid them return ?

" Bring back the chain !—its clanking sound hath now a power beyond
your own ;

It brings young visions smiling round, too fondly loved—too early
flown !

It brings me days when these dim eyes gazed o'er the wild and swell-
ing sea,

Counting how many suns must rise, ere one might hail me free !

" Bring back the chain ! that I may think 'tis that which weighs my
spirit so ;

And, pressing on each galling link, dream—as I dreamt—of bitter woe !
My days are gone ; of hope, of youth, these traces now alone remain—
I'll deal with sorrow's sacred truth—tears, and my iron chain !

" Freedom !—Though doomed in pain to live, the freedom of the soul
is mine :

Be all of slavery *you* could give, around my steps must ever twine,
Raise up the load which age hath bent, renew the hopes that child-
hood gave,

Bid all return kind Heaven once lent ;—till then—I am a slave !"

XL.—THE DEATH OF MURAT.—ATKINSON.

"My hour is come!—Forget me not!—My blessing is with you;
 With you my last, my fondest thought; with you my heart's adieu.
 Farewell—farewell, my Caroline! my children's doting mother!
 I made thee wife, fate made thee queen:—one hour,—thou art far other.
 Farewell, my sweet Letitia, my love is with thee still:
 Louise and Lucien, adieu; and thou, my own Achilles!"
 With quivering lip, but with no tear, or tear that gazers saw,
 These words, to all his heart held dear, thus wrote the brave Murat.

Then of the locks which, dark and large, o'er his broad shoulders hung,
 That streamed war-pennons in the charge, yet like caressings clung
 In peace around his forehead high, which, more than diadem,
 Beseemed the curls that lovingly replaced the cold hard gem;
 He cut one for his wife—for child—'twas all he had to will;
 But, with the regal wealth and state, he lost its heartless chill!
 The iciness of alien power, what gushing love may thaw?
 —The agony of such an hour as this—thy LAST—Murat!

"Comrade—though foe!—a soldier asks from thee a soldier's aid,—
 They're not a warrior's only tasks that need his blood and blade:—
 That upon which I latest gaze—that which I fondest clasp,
 When death upon my eye-balls sinks, and stiffens on my grasp!
 This, and these locks around it twined, say, wilt thou see them sent—
 Need I say where?—Enough!—'tis kind!—To death, then!—I'm
 content!

O! to have found death in the field, not as a chained outlaw!
 No more!—to destiny I yield—with mightier than Murat!"

They led him forth—'twas but a stride between his prison room
 And where, with yet a monarch's pride, he met a felon's doom.
 "Soldiers!—your muzzles to my breast will leave brief space for pain.
 Strike to the heart!"—His last behest was uttered not in vain.
 He turned full to the levelled tubes that held the wished-for boon,
 He gazed upon the love-clasped pledge—then volleyed the platoon!
 And when their hold the hands gave up, the pitying gazers saw,
 In the dear image of a wife, thy heart's best trait, Murat!

XLI.—THE INDIAN HUNTER.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in, and the sheaf of the
 gleaner grew white and thin, and the plough-share was in its furrow
 left, where the stubble land had been lately cleft, an Indian hunter,
 with unstrung bow, looked down where the valley lay stretched below.
 He was a stranger there, and all that day had been out on the hills, a
 perilous way; but the foot of the deer was far and fleet, and the wolf
 kept aloof from the hunter's feet; and bitter feelings passed o'er him
 then, as he stood by the populous haunts of men. The winds of autumn
 came over the woods, as the sun stole out from their solitudes; the
 moss was white on the maple's trunk, and dead from its arms the pale
 vine shrunk; and ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red, where the
 trees withered leaves around it shed. The foot of the reaper moved
 slow on the lawn, and the sickle cut down the yellow corn,—the mower
 sung loud by the meadow side, where the mists of evening were spread-
 ing wide,—and the voice of the herdsman came up the lea, and the
 dance went round by the greenwood tree. Then the Hunter turned
 away from that scene, where the home of his fathers once had been;
 and heard, by the distant and measured stroke, that the woodman
 hewed down the giant oak; and burning thoughts flash'd over his
 mind, of the white man's faith and love unkind. The moon of the

harvest grew high and bright, as her golden horn pierced the cloud of white;—a footstep was heard in the rustling brake, where the beech overshadowed the misty lake; and a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore—and the Hunter was seen on the hills no more. When years had passed on, by that still lake-side, the fisher looked down through the silver tide, and there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed, a skeleton wasted and white was laid; and 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow, that the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

XLII.—THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.—LORD BYRON.

THE king was on his throne, the Satraps thronged the hall; a thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high festival. A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deemed divine—Jehovah's vessels,—hold the godless Heathen's wine! In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a hand came forth against the wall, and wrote as if on sand; the fingers of a man;—a solitary hand along the letters ran, and traced them like a wand. The monarch saw, and shook, and bade no more rejoice; all bloodless waxed his look, and tremulous his voice. "Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of the earth; and expound the words of fear, which mar our royal mirth." Chaldaea's seers are good, but here they have no skill; and the unknown letters stood untold and awful still. And Babel's men of age are wise and deep in lore; but now they were not sage, they saw—but knew no more. A Captive in the land, a stranger and a youth, he heard the king's command, he saw that writing's truth. The lamps around were bright, the prophecy in view; he read it on that night,—the morrow proved it true. "Belshazzar's grave is made—his kingdom passed away—he, in the balance weighed, is light and worthless clay. The shroud, his robe of state—his canopy, the stone; the Mede is at his gate—the Persian on his throne!"

XLIII.—CHILDE HAROLD'S SONG.—LORD BYRON.

"ADIEU, adieu!—my native shore fades o'er the waters blue; the night winds sigh, the breakers roar, and shrieks the wild sea-mew. You sun that sets upon the sea we follow in his flight; farewell awhile to him and thee: my native land—good night! A few short hours, and he will rise to give the morrow birth; and I shall hail the main and skies—yet not my mother, earth! Deserted is my own good hall, its hearth is desolate; wild weeds are gathering on the wall—my dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page; why dost thou weep and wail? Or dost thou dread the bellow's rage, or tremble at the gale? But dash the tear-drop from thine eye; our ship is swift and strong: our fleetest falcon scarce can fly more merrily along."

"Let words be still, let waves roll high, I fear not wave nor wind; yet grieve I not, Sir Childe, that I am sorrowful in mind; for I have lost my father gone, a mother whom I love; and have no friend save thee alone, but thee—and One above. My father blessed me to death, yet did not much complain; but soon will my mother sigh, till I come back again."

"Be cheer'd, enough, my little lad! such tears become thine eye; if I thy golden bosom had, mine own would not be dry!—Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman, why dost thou look so pale? Or dost thou dread a French toeman, or shiver at the gale?"

"Dost thou then tremble for my life? Sir Childe, I'm not so weak; but tracking on an absent wife will blanch a faithful cheek. My

spouse and boys dwell near thy hall, along the bordering lake; and when they on their father call, what answer shall she make?"

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good, thy grief let none gainsay; but I, who am of lighter mood, will laugh to flee away. For pleasures past I do not grieve, nor perils gathering near; my greatest grief is—that I leave nothing that claims a tear. And now I'm in the world alone, upon the wide, wide sea: but, why should I for others groan, when none will sigh for me? Perchance my dog will whine in vain, till fed by stranger-hands; but, long ere I come back again, he'd tear me where he stands. With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go athwart the foaming brine; nor care what land thou bear'st me to, so not again to mine! Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!—and, when you fail my sight, welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!—My native land,—Good-night!"

XLIV.—THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.—MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the Knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower;
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease!—let them hear the Captive's voice:—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain-stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!"—
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease!—let them hear the Captive's voice:—be still!

"I am here with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle plain!"—
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease!—let them hear the Captive's voice:—be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?"—
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease!—let them hear the Captive's voice:—be still!

"They are gone! they have all passed by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!"...
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the Captive's dream of hope is passed.

XLV.—THE GRAVE OF KORNER.—MRS. HEMANS.

REST, bard! rest, soldier! By the father's hand here shall the child, of after-years be led, with his wreath-offering silently to stand in the hushed presence of the glorious dead, soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod, with Freedom and with God. The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite, on thy crown'd bier to slumber warriors bore thee; and, with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight wept as they vail'd their drooping banners o'er thee:—and the deep guns, with rolling peal, gave token that lyre and sword were broken.... Thou

hast a hero's tomb ; a lowlier bed is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying—the gentle girl that bow'd her fair young head, when thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying. Brother ! true friend ! the tender and the brave ! she pined to share thy grave. Fame was thy gift from others ; but for her to whom the wide earth held that only spot, she loved thee ! Lovely in your lives ye were, and in your early deaths divided not ! Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy ; what hath she ? Her own blest place, by thee. It was thy spirit, brother, which had made the bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye, since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye play'd, and sent glad singing through the free blue sky ! Ye were but two ; and, when that spirit pass'd, woe to the one—the last ! . . . Woe, yet not long ! she linger'd but to trace thine image from the image in her breast ; once, once again to see that buried face but smile upon her ere she went to rest. Too sad a smile ! its living light was o'er, it answered hers no more. . . . The earth grew silent when thy voice departed ; the home too, lonely, when thy step had fled ; what then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ? Death ! death, to still the yearning for the dead. Softly she perish'd—be the Flower deplored, here with the Lyre and Sword. . . . Have ye not met her now ? So let those trust that meet for moments but to part for years ; that weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust, that love where love is but a fount of tears ! Brother ! sweet sister ! peace around ye dwell ! Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

XLVI.—THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.—MRS. ABDY.

Ou, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware !
 Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air ;
 Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great and high,
 Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
 Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and prized the
 right !
 Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly,
 Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill ;
 What dimmed his bright intelligence ?—what quelled his earnest will ?
 Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye ?—
 Too long, alas ! he tarried in the street of By-and-bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said ;—"when doubled is my
 store
 How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor !"
 Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry ;
 He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-bye !

"Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered long !"
 I said to one ; who answered—"He hath done me grievous wrong ;
 Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him ere I die."
 Alas ! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-bye !

The wearied worshipping pauses upon lost and wasted days,
 Ready'd to turn **HEREAFTER** from the error of his ways,
 To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky ;
 Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-bye ?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends ; work on while yet you may ;
 Let not old age o'ertake you as you slothfully delay,
 Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh,
 You have reached the house of "Never"—by the street of "By-and-
 bye !"

XLVII.—A SHIP SINKING.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

—HER giant form, o'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm, majestically calm, would go 'mid the deep darkness, white as snow ! But gently now the small waves glide, like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side. So stately her bearing, so proud her array, the main she will traverse for ever and aye. Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !—Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer !—this hour is her last !

Five hundred souls, in one instant of dread, are hurried o'er the deck ; and fast the miserable ship becomes a lifeless wreck ! Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock, her planks are torn asunder, and down come her masts with a reeling shock, and a hideous crash, like thunder ! Her sails are dragged in the brine, that gladdened late the skies ; and her pennant, that kissed the fair moonshine, down many a fathom lies. Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues gleamed softly from below, and flung a warm and sunny flush o'er the wreaths of murmuring snow, to the coral rocks are hurrying down, to sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship an hour before her death ; and sights of home, with sighs, disturbed the sleeper's long-drawn breath. Instead of the murmur of the sea, the sailor heard the humming-tree, alive through all its leaves ;—the hum of the spreading sycamore that grows before his cottage door, and the swallow's song in the eaves ;—his arms enclosed a blooming boy, who listened, with tears of sorrow and joy, to the dangers his father had passed ; and his wife—by turns she wept and smiled, as she looked on the father of her child returned to her heart at last !—He wakes, at the vessel's sudden roll—and the rush of waters is in his soul ! Astounded, the reeling deck he paces, mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ;—the whole ship's crew are there ! Wailings around and overhead—brave spirits stupified or dead—and madness and despair !

Now is the ocean's bosom bare, unbroken as the floating air ; the ship hath melted quite away, like a struggling dream at break of day. No image meets my wandering eye, but the new-risen sun and the sunny sky : though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull, bedims the wave so beautiful ; while a low and melancholy moan, mourns for the glory that hath flown !

XLVIII.—THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.—LUSHINGTON.

DEADLY road to deadly toil—thickly strewn with dead !

Noonday sun and midnight oil light the soldiers' tread.

" In the Trenches deep and cold, if I cannot save
England's glory, be it told—there I dug my grave ! "

Faint the hero's voice and low—marching through the snow !

" Leave me, comrades ! here I drop : on, my captain, on !

All are wanted—none should stop ; duty must be done :

Those whose guard you take will find me, as they pass, below."

So the soldier spoke, and, staggering, fell amid the snow :

While ever, on the dreary Heights, down came the snow !

" Men, it must be as he asks : duty must be done :

Far too few for half our tasks, we can spare not one !

Wrap him in this—I need it less ; soon the guard shall know :

Mark the place—yon stunted larch. Forward ! ".... On they go !

And silent, on their silent march, down sank the snow !

O'er his features, as he lies, calms the wretch of pain :
 Close faint eyes : pass cruel skies—freezing mountain-plain :—
 With far soft sounds the stillness teems—church-bells—voices low,
 Passing into home-born dreams—there, amid the snow :
 And darkening, thickening, o'er the Heights, down fell the snow.

Looking—looking for the mark, now his comrades came :
 Struggling through the snow-drifts stark, calling out his name :
 "Here? or there? The drifts are deep. Have we pass'd him?"...

No !
 Look, a little growing heap,—snow above the snow—
 Where heavy, on his heavy sleep, down fell the snow !

Strong hands raised him—voices strong spoke within his ears ;
 But his dreams had softer tongue :—neither now he hears !
 One more gone, for England's sake, where so many go—
 Lying down without complaint—dying in the snow !
 Starving, striving for her sake—dying in the snow !

Daily toil—untended pain—danger ever by :—
 Ah ! how many here have lain down, like you, to die !
 Simply done your soldier's part, through long months of woe ;
 All endured with soldier-heart—battle, famine, snow !
 Noble, nameless, patriot heart—snow-cold in snow !

XLIX.—THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.—LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport ;
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court :
 The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he
 sighed ;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams—a wind went with their
 paws :

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother ;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air ;
 Said Francis then, "Faith ! gentlemen, we're better here than there !"

De Lorge's love overheard the king,—a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the
 same.

She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave can be—
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me :
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine !
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love : great glory will be mine !"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and
 smiled ;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.
 The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained his place,—
 Then thrw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face !
 "In truth," cried Francis, "rightly done !" and he rose from where
 he sat.

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, set love a task like that !"

L.—BETH GELERT.—W. L. SPENCER.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound, and cheerly smiled the morn,
 And many a brach, and many a hound, attend Llewellyn's horn :
 And still he blew a louder blast, and gave a louder cheer ;
 " Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last Llewellyn's horn to hear ?
 Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ? the flower of all his ræe !
 So true, so brave ! a lamb at home—a lion in the chase ! "

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board the faithful Gelert fed ;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord, and sentinel'd his bed.
 In sooth, he was a peerless hound, the gift of royal John ;—
 But now no Gelert could be found, and all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells the gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells with many mingled cries.
 That day Llewellyn little loved the chase of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty proved—for Gelert was not there.
 Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied ; when, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied, bounding his lord to greet,
 But when he gained the castle door, aghast the chieftain stood ;
 The hound was smeared with gouts of gore :—his lips and fangs ran
 blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise, unused such looks to meet ;
 His favourite checked his joyful guise, and crouched, and licked his
 feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—and on went Gelert too ;
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast, fresh blood-gouts shocked his
 view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found ! the blood-stained covert rent ;
 And all around the walls and ground with recent blood besprent !
 He called his child—no voice replied ! he searched with terror wild :
 Blood ! blood ! he found on every side, but nowhere found the child !
 " Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured ! " the frantic father cried,
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword he plunged in Gelert's side !—
 His suppliant as to earth he fell, no pity could impart ;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell, some slumberer wakened nigh—
 What words the parent's joy can tell, to hear his infant cry !
 Concealed beneath a mangled heap his hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep his cherub boy he kissed !
 Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain ! for now the truth was clear ;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain, to save Llewellyn's heir.
 Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe : " Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid thee low, this heart shall ever rue ! "
 —And now a gallant tomb they raise, with costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise, poor Gelert's bones protect.
 Here never could the spearman pass, or forester, unmoved ;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass Llewellyn's sorrow proved.
 And here he hung his horn and spear ; and oft, as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear poor Gelert's dying yell !

 LI.—THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.—MISS JEWSBURY.

I SAW him on the battle-eve, when like a king he bore him ;—proud
 hosts in glittering helm and greave, and prouder chiefs before him !
 The warrior, and the warrior's deeds, the morrow, and the morrow's

needs—no daunting thoughts came o'er him : he looked around him, and his eye defiance flashed to earth and sky ! He looked on ocean,—its broad breast was covered with his fleet : on earth, —and saw from east to west his bannered millions meet : while rock, and glen, and cave, and coast, shook with the war-cry of that host,—the thunder of their feet ! He heard the imperial echoes ring—he heard, and felt himself a king !

I saw him next alone :—nor camp nor chief his steps attended : nor banners' blaze, nor coursers' tramp, with war-cries proudly blended. He stood alone, whom fortune high so lately seemed to deify ; he who with Heaven contended, fled, like a fugitive and slave ; behind, the foe !—before, the wave ! He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone,—alone, and in despair ; while wave and wind swept ruthless on, for they were monarchs there ; and Xerxes, in a single bark, where late his thousand ships were dark, must all their fury dare :—what a revenge !—a trophy this, for thee, immortal Salamis !

LII.—KILLED AT THE FORD.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HE is dead !—the beautiful youth, the heart of honour, the tongue of truth, —he, the life and light of us all, whose voice was blithe as a bugle call : whom all eyes followed with one consent ; the cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word, hushed all murmurs of discontent. Only last night, as we rode along, down the dark of the mountain-gap, to visit the picket-guard at the ford,—little dreaming of any mishap,—he was humming the words of some old song : “Two red roses he had on his cap, and another he bore at the point of his sword.” Sudden and swift a whistling ball came out of the wood, . . . and the voice was still ! Something I heard in the darkness fall, and, for a moment, my blood grew chill ; I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks in a room where some one is lying dead ; but he made no answer to what I said ! We lifted him up on his saddle again, and, through the mire, and the mist, and the rain, carried him back to the silent camp, and laid him, as if asleep, on his bed ;—and I saw, by the light of the surgeon's lamp, two white roses upon his cheeks, and one just over his heart, blood-red ! And I saw in a vision how, far and fleet, that fatal bullet went speeding forth, till it reached a town in the distant North,—till it reached a house in a sunny street,—till it reached a heart, that ceased to beat—without a murmur, without a cry !—And a bell was tolled in that far-off town, for one who had passed from Cross to Crown !—and the neighbours wondered that *she* should die !

LIII.—RULE, BRITANNIA.—JAMES THOMSON.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose from out the azure main, this was the charter of the land, and guardian angels sang the strain :—“Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !—Britons never will be slaves !” The nations, not so bless'd as thee, must in their turn to tyrants fall ; while ‘Phœnix’ flourish great and free—the dread and envy of them all. Still more majestic shalt thou rise, more dreadful from each foreign stroke ; as the loud blast that tears the skies, serves but to root thy native oak. These laughly tyrants ne'er shall tame : all their attempts to bend thee down will but arouse thy generous flame, and work thee woe and thy renown. To thee belongs the rural reign ; thy cities shall with commerce shine ; all thine shall be the subject main, and every shore it circles thine. The Muses, still with Freedom found, shall to thy happy coast repair ; best Isle ! with matchless beauty crowned, and manly hearts to guard the fair. “Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !—Britons never will be slaves !”

LIV.—THE UPLIFTING OF THE BANNER.—BAINE.

WHAT cry has roused the eagle, and scared the crouching deer,
 And brightened the fields of harvest with the falchion and the spear ?
 What shout has called the clansman from the foray and the game,
 And crested the wild Northern hills with a thousand towers of flame ?
 Ha ! well may England's vassals start, and grasp the shield and steel—
 'Tis the shout that welcomes to the war the Red-hand of O'Neill !

We have talked of peace, and watched, in vain, till our homes are
 dull and cold,

We have waited till our fields are bare, and tenantless the fold ;
 We have hoped till strength forsakes the arm, and the soul forgets its
 faith,

And our swords have pierced our brethren's hearts, or rusted in the
 sheath ;

But away with feuds and servile fears at that mighty war-cry's peal !
 Rise, while ye yet have strength, and strike for freedom with O'Neill !

Better to die with blade in hand, and the pibroch in our ears,
 Than rot without one gallant blow, to 'venge the wrongs of years ;
 Better a short and gallant life, than years of servile woe :
 Better a stroke for the old dear land, than slavery's durance slow ;
 Better to hear your tyrants' shriek, than the groans of the brave and
 leal—

Up ! there is right yet for the wronged, with the Red-hand of O'Neill !

No blenching now, no quailing now,—our banner floats above ;
 And our hands are strong, and our hearts are true, in our bleeding
 country's love :

'Tis the holy soil of our sires we guard, and, by Heaven, we'll guard
 it well,

Each hill shall be a rallying post, and a pass of blood each dell ;—

Ha ! honest and bright, and true to the hand, is the freedom-carving
 steel,

And there's knightly death, or manly life, in battle with O'Neill.

LV.—CURSE OF KEHAMA.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I CHARM thy life from the weapons of strife, from stone and from
 wood, from fire and from flood, from the serpent's tooth, and the
 beasts of blood ; from sickness I charm thee, and time shall not harm
 thee, but earth, which is mine, its fruits shall deny thee ; and water
 shall hear me, and know thee, and fly thee ; and the winds shall not
 touch thee when they pass by thee ; and the dews shall not wet thee
 when they fall nigh thee : and thou shalt seek death to release thee,
 in vain ; thou shalt live in thy pain ! while Kehama shall reign with
 a fire in thine heart, and a fire in thy brain ; and sleep shall obey me,
 and visit thee—never ! and the curse shall be on thee for ever and
 ever !

LVI.—THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.—THOMAS NOEL.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot
 To the churchyard a Pauper is going, I wot ;
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs ;
 And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings :

*Rattle his bones over the stones !
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !*

Oh, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are none—
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man ;
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can !
 What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din !
 The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin !
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled !
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !
 Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach !
 He's taking a drive in his "carriage" at last,
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast !
 You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother conveyed—
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid !
 And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
 You've a chance to the grave "like a gem'man" to go !
 But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,
 To think that a heart, in humanity clad,
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
 And depart from the light, without leaving a Friend !
Then bear softly his bones over the stones !
Though a Pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

LVII.—CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.—
 MRS. HEMANS.

Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a King lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevrand.
 Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath ;
 And light, as the noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of
 Death.

On the settled face of Death a strong and ruddy glare,
 Though dimmed at times by the censers' breath, yet it fell still
 brightest there,—

As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show :
 Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the
 parted soul :

And solemn were the strains they poured in the stillness of the night,
 With the cross above, and the crown, and sword,—and the silent King
 in sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread ;
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang, with a sounding thrill
 of dread.

And the holy chant was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,
 A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad Leader came.
 He came with haughty look, a dark glance high and clear ;
 But his proud heart 'neath his breastplate shook, when he stood be-
 side the bier.

He stood there still, with drooping brow, and clasped hands o'er it
 raised :

For his Father lay before him low—it was Cœur de Lion gazed.

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast ;
 But there's more in late repentant love, than steel may keep sup-
 pressed :

And his tears brake forth at last like rain—men held their breath in
awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train, and he recked not that they
saw.

He looked upon the dead ! and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even as lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped and kissed the frozen cheek, and the hand of lifeless clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, Father ! is it vain, this late remorse and deep ?
Speak to me, Father ! once again !—I weep—behold, I weep !
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire ! Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire ! to hear thee bless thy son !

"Speak to me !—Mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred !
Hear me ! but hear me !—Father, Chief, my King ! I MUST be heard !—
Hushed, hushed ?—how is it that I call, and that thou answerest not ?
When was it thus ?—Woe, woe, for all the love my soul forgot !

"Thy silver hairs I see, so still, so sadly bright !
And, Father ! Father ! but for me, they had not been so white !
I bore thee down, high heart, at last ! no longer couldst thou strive—
Oh ! for one moment of the past, to kneel, and say, 'Forgive !'

"Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be !—
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee !
And now, before the blessed shrine, my Sire, I see thee lie.—
How will that sad still face of thine, look on me till I die !"

LVIII.—THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—
MRS. HEMANS.

LOWLY upon his bier the royal Conqueror lay ;
Baron and chief stood near,—silent, in war array.
Down the long minster's aisle, crowds mutely gazing streamed ;
Altar and tomb the while through mists of incense gleamed.
And, by the torches' blaze, the stately Priest had said
High words of power and praise, to the glory of the dead.
—They lowered him, with the sound of requiems, to repose ;
When, from the throngs around, a solemn voice arose :
"Forbear ! forbear !" it cried, "in the holiest name, forbear !
He hath conquered regions wide, but he shall not slumber *there* !
By the violated hearth, which made way for yon proud shrine ;
By the harvests which this earth hath borne for me and mine ;
By the house e'en here o'erthrown, on my brethren's native spot ;—
Hence with his dark renown, cumber our birthplace not !
Will my sire's unransomed field, o'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield soft slumbers in the grave ?
The tree before him fell which we cherished many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell, and heave against his bier.
The land that I have tilled hath yet its brooding breast,
With my home's white ashes filled,—and it shall not give him rest !
Each pillar's massy bed hath been wet by weeping eyes :
Away ! bestow your dead where no wrong against him cries."

Shame glowed on each dark face of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place for their leader's dust e'en then—
A little earth for him whose banner flew so far !
And a peasant's tale could dim the name—a nation's star !
One deep voice thus arose from a heart which wrongs had riven—
Oh ! who shall number those that were but heard in heaven ?

LIX.—THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime, and the red grapes clustering hung ; but a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime, than the vintage music rung ;—a sound through vaulted cave,—a sound, through echoing glen, like the hollow swell of a rushing wave,—'twas the tread of steel-girt men ! And a trumpet, pealing wild and far, 'mid the ancient rocks was blown, till the Alps replied to that voice of war with a thousand of their own. And, through the forest glooms, flashed helmets to the day ; and the winds were tossing knightly plumes, like pine boughs in their play. In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel, as the host of the Austrian passed ; and the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal, made mirth at the clarion's blast. Up 'midst the Righi snows, the stormy march was heard ; with the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose, and the leader's gathering word.

But a band,—the noblest band of all,—through the rude Morgarten strait, with blazoned streamers and lances tall, moved onwards in princely state. They came with heavy chains for the race despised so long—but, amidst his Alp domains, the herdsman's arm is strong ! The sun was reddening the clouds of morn, when they entered the rock defile, and shrill, as a joyous hunter's horn, their bugles rung the while ;—but, on the misty height, where the mountain people stood, there was stillness, as of night, when storms at distance brood. There was stillness, as of deep dead night, and a pause—but not of fear, while the Switzers gazed on the gathering might of the hostile shield and spear. On wound these columns bright, between the lake and wood ; but they looked not to the misty height, where the mountain people stood. The pass was filled with their serried power, all helmed and mail-arrayed ; and their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower in the rustling forest shade. There were prince and crested knight hemmed in by cliff and flood, . . . when a shout arose from the misty height, where the mountain people stood ! And the mighty rocks came bounding down, their startled foes among, with a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—oh ! the herdsman's arm is strong ! Like hunters of the deer, they stormed the narrow dell ; and first in the shock, with Uri's spear, was the arm of William Tell ! Oh ! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed, when the Austrian turned to fly ; and the brave, in the trampling multitude, had a fearful death to die ! And the leader of the war at eve unhelmed was seen, with a hurrying step on the wilds afar, and a pale and troubled mien. But the sons of the land which the freeman tills, went back from the battle toil, to their cabin homes, 'mid the deep green hills, all burthened with royal spoil. There were songs and festal fires, on the soaring Alps that night, when children sprang to meet their sires from the wild Morgarten fight !

LX.—THE ADOPTED CHILD.—MRS. HEMANS.

LADY.—Why wouldst thou leave me, oh, gentle child ? Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,—a straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall : mine is a fair and pillared hall where many an image of marble gleams, and the sunshine of pleasure for ever streams.

BOY.—Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play, through the long bright hours of the summer day ; and they find the red cup-moss where they climb : they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme ; and the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know : Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go !

LADY.—Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell ! here are sweet

sounds which thou lovest well ; flutes on the air in the stilly noon, harps which the wandering breezes tune ; and the silvery wood-note of many a bird, whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

BOY.—My mother sings, at the twilight's fall, a song of the hills, far more sweet than all : she sings it under her own green tree, to the babe half-slumbering on her knee. I dreamt last night of that music low :—Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go !

LADY.—Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest ; she hath taken the babe on her quiet breast. Thou wouldst meet her footstep, boy, no more, nor hear her song at the cabin-door : come with me to the vineyards nigh, and we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

BOY.—Is my mother gone from her home away ?—But I know that my brothers are there at play ; I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell, or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well ; or they launch their boats where the blue streams flow :—Lady, sweet lady, oh, let me go !

LADY.—Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers now ; they sport no more on the mountain's brow ; they have left the fern by the spring's green side, and the stream where the fairy barks were tried. Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot, for thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

BOY.—Are they gone—all gone—from the sunny hill ? But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still, and the red-deer bound in their gladness free, and the heath is bent by the singing bee ; the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow :—Lady, sweet lady, oh, let me go !

LXI.—GOUGAUNE BARRA.—J. J. CALLANAN.

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow,
In deep-valleyed Desmond :—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming :—
Oh ! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
To think, while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even Echo forgot on her mountains ;
And gleaned each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance round me,
Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley ;
The Star of the West might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest, be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone ;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,

And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the kisses of ocean;
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

LXII.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.—MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale, in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er;
For, the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling, or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly, as the daylight comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly, as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown, the great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie, looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking still shuns that hallowed spot,
For, beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not!

But when the Warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum, follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land we lay the Sage to rest,
And give the Bard an honoured place, with costly marble drest,—
In the great Minister's transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings, along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior that ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage as he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—the hill-side for a pall?
To lie in state, while Angels wait, with stars for tapers tall?
And the dark rock-pines, like torches, plumes, over his bier to wave?
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,—where—his unceasing clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought! before the Judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrought around, on the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life with the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land! O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to those on our hearts of ours, and teach them to be still!
God bath His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell;
He bids them sleep, like the hallowed sleep of him He loved so well!

LXIII.—MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.—ROBERT BURNS.

When chill November's early blast made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years, and hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?" began the reverend sage;
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or, haply, pressed with cares and woes, too soon thou hast begun
 To wander forth with me to mourn the miseries of Man!"

"The sun that overhangs yon moors out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support a haughty Lordling's pride—
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun twice forty times return;
 And every time has added proofs that 'Man was made to mourn.'

"O man! while in thy early years, how prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours, thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway; licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law, that 'Man was made to mourn!'"

"See yonder poor o'er-laboured wight, so abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth to give him . . . leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm the poor petition spurn!
 Unmindful though a weeping wife and helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon Lordling's slave—by Nature's law designed—
 Why was an independent wish e'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to his cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has Man the will and power to make his fellow mourn?"

"Yet let not this too much, my Son, disturb thy youthful breast;—
 This partial view of human-kind is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man, had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense, to comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, the kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow, from pomp and pleasure torn!
 But, oh! a bless'd relief to those that, weary-laden, mourn!"

LXIV.—FAREWELL TO CALEDONIA.—ROBERT BURNS.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast; loud roars the wild inconstant
 blast; yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driving o'er the
 plain: the hunter now has left the moor, the scattered coveys meet
 secure,—while here I wander, pressed with care, along the lonely
 banks of Ayr! The Autumn mourns her ripening corn by early
 winter's ravage torn: across her placid, azure sky, she sees the
 scowling tempest fly: chill runs my blood to hear it rave; I think
 upon the stormy wave,—where many a danger I must dare, far from
 the bonnie banks of Ayr! 'Tis not the surging billow's roar, 'tis not
 that fatal, deadly shore; though Death in every shape appear, the
 wretched have no more to fear: but round my heart the ties are
 bound,—that heart transpierced with many a wound! these bleed
 afresh, those ties I tear, to leave the bonnie banks of Ayr! . . .
 Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, her heathy moors and winding
 vales; the scenes where wretched fancy roves, pursuing past, unhappy
 loves! Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes! My peace with
 these, my love with those! The bursting tears my heart declare;
 farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

LXV.—RING OUT, WILD BELLS.—TENNYSON.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky, the flying clouds, the frosty
 light; the Year is dying in the night; ring out, wild bells, and let
 him die! . . . Ring out the Old, ring in the New; ring, happy bells,
 across the snow; the Year is going—let him go; ring out the False,
 ring in the True! . . . Ring out the grief that saps the mind, for those

that here we see no more : ring out the feud of rich and poor, ring in redress to all mankind ! . . . Ring out the slowly dying cause, and ancient forms of party strife ; ring in the nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners, purer laws ! . . . Ring out the want, the care, the sin, the faithless coldness of the times : ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, but ring the fuller Minstrel in ! . . . Ring out false pride in place and blood, the civic slander and the spite ; ring in the love of truth and right, ring in the common love of Good ! . . . Ring out old shapes of foul disease, ring out the narrow lust of Gold ; ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace ! . . . Ring in the valiant man and free, the larger heart, the kindlier hand ; ring out the darkness of the land,—ring in the CHRIST, that is to be !

LXVI.—THE GOOD TIME COMING.—CHARLES MACKAY.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
We may not live to see the day, but earth shall glisten in its ray ;
Cannon-balls may aid the truth, but Thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
The pen shall supersede the sword, and Right, not Might, shall be the lord ;

Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind, and be acknowledged stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
War, in all men's eyes, shall be a monster of iniquity ;
Nations shall not quarrel then, to prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
Hateful rivalries of creed shall not make their martyrs bleed ;
Religion shall be shorn of pride, and flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
And a poor man's family shall not be his misery ;
Every child shall be a help to make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he the more he has :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
Little children shall not toil under or above the soil ;
But shall play in healthful fields till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And every one shall read and write :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
The people shall be temperate, and shall love instead of hate ;
They shall use, and not abuse, and make all virtue stronger :—
The Reformation has begun :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming ;
Let us aid it all we can, every woman, every man ;
Smallest helps, if rightly given, make the impulse stronger :
'Twill be strong enough one day :—WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

LXVII.—JOHN LITTLEJOHN.—CHARLES MACKAY.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong, upright and downright, scorned wrong ; he gave good weight, and paid his way ; he thought for himself and he said his say. Whenever a rascal strove to pass, instead of silver money of brass, he took his hammer, and said, with

a frown, "THE COIN IS SPURIOUS, NAIL IT DOWN!" John Littlejohn was firm and true,—you could not cheat him in "two and two;" when foolish arguers, might and main, darken'd and twisted the clear and plain, he saw, through the mazes of their speech, the simple Truth beyond their reach, and, crushing their logic, said, with a frown, "YOUR COIN IS SPURIOUS, NAIL IT DOWN!" John Littlejohn maintain'd the Right, through storm and shine, in the world's despute; when fools or quacks desired his vote, dosed him with arguments learn'd by rote, or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried to gain his support to the wrongful side, "Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown, "YOUR COIN IS SPURIOUS, NAIL IT DOWN!" When told that kings had a right divine, and that the people were herds of swine;—that the rich alone were fit to rule, that the poor were unimproved by school;—that ceaseless toil was the proper fate of all but the wealthy and the great;—John shook his head, and swore, with a frown, "THE COIN IS SPURIOUS, NAIL IT DOWN!" When told that events might justify a false and crooked policy,—that a decent hope of future good might excuse departure from rectitude,—that a lie, if white, was a small offence, to be forgiven by men of sense;—"Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and frown, "THE COIN IS SPURIOUS, NAIL IT DOWN!" When told, from the pulpit or the press, that Heaven was a place of exclusiveness,—that none but those could enter there who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer; and held all virtues out of their pale as idle works of no avail,—John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown, "THE COIN IS SPURIOUS, NAIL IT DOWN!" Whenever the world our eyes would blind with false pretences of any kind,—with humbug, cant, and bigotry, or a specious, sham philosophy,—with wrong dress'd up in the guise of right, and darkness passing itself for light;—let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown, "THE COINS ARE SPURIOUS, NAIL THEM DOWN!"

LXVIII.—LOCHINVAR.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented!—the gallant came late!
For, a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word—
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?—
Or to dance at our bridal?—young Lord Lochinvar!"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet ! The knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup !
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace !
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near—
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur !
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow !” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Grahmes of the Netherby clan :
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea—
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye heard of gallant like the young Lochinvar ?

LXIX.—THE SHIPWRECK.—LORD BYRON.

’Twas twilight ! and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked, but to assail.
 Then to their hopeless eyes the Night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o’er their faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear
 Been their Familiar,—and now Death was here !
 Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell !
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave ;—
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die !
 And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash
 Of echoing thunder ! and then . . . all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows : but at intervals, there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony !

LXX.—THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

They lighted a taper at dead of night, and chanted their holiest
 hymn ; but her brow and her bosom were damp with affright, her
 eye was all sleepless and dim ! and the Lady of Elderslie wept for

her lord,—when a death-watch beat in her lonely room! when her curtain had shook of its own accord, and the raven had flapped at her window-board, to tell of her Warrior's doom! . . . "Now sing you the death-song, and loudly pray for the soul of my knight so dear! and call me a widow this wretched day, since the warning of God is here! for, night-mare rides on my strangled sleep; the lord of my bosom is doomed to die; his valorous heart they have wounded deep: and the blood-red tears shall his country weep for Wallace of Elderslie!" . . . Yet knew not his country, that ominous hour, ere the loud matin-bell was rung, that a trumpet of death on an English tower had the dirge of her champion sung! when his dungeon-light looked dim and red on the high-born blood of a martyr slain; no anthem was sung at his holy death-bed, no weeping there was when his bosom bled, and his heart was rent in twain. . . . Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear was true to that knight forlorn, and hosts of a thousand were scattered, like deer at the blast of the hunter's horn; when he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field, with the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land; for his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield, and the sword that seemed fit for archangel to wield, was light in his terrible hand! . . . Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight for his long-loved country die, the bugle ne'er rung to a braver knight than Wallace of Elderslie. And the day of his glory shall never depart,—his head unentombed shall with glory be palmed,—from his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;—though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart, a nobler was never embalmed!

LXXI.—ELIZA.—DARWIN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought, with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brow bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle in her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw, through the driving smoke, his dancing crest;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"O Joy!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!

Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!—
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
 Then, with weak arms, her weeping babes caressed,
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
 From tent to tent the impatient Warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
 "Eliza!" loud along the camp he calls,
 "Eliza!" echoes through the canvas walls:
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his foot-steps tread,
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead;
 Vault o'er the plain, and, in the tangled wood,
 Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:
 "Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
 "Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand.
 Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake."
 "She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
 Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed
 Stretched on the ground a while entranced he lay,
 And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart.
 "O Heaven!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
 Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
 And clasped them, sobbing, to his aching breast.

LXXII.—THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.—GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
 The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side;
 The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
 And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.
 Swell, swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and drum!
 'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendour they come!
 The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
 For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter, of earthly delight,
 The future shall scatter o'er them in its flight!
 What blissful caresses shall fortune bestow,
 Ere those dark flowing tresses fall white as the snow!

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed:
 With accents that falter her promise is made—
 From father and mother for ever to part,
 For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
 The rite is completed,—the two, they are one;
 The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
 That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! 'Mid the gay clangour that compassed their ear,
 Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
 The foe's on the border! his weapons resound
 Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found!

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the Chief in his mail,
While the new-married Lady looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For sister and mother, for children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow ! let dastards remain !"

Farrah ! to the battle !—They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle ! the spears, how they shine
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman ! to die or to do !

The eve is declining in lone Malahide ;
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride ;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark ! loud from the mountain, 'tis victory's cry !
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky !
The foe has retreated ! he flees to the shore ;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er !

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum ?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield ?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field ?

Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay !
In bridal adorning, the star of the day ;
Now, weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over ! the chieftain is dead !

But, O ! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overlaiden and rending with grief ;
She sinks on the meadow :—in one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride !

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole !
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul :
True—true, 'twas a story for ages of pride ;
He died in his glory—but, oh, he *has* died !

The war-cloak she raises all mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes upon the cold brow ;
That glance may for ever unaltered remain,
But the bridegroom will never return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death wail is rolling along the sea-side ;
The crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brightened the scene !

How scant was the warning, how briefly revealed,
Before on that morning, death's chalice was filled !
Thus passes each pleasure that earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—we live but to die !

LXXIII.—IVAN THE CZAR.—MRS. HEMANS.

HE sat in silence on the ground, the old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round, and leaders of the war ;
He had cast his jewelled sabre, that many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—his fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed through the rich tent made way ;
And a sad and solemn beauty on the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched—in the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear, from his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear how then the proud man spoke !
The voice that through the combat had shouted far and nigh,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones, burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek, and on thy lip no breath ;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—they tell me this is death !
And fearful things are whispering that I the deed have done ;
For the honour of thy father's name, look up, look up, my son !

"Well might I know death's hue and mien ! but on thine aspect, boy,
What, till this moment, have I seen, save pride and tameless joy ?
Swiftest thou wert to battle, and bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame thus like a flower should fall ?

"I will not bear that still, cold look—rise up, thou fierce and free !
Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook all, save this calm, from thee
Lift brightly up, and proudly, once more thy kindling eyes !
Hath my word lost its power on earth ? I say to thee, Arise !

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well ? Thou didst not ! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit ! if but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart that seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child that in mine arms I pressed ;
Thou wert the bright one that hast smiled like summer on my breast !
I reared thee as an eagle, to the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse, I look upon thee—dead !

"Lay down my warlike banners here, never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear, Chiefs—in my first-born's grave !
And leave me ! I have conquered, I have slain—my work is done !
Whom have I slain ? Ye answer not—thou too art mute, my son !"

And thus his wild lament was poured through the dark, resounding
night,

And the battle knew no more his sword, nor the foaming steed his
might ;

He heard strange voices meaning in every wind that sighed ;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—humbly the conqueror
died.

LXXIV.—THE PALM-TREE.—MRS. HEMANS.

It waved not through an Eastern sky, beside a fount of Araby ; it
was not fanned by southern breeze in some green isle of Indian
seas ; nor did its graceful shadow sleep o'er stream of Afric, lone
and deep. But fair the exiled Palm-tree grew midst foliage of no
kindred hue ; through the tabernum's dropping gold rose the light
shaft of Orient mould ; and Europe's violets faintly sweet, purpled
the moss-bed at its feet. Strange looked it there !—the willow
disconsol'd where silvery waters near it gleamed ; the lime-bough
lured the honey-bee to murmur by the Desert's tree ; and showers
of snowy rose made a lustre in its fan-like shade.—There came
an eve of tested hours—rich music filled that garden's bowers : lamps
that from flowery branches hung, on sparks of dew soft colours
flung ; and bright forms glanced—a fairy show—under the blossoms
to and fro.

But One, a lone one 'midst the throng, seemed reckless all of dance or song : he was a youth of dusky mien, whereon the Indian sun had been ; of crested brow, and long black hair : a stranger like the Palm-tree, there. And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes, glittering athwart the leafy glooms : he passed the pale-green olives by, nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ; but when to that sole Palm he came, there shot a rapture through his frame. To him, to him, its rustling spoke ; the silence of his soul it broke ! it whispered of his own bright isle, that lit the ocean with a smile ; ay, to his ear that native tone had something of the sea-wave's moan ! His mother's cabin-home that lay where feathery cocoas fringe the bay—the dashing of his brethren's oar—the conch-note heard along the shore,—all through his wakening bosom swept : he clasped his country's tree, and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not !—The strength, whereby the patriot girds himself to die,—the unconquerable power, which fills the freeman battling on his hills,—these have one fountain deep and clear—the same whence gushed that child-like tear.

LXXV.—THE BLACK REGIMENT.—GEORGE H. BOKER.

DARK as the clouds of even ranked in the western heaven, waiting the breath that lifts all the dread mass, and drifts tempest and falling brand over a ruined land ; so, still and orderly, arm to arm, knee to knee, waiting the great event, stands the Black Regiment. Down the long dusky line, teeth gleam, and eyeballs shine ; and the bright bayonet, bristling and firmly set, flashed with a purpose grand ; long ere the sharp command of the fierce rolling drum told them their time had come,—told them that work was sent for the Black Regiment. "Now," the flag-sergeant cried, "though death and doom betide, let the whole nation see if we are fit to be free in this land ; or bound down, like the whining hound,—bound, with red stripes of pain, in our old chains again !" Oh, what a shout there went from the Black Regiment !—

"Charge !" Trump and drum awoke, onward the bondmen broke ; bayonet and sabre-stroke vainly opposed their rush. Through the wild battle's crush, with but one thought aflush, driving their lords like chaff, in the guns' mouths they laugh ; or at the slippery brands leaping with open hands, down they tear man and horse, down in their awful course ; trampling, with bloody heel, over the crashing steel ; all their eyes forward bent, rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom !" their battle-cry,—**"Freedom ! or leave to die !"** . . . Ah ! and they meant the word, not as with us 'tis heard,—not a mere party shout : they gave their spirits out ; trusting the end to God ! and, on the gory sod, rolled in triumphant blood : glad to strike one free blow, whether for weal or woe ; glad to breathe one free breath, though on the lips of death. Praying—alas ! in vain !—that they might fall again, so they could once more see that burst to liberty ! This was what "freedom" lent to the Black Regiment. . . . Hundreds on hundreds fell ; but they are resting well ; scourges and shackles strong never shall do them wrong. Oh, to the living few, soldiers, be just and true ! hail them as comrades tried ; fight with them side by side ; never, in field or tent, scorn the Black Regiment !

LXXVI.—COWPER'S GRAVE.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying :
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish !
Earth surely now may give her calm, to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing !
 O Christians ! at your Cross of Hope, a hopeless bard was clinging !
 O men ! this man, in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory ;
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights
 departed,

He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted !

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation ;
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration ;
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,—
 Named softly, as the household-name of one whom God hath taken !

LXXVII.—BARBARA FRITCHIE.—J. G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn, clear in the cool September
 morn, the clustered spires of Frederick stand, green-walled by the hills
 of Maryland. Round about them orchards sweep,—apple and peach-
 tree fruited deep,—fair as a garden of the Lord to the eyes of the
 famished rebel horde ; on that pleasant morn of the early fall, when
 Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—over the mountains winding
 down, horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars, forty flags with their crimson
 bars, flapped in the morning wind : the sun of noon looked down, and
 saw not one.—Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then, bowed with her
 fourscore years and ten ; bravest of all in Frederick town, she took up
 the flag the men hauled down : in her attic window the staff she set,
 to show that one heart was loyal yet. . . . Up the street came the
 rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead. Under his slouched hat,
 left and right, he glanced : the old flag met his sight. " Halt !"—(the
 dust-brown ranks stood fast. " Fire !"—out blazed the rifle-blast. It
 shivered the window, pane and sash ; it rent the banner with seam and
 gash. Quick as it fell from the broken staff, Dame Barbara snatched
 the silken scarf ; she leaped fur out on the window-sill, and shook it
 forth with a royal will. " Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,—
 but spare your country's flag !" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, over the face of the leader
 came ; the nobler nature within him stirred to life at that woman's
 deed and word. " Who touches a hair of yon gray head, dies like a
 dog ! March on !" he said. . . . All day long through Frederick street
 sounded the tread of marching feet ; all day long that free flag tossed
 over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell on
 the loyal winds that loved it well ; and, through the hill-gaps, sunset
 light shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er, and the Rebel rides on his raids no
 more. Honour to her !—and let a tear fall, for her sake, on Stone-
 wall's bier. Over Barbara Fritchie's grave, flag of Freedom and Union
 wave ! Peace, and order, and beauty, draw round thy symbol of light
 and law ; and ever the stars above look down on thy stars below in
 Frederick town !

LXXVIII.—ANNABEL LEE.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the Sea, that a
 Maiden there lived, whom ye may know by the name of Annabel
 Lee ; and this Maiden she lived with no other thought, than to love,

and be loved, by me! I was a child, and *she* was a child, in this kingdom by the Sea: but we loved with a love that was more than love,—I and my Annabel Lee; with a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven coveted her and me! And this was the reason that, long ago, in this kingdom by the Sea, a wind blew out of a cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee; so that her high-born kinsmen came, and bore her away from me, to shut her up in a sepulchre—in this kingdom by the Sea. The Angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her and me; yes! that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom by the Sea) that the Wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee. But our love it was stronger by far than the love of those who are older than we—of many far wiser than we; and neither the Angels, in heaven above,—nor the Demons, down under the sea,—can ever dissever my soul, from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee! For, the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride; in her sepulchre there by the Sea,—in her tomb by the sounding Sea!

LXXIX.—THE SONG OF STEAM.—CUTLER.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands! be sure of your curb and rein!
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands, as the tempest scorns a chain:
 How I laugh'd, as I lay conceal'd from sight, for many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might, and the pride of human power!
 When I saw an army upon the land, a navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band, or waiting the wayward breeze;
 When I mark'd the peasant faintly reel with the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turn'd at the tardy wheel, or tugg'd at the weary oar;
 When I measured the panting courser's speed, the flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore the law a King decreed, or the lines of impatient Love;—
 I could not but think how the world would feel, as these were outstripp'd afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel, or chain'd to the flying car.
 Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last; they invited me forth at length,
 And I rush'd to my throne with thunder-blast, and I laugh'd in my iron strength.
 Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change on the earth and ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range, nor wait for wind or tide.
 Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er the mountains' steep decline;
 Time—space—have yielded to my power:—the world! the world is mine!
 The rivers the sun hath earliest blest, or those where his beams decline,
 The giant streams of the queenly west, or the orient floods divine.
 The ocean pales, where'er I sweep, to hear my strength rejoice;
 And the monsters of the briny deep cower, trembling, at my voice.

LXXX.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.—ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE GRETCHEN with her matches wanders up and down the street,
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on her feet.

The rows of long dark houses, without, look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind blows from the north—
But no one cares for Gretchen—for her no one looks forth.

Within those houses, gleaming now, are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the Old Year's latest night.

With the little store of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, short, tatter'd mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom.—

There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the room :
And children with glad faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the New Year, from father and from mother :
But no one talks to Gretchen ! ah ! no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her : ah me ! that there should be
With so much happiness on earth so much of misery !

Sure, those with many blessings should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs, in autumn, fling their ripe fruits to the ground
And the best love man can offer to the God of Love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones, and bounty to His poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen, goes coldly on her way,
There's no one looketh out for her, there's no one bids her stay

Her home is cold and desolate—no food, no fire, no smile,
But anger at her empty hand, and hunger's cry the while.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet,
And she looketh on the cold, cold walls, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears the bells toll slowly up in the high church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

Then she remember'd her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle songs she sang when summer's twilight fell,
Of good men, and of angels, and of the Holy Child
Who was cradled in a manger when winter was most wild ;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate, and lone,
And who promis'd from His throne in Heaven to be ever with His own ;
And how the poor, and hungry, and forsaken ones are His—
" Oh ! would He now look down on me in such a place as this ! "
Colder it grows, and colder—but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure on her heart, and the weight upon her brow.

Then she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there ;
The single match has kindled, and, by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two ;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wines, and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savour, she could hear what they did
say—

Then, all was darkness once again—the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seem'd to see,
Within the same warm chamber, a glorious Christmas tree,
The branches were all laden with toys that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden—she gazed with yearning eyes,

For she almost seem'd to touch them, and to join the welcome shout.....

When darkness fell around once more—the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they will not light,
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might ;
And all the place around her was lighted with the glare,
When lo ! there stood a little Child before her in the air !
There were blood-drops on His forehead—a spear-wound in His side,
And cruel nail-prints in His feet, and in His hands spread wide ;
And He look'd on her so gently that she felt He must have known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay ! equal to her own.

And He pointed to the laden board, and to the Christmas tree,
Then to the starbright sky, and said, " Will Gretchen come with Me ? "

The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn ;
And she folded both her thin white hands, and turn'd from that bright board,

And from the golden gifts, and said, " With Thee ! with Thee, O Lord ! ".....

The chilly winter morning breaks along the leaden skies,
On the city wrapt in vapour, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tatter'd garments, with her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid—she answers to no call.

They have lifted her up fearfully—they shudder'd as they said,

" It was a bitter, bitter night ! the child is frozen dead ! "

The Angels sang their greeting for one more redeem'd from sin—

Men said, " It was a bitter night ! would no one let her in ? "

And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sigh'd—they could not see

How much of happiness there came, beyond life's misery !

LXXXI.—CLARIBEL'S PRAYER.—LYNDE PALMER.

THE day, with cold grey mists, was struggling on the hills,
Whilst o'er the valley still night's rain-fring'd curtains fell ;
But waking blue eyes smiled : " 'Tis ever as God wills—
He knoweth best, and, be it rain or shine, 'tis well :—

Praise God, praise God ! " cried little Claribel.

Then fell she on her knees with eager lifted hands,
Her rosy lips in haste some dear request to tell :—

" Oh, Father ! help and save this fairest of all lands,

And shield my brother in the rain of shot and shell !

Amen ! amen ! " cried little Claribel.

" And, Father, when the cruel fiery fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well !

Amen ! Praise God ! " cried always Claribel.

The cold, grey, weary day wore on towards greyer night,
When, hark ! upon the heavy air rung out a bell :—

" Rejoice ! " the herald cried, his red eyes brimmed with light,

" Shout victory ! victory ! Glorious news to tell ! "

" Praise God ! He heard my prayer ! " cried Claribel.

" But say you, soldier, was my brother in the fight ?

And in the fiery rain, oh ! fought he brave and well ? "

"Dear child," the herald said, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell!"

"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald scarce could speak:—"Dear child!" at last he said,
"Thy brother evermore with conquerors shall dwell."

"Praise God! my prayer *was* heard," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing crowns and bearing palms," he said,
—A snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell:—

"Oh! sweetest herald! say my brother is not dead?"

"Dear child, he lives with angels who in strength excel:
Praise God who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold grey day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night-wind rose and fell.
The herald said,—*"Oh, child! 'tis as the dear Lord wills—
He knoweth best, and, be it rain or shine, 'tis well!"*

At last, "Amen! praise God!" sobbed Claribel.

LXXXII.—THE COVENANTER'S DREAM.—JAMES HISLOP.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the dead martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow-blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the enjoyments of summer's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty, but sorrow,—
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow!

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying;
For the Cavalier horsemen around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire, they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;

Its drivers were Angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels circled on axles of brightness.

A Seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright Spirits! the prize is before ye,—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

LXXXIII.—THE ROMAN TWINS.—A. J. DUGANNE.

'Twas told by Roman soothsayers in days they read the stars,
That Romulus and Remus were sons of kingly Mars;
That Romulus and Remus were twin-born on the earth,
And in the lap of a she-wolf were nurtured from their birth. . . .
By Jove! I think this legend—this ancient Roman myth—
For mine own time, and mine own clime, is full of pregnant pith.

Romulus stood with Remus, and ploughed the Latian loan,
And traced, by yellow Tiber, the nascent walls of Rome:
Then laughed the dark twin, Remus, and scoffed his brother's toil,
And, over the bounds of Romulus, he leaped upon his soil.
By Jove! I think that Remus and Romulus at bay,
Of Slavery's strife, and Liberty's life, were antetypes that day!

The sucklings of the she-wolf stood face to face in wrath,
And Romulus swept Remus like stubble from his path:
Then crested he with temples the Seven Hills of his home,
And builded there, by Tiber, the eternal walls of Rome!
By Jove! I think this legend hath store of pregnant pith,
For mine own time, and mine own clime: 'tis more than Roman myth!

Like Romulus and Remus, the sons of blood-stained Mars,
Our Slavery and our Liberty, were born from cruel wars:
To both, the Albic she-wolf her bloody suck did give,
And one must slay the other, ere one in peace can live. . . .
By Jove! this brave old legend straight to our hearts comes home—
When Slavery dies, shall grandly rise Freedom's Eternal Rome!

LXXXIV.—THE RECONCILIATION.—JOHN BANIM.

THE old man knelt at the altar, his enemy's hand to take, and at first his weak voice did falter, and his feeble limbs did shake; for his only brave boy, his glory, had been stretched at the old man's feet, a corpse,—all so haggard and gory,—by the hand which he now must greet!

And soon the old man stopped speaking; and rage, which had not gone by, from under his brows came breaking up into his enemy's eye:—and now his limbs were not shaking; his clenched hands his bosom cross'd; and he look'd a fierce wish, to be taking revenge for the boy he lost!

But the old man looked around him, and thought of the place he was in, and thought of the promise which bound him, and thought that revenge was sin;—and then crying tears, like a woman, "Your hand!" he said—"ay, that hand! Oh! I do forgive you, foeman, for the sake of our bleeding land!"

LXXXV.—THE ARMADA.—LORD MACAULAY.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :
I sing of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great Fleet Invincible, against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship, full sail to Plymouth bay ;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcomb's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along the coast ;
And, with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums :
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow, upon the labouring wind, the royal standard swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
" Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! ho ! scatter flowers, fair
maids !

Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw your blades !
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !
Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride ! "

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold :
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea :
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.
The battle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal City woke ;
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dash'd down each rousing
street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast, from every village round, the horse came spurring in ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
Till stream'd in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

RECITATIONS FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS.

I.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—(PART FIRST) MRS. HEMANS.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire :
“ I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train ;
I pledge thee faith :—my liege, my Lord, oh ! break my father's chain ! ”

“ Rise ! rise ! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day ;
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed ;
And urged, as if with lance in rest, his charger's foamy speed.

And lo ! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the land :

“ Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father,—whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see.”

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheeks' hue came
and went ;

He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting
bent ;

A lowly knee to earth he bent—his father's hand he took ;
—What was there in its touch, that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold ! a frozen thing !—it dropped from his like lead :
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead !

A plume waved o'er his noble brow—that brow was fixed and white !
He met at length his father's eyes—but in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed ; but who can paint that
gaze ?

They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze :
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood ;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

“ Father ! ” at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men :—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young renown ;
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down ;

Then covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly mournful brow,
“ No more, there is no more,” he said, “ to lift the sword for now ;
My king is false ! my hope betrayed ! my father—oh ! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth ! ”

He started from the ground once more, and seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king, before the dead !

“ Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?
Be still ! and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me, what is this ?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they ?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold
clay !

"Into these glassy eyes put light : be still, keep down thine ire ;
 Bid those white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire !
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed !
 Thou canst not,—and a king ? his dust be mountains on thy head !"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell ;—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled glance, then turned from that sad
 place.

Despair, and grief, and baffled love, o'erwhelmed his soul at last—
 The time for Vengeance will arrive, when Sorrow's hour is past.

II.—BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.—(PART SECOND) LOCKHART.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared,
 Before them all, in the palace hall, the lying king to beard ;
 With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverent guise,
 But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the King, "who com'st unbid to me !
 But what from traitor's blood should spring save traitor like to thee ?
 His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart ; perchance our champion brave
 May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale, the king hath rashness to repeat,"
 Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling before the LIAR's feet !
 No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
 Below the throne, what knight will own the coward calumny ?"

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
 By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France ;—
 The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
 Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all !"

"Your horse was down,—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion
 shine
 That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine ;
 But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
 And you've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody
 fate.

"You swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
 But, curse upon your paltering breath ! the light he ne'er did see ;
 He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
 And visage blind and stiffen'd limb were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black—
 No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back ;
 But noble vengeance shall be mine ; an open hate I'll show—
 The king hath injured Carpo's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him !"—loud the King doth scream ; "there are a thou-
 sand here—"

Let his foul blood this instant stream—what ! caitiffs, do you fear ?
 Seize—seize the traitor !"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
 Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth :

He drew the falchion from the sheath and held it up on high,
 And all the hall was still as death ; cries Bernard, "Here am I,
 And here's the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me :
 Fain would I know who dares its point—King, Condé, or Grandee ?"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)—
 He, ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke ;
 With helm on head and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake !
 And back the lordlings ran to stand, and the false King to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
You know full well I jested—you know your worth I prize."
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed away;
Long rued Alphonso and Castile the jesting of that day.

III.—BERNARDO'S REVENGE.—(PART THIRD) ANON.

WHAT tents gleam on the green hill-side, like snow in the sunny beam?
What gloomy warriors gather there, like a surly mountain stream?
These, for Bernardo's vengeance, have come like a stormy blast,
The rage of their long-cherished hate on a cruel king to cast.

"Smilers of tyranny!" cries their chief, "see yonder slavish host,
We shall drench the field with their craven blood, or freedom's hopes
are lost;

You know, I come for a father's death my filial vow to pay,
Then let the 'Murdered Sancho!' be your battle-cry to-day.

"On, on! for the death of the tyrant king!" "Hurrah!" was the
answering cry;

"We follow thee to victory, or follow thee to die!"

The battle field,—the charge,—the shock,—the quivering struggle
now—

The rout,—the shout!—while lightnings flash from Bernardo's angry
brow.

The chieftain's arm has need of rest, his brand drips red with gore,

But one last sacrifice remains, ere his work of toil is o'er.

The King, who looked for victory, from his large and well-trained host,
Now flies for safety from the field, where all his hopes are lost.

But full in front, with blood-red sword, a warrior appears,

And the war-cry, "Murdered Sancho!" rings in the tyrant's ears.

"Ha! noble King, have we met at last?" with scornful lip he cries:

"Don Sancho's son would speak with you once more before he dies!"

"Your kindness to my sainted sire is graven on my heart,

And I would show my gratitude once more before we part.

Draw! for the last of Sancho's race is ready for your sword;—

Bernardo's blood should flow by him, by whom his sire's was poured!

"What wait you for, vile, craven wretch? it was not thus you stood,

When laying out your fiendish plans to spill my father's blood.

Draw! for I will not learn from thee the assassin's coward trade,

I scorn the lesson you have taught—unsheath your murderous blade!"

Roused by Bernardo's fiery taunts, the King at length engaged:

He fought for life, but all in vain; unequal strife he waged!

Bernardo's sword has pierced his side,—the tyrant's reign is o'er,—

"Father, I have fulfilled my vow, I thirst for blood no more."

IV.—THE LEGEND OF HORATIUS.—LORD MACAULAY.

THE Fathers of the City they sat all night and day, for every hour
some horseman came with tidings of dismay. They held a council,
standing before the river-gate; short time was there, ye well may
guess, for musing or debate. Out spoke the Consul roundly: "The
bridge must straight go down; for, since Janiculum is lost, nought
else can save the town." Just then a scout came flying, all wild with
haste and fear: "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul; Lars Porsena is
here." On the low hills to westward the Consul fixed his eye, and
saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along the sky. "Their van

will be upon us before the bridge goes down; and if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of the gate: "To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late. And how can man die better than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his Gods! Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may; I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play: in yon strait path, a thousand may well be stopped by three. Now, who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?" Then out spake Spurius Lartius: a Roman proud was he: "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee." And out spake strong Herminius; of Titian blood was he: "I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee." "Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be." And straight, against that great array, forth went the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes, and a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose: and forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array; to earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifted high their shields, and flew to win the narrow way. But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see on the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three. Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack, but those behind cried "Forward" and those before cried "Back!"

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied; and now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide. "Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all. "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!" Back darted Spurius Lartius, Herminius darted back; and, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack. But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more. But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam, and, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream; and a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome, as to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind; thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind. "Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face. "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porcena, "now yield thee to our grace." Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see; nought spake he to Lars Porcena, to Sextus nought spake he; but he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home: and he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome: "Oh, Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pour, a Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!" So he spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword by his side, and, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank; but friends and foes, in dumb surprise, with parted lips and straining eyes, stood gazing where he sank. But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by floods of rain; and fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in pain. Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case, struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place; but his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within, and our good father Tiber bore bravely up his chin. And now he feels the bottom: now on dry earth he stands; now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands; and now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud, he enters through the River-gate, borne by the joyous crowd!

V.—CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.—
PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

TAKE away that star and garter—hide them from my aching sight !
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me from my lonely room this night.
Let the shadows gather round me while I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted, as an orphan watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance—day of passion—ever, as the year comes round :
Fatal day ! wherein the latest die was cast for me and mine—
Cruel day ! that quelled the fortunes of the hapless Stuart line !

Phantom-like, as in a mirror, rise the grisly scenes of Death—
There, before me, in its wildness, stretches bare Culloden's heath :
There the broken clans are scattered, gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed,
Hunger gnawing at their vitals, hope abandoned, all but pride.

There they stand, the battered columns, underneath the murky sky,
In the hush of desperation, not to conquer, but to die.

Hark, the bag-pipe's fitful wailing ; not the pibroch loud and shrill,
That, with hope of bloody banquet, lured the ravens from the hill,—
But a dirge both low and solemn, fit for ears of dying men,
Marshall'd for their latest battle, never more to fight again.

Madness—madness ! why this shrinking ? were we less inured to war
When our reapers swept the harvest from the field of red Dunbar ?
Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet ! Call the riders of Fitz-James :
Let Lord Lewis head the column ! valiant chiefs of mighty names—
Trusty Keppock ! stout Glengarry ! gallant Gordon ! wise Lochiel !
Bid the clansmen hold together, fast and fell, and firm as steel.
Elcho ! never look so gloomy—what avails a saddened brow ?
Heart, man ! heart !—we need it sorely, never half so much as now.
Had we but a thousand troopers, had we but a thousand more !
Noble Perth, I hear them coming !—Hark ! the English cannons roar.
Ah ! how awful sounds that volley, bellowing through the mist and rain !
Was not that the Highland slogan ? let me hear that shout again !
Oh, for prophet eyes to witness how the desperate battle goes !
Cumberland ! I would not fear thee, could my Camerons see their foes.
Sound, I say, the charge at venture—'tis not naked steel we fear :
Better perish in the mêlée than be shot like driven deer !

Hold ! the mist begins to scatter ! there in front 'tis rent asunder,
And the cloudy bastion crumbles underneath the deafening thunder.
Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman, there they lie in heaps together,
Smitten by the deadly volley, rolled in blood upon the heather ;
And the Hanoverian horsemen, fiercely riding to and fro,
Deal their murderous strokes at random—Woe is me ! where am I now ?

Will that baleful vision never vanish from my aching sight ?
Must these scenes and sounds of terror haunt me still by day and night
Yes, the earth hath no oblivion for the noblest chance it gave,
None, save in its latest refuge—seek it only in the grave !
Love may die, and hatred slumber, and their memory will decay,
As the watered garden recks not of the drought of yesterday !
But the dream of power once broken, what shall give repose again ?
What shall chain the serpent-furies coiled around the maddening brain ?
What kind draught can Nature offer strong enough to lull their sting ?
Better to be born a peasant than to live an exiled King !

Oh ! my heart is sick and heavy—Southern gales are not for me :
Though the glens are white in Scotland, place me there, and set me free !
Give me back my trusty comrades—give me back my Highland maid—
Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid !

Flora! when thou wert beside me, in the wilds of far Kintail—
 When the cavern gave us shelter from the blinding sleet and hail—
 When we lurk'd within the thicket, and, beneath the waning moon,
 Saw the sentry's bayonet glimmer, heard him chant his listless tune—
 When the howling storm o'ertook us, drifting down the island's lee,
 And our crazy bark was whirling like a nut-shell on the sea—
 When the nights were dark and dreary, and amidst the fern we lay,
 Faint and foodless, sore with travel, waiting for the streaks of day;
 When thou wert an angel to me, watching my exhausted sleep—
 Never didst thou hear me murmur—couldst thou see how now I weep!
 —Bitter tears and sobs of anguish, unavailing though they be—
 Oh! the brave—the brave and noble—that have died in vain for me!

VI.—SCENE BEFORE THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.—LORD BYRON.

THE night is past, and shines the sun as if that morn were a jocund one. Lightly and brightly breaks away the Morning from her mantle gray, and the Noon will look on a sultry day. Hark to the trump and the drum, and the mournful sound of the barbarous horn, and the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne, and the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum, and the clash, and the shout "They come! they come!" The horse-tails are plucked from the ground, and the sword from its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word. The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein; curved is each neck, and flowing each mane; white is the foam of their clump on the bit:—the spears are uplited; the matches are lit; the cannon are pointed, and ready to roar, and crush the wall they have crumbled before.—Forms in his phalanx each Janiziar, Alp at their head; his right arm is bare, so is the blade of his scimitar; the Khan and the Pachas are all at their post; the Vizier himself at the head of the host. "When the culverin's signal is fired, then on! leave not in Corinth a living one—a priest at her altars—a chief in her halls—a hearth in her mansions—a stone on her walls. Heaven and the Prophet—Alla Hu! Up to the skies with that wild halloo!"

As the wolves that headlong go on the stately buffalo, though, with fiery eyes, and angry roar, and hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore, he tramples on earth, or tosses on high the foremost who rush on his strength but to die; thus against the wall they went, thus the first were backward bent: even as they fell, in file they lay, like the mower's grass at the close of day, when his work is done on the levelled plain; such was the fall of the foremost slain. As the spring tides, with heavy plash, from the cliffs, invading dash huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow, till white and thundering down they go—like the avalanche's snow on the Alpine vales below—thus at length, out breath'd and worn, Corinth's sons were downward borne by the long and oft-renewed charge of the Moslem multitude. In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell, heaped by the host of the Infidel, hand to hand, and foot to foot; nothing there, save death, was mute; stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry for quarter, or for victory. From the point of encountering; blade to the hilt, sabres and swords with blood were gilt:—but the rampart is won—and the spoil is gained, and all, but the after-carnage, done. Shrieker shrieks now as a living one, from within the plundered dome. Hark, to the haste of flying feet, that splash in the blood of the slippery street!

VII.—SCENE AFTER THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.—LORD BYRON.

ALP wandered on, along the beach, till within the range of a carbine's reach of the leaguered wall: but they saw him not, or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?—Did traitors lurk in the Christians'

hold? Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold? I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall there flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball, though he stood beneath the bastion's frown, that flanked the sea-ward gate of the town; though he heard the sound, and could almost tell the sullen words of the sentinel, as his measured step on the stone below clanked, as he paced it to and fro: and he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall hold o'er the dead their carnival, gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb; they were too busy to bark at him! From a Tartar's skull, they had stripped the flesh, as ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh; and their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull, as it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull, as they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead, when they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed; so well had they broken a lingering fast with those who had fallen for that night's repast. And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand, the foremost of these were the best of his band. The scalps were in the wild dog's maw, the hair was tangled round his jaw. But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf, there sat a vulture flapping a wolf that had stolen from the hills, but kept away, scared by the dogs, from the human prey; but he seized on his share of a steed that lay, picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay!

Alp turned him from the sickening sight: never had shaken his nerves in fight; but he better could brook to behold the dying, deep in the tide of their warm blood lying, scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain, than the perishing dead who are past all pain.—There is something of pride in the perilous hour, whate'er be the shape in which Death may lour; for Fame is there to say who bleeds, and Honour's eye on daring deeds! But when all is past, it is humbling to tread o'er the weltering field of the tombless dead, and see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air, beasts of the forest, all gathering there; all regarding man as their prey, all rejoicing in his decay!

VIII.—VIRGINIA—A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

LORD MACAULAY.

OVER the Alban mountains, the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city gates were open; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing;
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home—
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with the stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, erewhile,
He crouched behind his patron's heels, with the true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist:
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast—
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go:
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled, in harsh fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own.
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old,

I wait on Appius Claudius ; I waited on his sire :

Let him who works the client wrong, beware the patron's ire ! "

—But ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muraena's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And beckoned to the people, and, in bold voice and clear,
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear !

"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves ;
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den ?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten ?
Exult, ye proud Patricians ! the hard-fought fight is o'er :
We strove for honour—'twas in vain : for freedom—'tis no more.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will :
Riches, and lands, and power, and state, ye have them—keep them still :
Heap heavier still the fetters : bar closer still the grate ;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate :—
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love !
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and high Pontiffs, and ancient Alban Kings ?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet—
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street—
Who, in Corinthian mirrors, their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold ?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife !—
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame ;
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare ! "

* * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with heap and hide ;
Hard by, a fletcher on a block had laid his whittle down—
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown ;
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell !
Oh ! how I loved my darling ! Though soon I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee ?
And how my darling loved me ! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year !
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown !
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways—
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy smatches of old lays ;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
—The time is come ! See, how he points his eager hand this way !
See, how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey.
With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left.
He little deems, that, in the hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave,
Yea, and from men, and evil, that presseth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know !

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way—but this ! ”
 —With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died !

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
 And hid his face, some little space, with the corner of his gown,
 Till, with white lips, and blood-shot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
 And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high :
 “ Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
 And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
 Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the Claudian line ! ”
 He writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast feet
 Strode right across the Market-place into the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : “ Stop him ; alive or dead !
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head ! ”
 He looked upon his clients—but none would work his will ;
 He looked upon his lictors—but they trembled and stood still ;
 And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left :
 And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
 And there taken horse to tell the Camp what deeds are done in Rome !

IX.—THE LADY OF PROVENÇE.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE war-note of the Saracen was on the winds of France ; it had
 stilled the harp of the troubadour, and the clash of the tourney's lance.
 The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night, and the hollow echoes
 of charge and flight, were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray in a
 chapel where the mighty lay, on the old Provençal shore : many a
 Chatillon beneath, unstirred by the ringing trumpets' breath, his shroud
 of armour wore. But meekly the voice of the Lady rose through the
 trophies of their proud repose ; and her fragile frame, at every blast
 that full of the savage war-horn passed, trembling, as trembles a bird's
 quick heart when it vainly strives from its cage to part,—so knelt she
 in her woe ; a weeper alone with the tearless dead !—Oh, they reck
 not of tears o'er their quiet shed, or the dust had stirred below ! . . .

Hark ! a swift step : she hath caught its tone through the dash of
 the sea, through the wild wind's moan. Is her lord returned with his
 conquering bands ?—No ! a breathless vassal before her stands ! “ Hast
 thou been on the field ? art thou come from the host ? ” “ From the
 slaughter, Lady ! All, all is lost ! Our banners are taken—our
 knights laid low—our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe ; and thy
 lord ”—his voice took a sadder sound—“ thy lord—he is not on the
 bloody ground ! There are those who tell that the leader's plume was
 seen on the flight, through the gathering gloom ! ” A change o'er her
 mien and spirit passed : she ruled the heart which had beat so fast ;
 she dashed the tears from her kindling eye, with a glance as of sudden
 royalty.—“ Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead, and
 fear not to say that their son hath fled ? Away !—he is lying by
 lance and shield :—point me the path to his battle field ! ”

Silently, with lips compressed, pale hands clasped above her breast,
 stately brow of anguish high, death-like cheek but dauntless eye—
 silently, o'er that red plain, moved the Lady, 'midst the slain. She
 searched into many an unclosed eye, that looked without soul to the
 starry sky ; she bowed down o'er many a shattered breast, she lifted up
 helmet and cloven crest—not there, not there he lay ! “ Lead where
 the most has been dared and done : where the heart of the battle hath
 bled :—lead on ! ” And the vassal took the way.—He turned to a

dark and lonely tree that waved o'er a fountain red ; oh, swiftest there had the current free from noble veins been shed ! Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed, and the scattered plumage streamed, and the broken shields were tossed, and the shivered lances crossed—**HE WAS THERE !** the leader amidst his band, where the faithful had made their last vain stand ; with the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped, and his country's flag to his bosom clasped !—She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,—the time was not yet for their waves to flow ; and a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair, as she turned to her followers ; —“ Your lord is there ! look on him ! know him by scarf and crest ! bear him away, with his sires to rest ! ”

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend—no brother of battle—no princely friend :—by the red fountain the valiant lie—the flower of Provençal chivalry. But **ONE** free step, and one lofty heart, bear through that scene, to the last, their part. “ I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong ! my soul hath risen for thy glory strong ! now call me hence by thy side to be : the world thou leav'st has no place for me. Give me my home on thy noble heart ! well have we loved—let us both depart ! ” And pale on the breast of the dead she lay, the living cheek to the cheek of clay. The living cheek ! oh, it was not in vain that strife of the spirit, to rend its chain !—She is there, at rest, in her place of pride ! in death, how queen-like !—a glorious bride ! From the long heart-withering early gone : she hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done !

X.—THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street stands the old-fashioned country-seat : across its antique portico tall poplar-trees their shadows throw, and from its station in the hall an ancient timepiece says to all,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” Halfway up the stairs it stands, and points and beckons with its hands from its case of massive oak ; like a monk, who, under his cloak, crosses himself, and sighs, alas ! with sorrowful voice to all who pass,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” By day its voice is low and light ; but in the silent dead of night, distinct as a passing footstep's fall, it echoes along the vacant hall, along the ceiling, along the floor, and seems to say, at each chamber-door,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” Through days of sorrow and of mirth, through days of death and days of birth, through every swift vicissitude of changeful time, unchanged it has stood ; and as if, like God, it all things saw, it calmly repeats those words of awe,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ”

In that man's face used to be freckle-faced Hospitality ; his great fires up the chimney roared ; the stranger forested at his board ; but, like the skeleton at the feast, that warning timepiece never erred,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” There groups of merry children played, there youths and maidens dreaming and ayed : O precious hours ! O golden prime, and affluence of love and time ! Even as a miser counts his gold, those hours the ancient timepiece told,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” From that chamber, clothed in white the bride came forth on her wedding night ; there, in that silent room below, the dead lay in his shroud of snow ! and in the hush, that followed the prayer, was heard the old clock on the stair,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” All are scattered now and fled, some are married, some are dead, and when I ask, with thrills of pain, “ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ” as in the days long since gone by, the ancient timepiece makes reply,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ” Never here, for ever there, where all parting, pain, and care, and death, and time, shall disappear,—for ever there, but never here ! The horologe of Eternity sayeth this incessantly,—“ For ever—never ! never—for ever ! ”

XI.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—H. G. BELL.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo ! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep
falls ;

And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please ;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than
theirs :

And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line :
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry :—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak :
Ah ! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers ?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay ;
And on its deck a Lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the Lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth :
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours of a throne :
No marvel that the Lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance !
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark ;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark !
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee !"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea !

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field .
The Stuart SCEPTRE well she swayed, but the SWORD she could not
wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play

The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
 The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar;
 They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles.
 They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils:—
 But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
 They come—they come!—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
 And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are
 vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
 Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell:
 “Now for my father's arm!” she said; “my woman's heart, farewell!”

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
 And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
 Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
 The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line:—
 “My lords, my lords!” the captive said, “were I but once more free,
 With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
 That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
 And once more reign a Stuart-queen o'er my remorseless foes!”
 A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
 She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
 And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once
 more;—

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
 She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.—
 The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
 And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
 Scattered and strown, and flying far, defenceless and undone;—
 Alas! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won!
 —Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
 Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart!

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen head-man stood,
 And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
 With slow and steady step there came a Lady through the hall,
 And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all.
 I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,—
 I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
 I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
 I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
 I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
 I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
 Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
 I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
 Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the bridal morn,
 A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
 Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
 And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—ALONE!
 The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
 Who turned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps
 bowed!

Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!
 The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
 The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
 Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
 The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen—
 The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
 Lapped by a dog!—a solemn text!—Go, think of it alone;
 Then weigh, against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne!

XII.—HYMN ON MODERN GREECE.—LORD BYRON.

THE of isles Greece! the isles of Greece! where burning Sappho loved and sung; where grew the arts of war and peace; where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung;—eternal summer gilds them yet—but all, except their sun, is set! The Scian and the Teian muse, the hero's harp, the lover's lute, have found the fame your shores refuse:—their place of birth alone is mute to sounds, which echo farther west than your sires' "Islands of the bless'd." The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea; and musing there an hour, alone, I dreamed—that Greece might still be free! for, standing on the Persian's grave, I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow which looks o'er sea-born Salamis; and ships, by thousands, lay below, and men, in nations—all were his! He counted them at break of day—and when the sun set, where were they? And where are they? and where art thou, my country?—On thy voiceless shore the heroic lay is tuneless now—the heroic bosom beats no more! And must thy lyre, so long divine, degenerate into hands like mine? 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame, though linked among a fettered race, to feel at least a patriot's shame, even as I sing, suffuse my face! for, what is left the poet here?—for Greeks, a blush! for Greece, a tear!

Must we but weep o'er days more bless'd? Must we but blush?—our fathers bled. Earth! render back from out thy breast a remnant of our Spartan dead! Of the Three Hundred, grant but three, to make a new Thermopylæ!—What, silent still? and silent all?—Ah, no!—the voices of the dead sound like a distant torrent's fall, and answer, "Let one living head, but one arise,—we come, we come!"—'Tis but the living who are dumb. In vain! in vain!—Strike other chords.—Fill high the cup with Samian wine! leave battles to the Turkish hordes, and shed the blood of Scio's vine! Hark! rising to the ignoble call, how answers each bold bacchanal!—You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet; where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? Of two such lessons, why forget the nobler and the manlier one? You have the letters Cadmus gave—think ye he meant them for a slave?

"Fill high the bowl of Samian wine! we will not think of themes like these; it made Anacreon's song divine: he served!"—But served Polycrates—"A tyrant!" But our masters then were still, at least, our countrymen. The tyrant of the Chersonese was freedom's best and bravest friend; that tyrant was Miltiades! Oh! that the present hour would lend another despot of the kind! such chains as his were sure to bind. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine?—On Suli's rock and Parga's shore, exists the remnant of a line such as the Doric mothers bore; and there, perhaps, some seed is sown, the Heracleidan blood might own. Trust not for freedom to the Franks—they have a king who buys and sells: in native swords, and native ranks, the only hope of courage dwells; but Turkish force, and Latin fraud, would break your shield, however broad. . . . Place me on Sunium's marble steep, where nothing, save the waves and I, may hear our mutual murmurs sweep; there, swan-like, let me sing and die: a land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

XIII.—MARCO BOZZARIS.—HALLECK.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent, the Turk was dreaming of the hour when Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, should tremble at his power: in dreams, through camp and court he bore the trophies of a conqueror; in dreams, his song of triumph heard;—then, wore that monarch's signet ring; then, pressed that monarch's throne—a king!

—as wild his thoughts, and gay of wing, as Eden's garden bird!—At midnight, in the forest shades, Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band, true as the steel of their tried blades,—heroes in heart and hand. There had the Persian's thousands stood, there had the glad earth drunk their blood on old Plataea's day: and now these breathed that haunted air—the sons of sires who conquered there—with arm to strike and soul to dare, as quick, as far as they!

An hour passed on:—the Turk awoke;—that bright dream was his last:—he woke—to hear his sentries shriek, “To arms!—they come;—the Greek! the Greek!” He woke to die,—‘midst flame, and smoke, and shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke, and death-shots falling thick and fast, like forest-pines before the blast, or lightnings from the mountain-cloud; and heard, with voice as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band; “Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires! strike—for your altars and your fires! strike—for the green graves of your sires!—Heaven—and your native land!”

They fought like brave men, long and well: they piled that ground with Moslem skin; they conquered!—but Bozzaris fell, bleeding at every vein. His few surviving comrades saw his smile, when rang their proud hurrah, and the red field was won; then saw in death his eyelids close, calmly as to a night's repose, like flowers at set of sun. —Come to the bridal chamber, Death! come to the mother's, when she feels for the first time her first-born's breath; come when the blessed souls which close the pestilence are broke, and crowded cities wail its stroke; come, in Consumption's ghastly form, the Earthquake-shock, the Ocean-storm; come, when the heart beats high and warm with banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—and thou art terrible!—the tear, the groan, the knell, the pall, the bier, and all we know, or dream, or fear of agony, are thine! But to the hero, when his sword has won the battle for the free, thy voice sounds like a prophet's word; and in its hollow tones are heard the thanks of millions, yet to be!—Bozzaris! she who gave thee birth, will, by the pilgrim-circled hearth, talk of thy doom without a sigh; for thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die!

XIV.—LORD WILLIAM.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No eye beheld when William plunged young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard young Edmund's drowning scream.
Submissive, all the vassals owned the murderer for their lord;
And he—as rightful heir—possessed the house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near, rolled through the fertile plain;
And often the wayfaring man would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road, to gaze on scenes so fair.
But never could Lord William dare to gaze on Severn's stream!
In every wind that swept its waves, he heard young Edmund scream!
In vain, at midnight's silent hour, sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw young Edmund's form arise!
—To other climes the pilgrim fled—but could not fly despair;
He sought his home again—but peace was still a stranger there.

Slow went the passing hours, yet swift the months appeared to roll;
And now the day returned, that shook with terror William's soul—
A day that William never felt return without dismay;
For, well had conscience calendar'd young Edmund's dying day.
A fearful day was that! the rains fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swollen tide of Severn spread far on the level shore.

—In vain Lord William sought the feast, in vain he quaffed the bowl,
 And strove, with noisy mirth, to drown the anguish of his soul ;—
 The tempest, as its sudden swell in gusty howlings came,
 With cold and death-like feelings seemed to thrill his shuddering frame.
 Reluctant, now, as night came on, his lonely couch he pressed ;
 And wearied out, he sank to sleep,—to sleep—but not to rest !
 —Beside that couch, his brother's form, Lord Edmund, seemed to stand !
 Such, and so pale, as when in death he grasped his brother's hand ;
 Such, and so pale his face, as when with faint and faltering tongue,
 To William's care—a dying charge !—he left his orphan son.
 “ I bade thee with a father's love my orphan Edmund guard—
 Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge ! now take thy due reward ! ”
 —He started up—each limb convulsed with agonizing fear :
 He only heard the storm of night,—’twas music to his ear !
 When, lo ! the voice of loud alarm his inmost soul appals :
 “ What ho ! Lord William, rise in haste ! the water saps thy walls ! ”
 He rose in haste :—beneath the walls he saw the flood appear !
 It hemmed him round—’twas midnight now—no human aid was near !
 —He heard the shout of joy !—for now a boat approached the wall ;
 And eager to the welcome aid they crowd for safety all.—
 “ My boat is small,” the boatman cried, “ ’twill bear but one away :
 —Come in, Lord William ! and do ye in Heaven's protection stay.”

Strange feelings filled them as he spoke, even in that hour of woe,
 That, save their lord, there was not one who wished with him to go.
 But William leaped into the boat, his terror was so sore ;
 “ Thou shalt have half my gold,” he cried. “ Haste !—haste to yonder shore ! ”

The boatman plied the oar ; the boat went light along the stream ;—
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry, like Edmund's drowning scream !
 The boatman paused : “ Methought I heard a child's distressful cry ! ”
 “ ’Twas but the howling wind of night,” Lord William made reply.
 “ Haste !—haste !—ply swift and strong the oar ! haste !—haste across the stream ! ”

Again Lord William heard a cry, like Edmund's drowning scream !
 “ I heard a child's distressful voice,” the boatman said again.
 “ Nay, hasten on !—the night is dark—and we should search in vain ! ”

“ And oh ! Lord William, dost thou know how dreadful ’tis to die ?
 And canst thou without pitying hear a child's expiring cry ?
 How horrible it is to sink beneath the chilly stream,
 To stretch the powerless arms in vain, in vain for help to scream ! ”

The shriek again was heard : it came more deep, more piercing loud :
 That instant o'er the flood the moon shone through a broken cloud ;
 And near them they beheld a child—upon a crag he stood—
 A little crag, and all around was spread the rising flood.
 The boatman plied the oar—the boat approached his resting place—
 The moon-beam shone upon the child—and showed how pale his face !
 “ Now reach thine hand ! ” the boatman cried, “ Lord William, reach and save ! ”—

The child stretched forth his little hands—to grasp the hand he gave !
 Then William shrieked ; the hand he touched was cold, and damp, and dead !

He felt young Edmund in his arms ! a heavier weight than lead !
 “ Oh, mercy ! help ! ” Lord William cried, “ the waters o'er me flow ! ”
 “ No—to a child's expiring cries no mercy didst thou show ! ”
 The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk, beneath the avenging stream ;
 He rose, he shrieked—no human ear heard William's drowning scream !

XV.—COMBAT BETWEEN FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK
DHU.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Chief in silence strode before, and reached that torrent's sounding shore ; and here his course the Chieftain stayed, threw down his target and his plaid, and to the Lowland warrior said :—" Bold Saxon ! to his promise just, Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust. This murderous chief, this ruthless man, this head of a rebellious clan, hath led thee safe through watch and ward, far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard. Now, man to man, and steel to steel, a Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel. See here, all 'vantageless I stand, armed, like thyself, with single brand : for this is Coilantogle ford, and thou must keep thee with thy sword ! "

The Saxon paused :—" I ne'er delayed, when foeman bade me draw my blade ; nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death : yet, sure, thy fair and generous faith, and my deep debt for life preserved, a better meed have well deserved :—can nought but blood our feud atone ? are there no means ?"—" No, Stranger, none ! And hear, —to fire thy flagging zeal,—the Saxon cause rests on thy steel ; for thus spoke Fate, by prophet brod between the living and the dead, ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life, his party conquers in the strife.' "

" Then, by my word," the Saxon said, " the riddle is already read. Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—there lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff. Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy ; then yield to Fate, and not to me."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye :—" Soars thy presumption then so high, because a wretched kern ye slew, homage to name to Roderick Dhu ? he yields not, he, to man—nor Fate ! Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—my clansman's blood demands revenge ! —Not yet prepared ?—Saxon ! I change my thought, and hold thy valor light as that of some vain carpet-knight, who ill deserved my courteous care, and whose best boast is but to wear a braid of his fair lady's hair."

" I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ! it nerves my heart, it steels my sword ; for I have sworn this braid to stain in the best blood that warms thy vein. Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, be gone !—yet think not that by thee alone, proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown. Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn, start at my whistle clansmen stern, of this small horn one feeble blast would fearful odds against thee cast. But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt :—we try this quarrel hilt to hilt !"—

Then each at once his falchion drew ; each on the ground his scabbard threw ; each looked to sun, and stream, and plain, as what he ne'er might see again ; then foot, and point, and eye opposed, in dubious strife they darkly closed !

Three times in closing strife they stood, and thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ; no stinted draught, no scanty tide—the gushing flood the tartans dyed. Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain, and showered his blows like wintry rain ; and, as firm rock, or castle roof, against the winter-shower is proof, the foe, invulnerable still, foiled his wild rage by steady skill ; till, at advantage taken, his brand forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, and, backwards borne upon the lea, brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

" Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made the world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! "

" Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy ! let recreant yield, who fears to die."

Like adder darting from his coil, like wolf that dashes through the fell, like mountain-cat that guards her young, full at Fitz-James's throat

he sprung ; received, but recked not of a wound, and locked his arms his foeman round.—Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own ! no maiden's arm is round thee thrown ! that desperate grasp thy frame might feel, through bars of brass and triple steel !—They tug, they strain !—down, down they go, the Gael above, Fitz-James below. The Chieftain's grip his throat compressed, his knee was planted on his breast ; his clotted locks he backward threw ; across his brow his hand he drew, from blood and mist to clear his sight ; then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—But hate and fury ill supplied the stream of life's exhausted tide, and all too late the advantage came to turn the odds of deadly game ; for, while the dagger gleamed on high, reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye ! Down came the blow ! but in the heath the erring blade found bloodless sheath. The struggling foe may now unclasp the fainting Chief's relaxing grasp. Unwounded from the dreadful close, but breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVI.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.—LORD BYRON.

AY ! here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man—
And wherefore slaughtered ? Wherefore ? but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure :—wherefore not ?—
What matters where we fall, to fill the maws
Of worms,—on battle-plain, or listed spot ?
They are but theatres, where the chief actors rot.
I see before me the Gladiator lie ;
He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony !—
And his drooped head sinks gradually low :
And, from his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
Through the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower : and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone !—
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost, or prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
There, were his young barbarians all at play—
There, was their Dacian mother !—he, their sire,
Butchered, to make a Roman holiday !—
All this rushed with his blood ! Shall he expire,
And unavenged ?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire !

XVII.—THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.—M. G. LEWIS.

STAY, gaoler ! stay, and hear my woe ! he is not mad who kneels to thee ;
For what I'm now too well I know, and what I was—and what should be !
I'll rave no more in proud despair—my language shall be mild, though
sad ;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear, I am not mad ! I am not mad !
My tyrant foes have forged the tale, which chains me in this dismal cell !
My fate unknown my friends bewail—Oh ! gaoler, haste that fate to
tell !
Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer ; his heart at once 'twill grieve
and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here, I am not mad ! I am not mad !

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—he quits the grate—I knelt in vain !

His glimmering lamp still, still I see—'tis gone—and all is gloom again !
Cold, bitter cold !—no warmth, no light ! Life, all thy comforts once I had !

Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night, although not mad ! no, no—not mad !

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain ! What ! I the child of rank and wealth !

Am I the wretch who clanks this chain, bereft of freedom, friends and health ?

Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled, which never more my heart must glad,

How aches my heart, how burns my head ! but 'tis not mad ! it is not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this a parent's face, a parent's tongue ?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss, nor round my neck how fast you clung !

Nor how with me you sued to stay, nor how that suit my foes forbade ;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—they'll make me mad ; they'll make me mad !

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled ! thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !

None ever saw a lovelier child ! and art thou now for ever gone ?

And must I never see thee more, my pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?

I will be free !—Unbar the door ! I am not mad ! I am not mad !

Oh, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ? His chain some furious madman breaks !

He comes ! I see his glaring eyes ! now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes !

Help ! help !—He's gone !—O fearful woe, such screams to hear, such sights to see !

My brain, my brain ! I know, I know I am not mad—but soon shall be !—

Yes, soon ! for lo now, while I speak, mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare !

He sees me !—now with dreadful shriek, he whirls a serpent high in air !

Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth deep in my heart, so crushed and sad !

Ah, laugh, ye fiends ! I feel the truth ! your task is done—I'm mad ! I'm mad !

XVIII.—THE CONVICT SHIP.—T. K. HERVEY.

MORN on the water !—and purple and bright bursts on the billows the flashing of light ; o'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun, see the gall vessel goes gallantly on ; full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail, and her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale. The surges come around her, with murmur and song, and the surges rejoice as they bear her along. See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds, and the sailor rings early aloft in her shrouds ; onward she glides, amid ripple and spray, over the waters, away and away ! bright, as the vision of youth ere they part ; passing away, like a dream of the heart !—Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by, music around her and sunshine on high, pauses to think, amid glitter and glow, "Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking, below !"

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high, hung like a gem on

the brow of the sky ; treading its depths in the power of her might, and turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light. Look to the waters ! asleep on their breast, seems not the ship like an island of rest,—bright and alone on the shadowy main, like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain ? Who,—as she smiles in the silvery light, spreading her wings on the bosom of night, alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky, a phantom of beauty,—could deem, with a sigh, that so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin, and souls that are smitten lie bursting within ? Who, as he watches her silently gliding, remembers that wave after wave is dividing bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—hearts that are parted, and broken for ever ? or dreams that he watches, afloat on the wave, the death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'Tis thus with our life : while it passes along, like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song, gaily we glide in the gaze of the world, with streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled ; all gladness and glory to wandering eyes—but chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs ! Fading and false is the aspect it wears, as the smiles we put on just to cover our tears ; and the withering thoughts that the world cannot know, like heartbroken exiles, lie burning below ; whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore, where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

XIX.—ORANGE AND GREEN.—GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary an Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender !" arose upon the gale.
Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating the "Battle of the Boyne."

Ha ! toward his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow ?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger, though Green my colour be,
And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee !
In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
—Hark ! hear that fearful warning ! there's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green ;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."
Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise, and follow the chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain !"
With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.

He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay—
"Arise !" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away !
I had a son—one only, one loved as my life ;
Thy hand has left me lonely, in that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace !"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale ;
 The father, broken-hearted, lay brooding o'er the tale.
 Full twenty summers after, to silver turned his beard ;
 And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

* * * *

The night was falling dreary in merry Wexford town,
 When in his cabin weary, a peasant laid him down.
 And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
 And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Granu-aile!"
 Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
 The Green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting loud voices filled the town.
 And fife and drum were beating, "Down, Orangeman, lie down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour that woke the echoes there,
 Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air.
 Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurry on—
 And, 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.
 "My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
 And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band.
 Full twenty years and over have changed my heart and brow,
 And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.
 It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
 When fainting and defeated I freely took him in.
 I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,
 I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son."

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood ;
 Remembrance kindly stirred him, and tender gratitude.
 With gushing tears of pleasure, he pierced the listening train,
 "I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"
 Upon his bosom falling, the old man's tears came down ;
 Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
 "The hand that would offend thee, my being first shall end ;
 I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"
 He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd ;
 With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
 Now pressed the warm beholders their aged face to greet :
 They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger, from peril scowling dim,
 So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
 By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen,
 And their flags that day were blended, of Orange and of Green.

XX.—THE RUINED COTTAGE.—MRS. MACLEAN.

NEXT will dwell in that cottage, for they say oppression reft it
 from an honest man, and that a curse clings to it: hence the vine
 trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground; hence weeds are
 in that garden; hence the hedge, once sweet with honeysuckle, is
 half dead; and hence the grey moss on the apple-tree. One once
 dwelt there, who had been in his youth a soldier; and when many
 years had passed, he sought his native village, and sat down to end
 his days in peace. He had one child—a little laughing thing, whose
 large dark eyes, he said, were like the mother's he had left buried
 in stranger's hand. And time went on in comfort and content—and
 that the girl had grown far taller than the red-rose tree her father
 planted on her first English birth-day; and he had trained it up against
 an ash till it became his pride;—it was so rich in blossom and in

beauty, it was called the tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal to all the better feelings of the heart, to mark their quiet happiness; their home—in truth a home of love; and more than all, to see them on the Sabbath, when they came among the first to church; and Isabel, with her bright colour and her clear glad eyes, bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer; and in the hymn her sweet voice audible: her father looked so fond of her, and then from her looked up so thankfully to Heaven! And their small cottage was so very neat; their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers; and in the winter there was no fireside so cheerful as their own.

But other days and other fortunes came—an evil power! They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped for better times; but ruin came at last; and the old soldier left his own dear home, and left it for a prison! 'Twas in June, one of June's brightest days:—the bee, the bird, the butterfly, were on their lightest wing; the fruits had their first tinge of summer light; the sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad; and the old man looked back upon his cot, and wept aloud. They hurried him away from the dear child that would not leave his side. They led him from the sight of the blue heaven and the green trees, into a low, dark cell, the windows shutting out the blessed sun with iron grating; and for the first time he threw him on his bed, and could not hear his Isabel's good night! But the next morn she was the earliest at the prison gate, the last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice and sweeter smile made him forget to pine.

She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers; but every morning could he mark her cheek grow paler and more pale, and her low tones get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew was on the hand he held. One day, he saw the sunshine through the grating of his cell—yet Isabel came not; at every sound his heart-beat took away his breath—yet still she came not near him! But one sad day he marked the dull street through the iron bars that shut him from the world; at length he saw a coffin carried carelessly along, and he grew desperate—he forced the bars, and he stood on the street free and alone! He had no aim, no wish for liberty—he only felt one want, to see the corpse that had no mourners. When they set it down, ere it was lowered into the new-dug grave, a rush of passion came upon his soul, and he tore off the lid—he saw the face of Isabel, and knew he had no child!—He lay down by the coffin quietly—his heart was broken!

XXI.—THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED. MRS. NORTON.

My beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again!—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold;—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell!—Those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare:
That silky mane I braided once, must be another's care!

The morning sun shall dawn again—but never more with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to be—

Evening shall darken on the earth ; and, o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home again !

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting wake, to feel thou'rt sold ! my Arab steed.

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze, may count each starting vein !

Will they ill use thee ?—if I thought—but no,—it cannot be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free ;—
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to return ?

“Return !”—alas ! my Arab steed ! what wilt thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view ?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and, through the gathering
tears,

Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears ?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on ;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,—
“Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.”

When last I saw thee drink !—Away ! the fevered dream is o'er !
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more ;
They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up ? Who said that thou wert sold ?
'Tis false ! 'tis false ! my Arab steed ! I fling them back their gold !
Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains !
Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

XXII.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.—LORD BYRON.

ALAS !—it is a fearful thing to see the human soul take wing in any shape, in any mood !—I've seen it rushing forth in blood ; I've seen it on the breaking ocean, strive with a swollen convulsive motion ; I've seen the sick and ghostly bed of Sin, delirious with its dread ; but these were horrors ; this was woe unmix'd with such—but sure and slow. He faded, but so calm and meek, so softly worn, so sweetly weak, so tearless, yet so tender-kind, and cried for those he left behind ; with all the while a cheek whose bloom was as a mockery of the tomb,—whose tints as gently sunk away as a departing rainbow's ray ;—an eye of most transparent light, that almost made the dungeon bright ; and not a word of murmur,—not a groan o'er his untimely lot ;—a little task of better do, a little hope my own to raise, for I was sunk in silence—lost in this lost loss, of all the most ; and then the sighs he would suppress, of the strong nature's feebleness, more slowly drawn, grew less and less ; I felt red, but I could not hear ;—I called, for I was wild with fear ; I knew 'twas hopeless, but my deed would not be thus admonished ; I called, and thought I heard a sound. I burst my chain with one strong bound, and rushed to him :—I found him not ! I only stirred in this black spot—I only lived—I only drew the accursed breath of dungeons—dew ! The last—the sole—the dearest link between me and the eternal brink, which bound

me to my failing race, was broken in this fatal place. One on the earth and one beneath !—my brothers—both had ceased to breathe ! I took that hand which lay so still—alas ! my own was full as chill ! I had not strength to stir, or strive, but felt that I was still alive—a frantic feeling, when we know that what we love shall ne'er be so. I know not why I could not die ! I had no earthly hope—but faith, and that forbade a selfish death.—What next befel me then and there, I know not well—I never knew :—first, came the loss of light and air, and then of darkness too ; I had no thought, no feeling—none :—among the stones I stood a stone.

A light broke in upon my brain—it was the carol of a bird ; it ceased—and then it came again—the sweetest song ear ever heard ! and mine was thankful, till my eyes ran over with the glad surprise ; and they that moment could not see I was the mate of misery : but then by dull degrees, came back my senses to their wonted track ; I saw the dungeon walls and floor close slowly round me as before—I saw the glimmer of the sun creeping as it before had done :—but through the crevice where it came, that bird was perched !—as fond and tame, and tamer than upon the tree ; a lovely bird with azure wings, and song that said a thousand things, and seemed to say them all for me ; I never saw its like before, I ne'er shall see its likeness more : it seemed like me to want a mate, but was not half so desolate ; and it was come to love me, when none lived to love me so again ; and cheering from my dungeon's brink, had brought me back to feel and think. I know not if it late were free, or broke its cage to perch on mine ; but knowing well captivity, sweet bird, I could not wish for thine ! Or if it were, in winged guise, a visitant from Paradise ! for—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while which made me both to weep and smile—I sometimes deemed that it might be my brother's soul come down to me. But then at last away it flew, and then 'twas mortal—well I knew ! for he would never thus have flown, and left me twice so doubly lone : lone, as the corse within its shroud ; lone, as a solitary cloud ; a single cloud on a sunny day, while all the rest of heaven is clear !—a frown upon the atmosphere, that has no business to appear when skies are blue and earth is gay.

XXIII.—THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.—
(MRS. BLACKWOOD) LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago, when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.
The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again !
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep listening for the words, you never more may speak.
'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary—I see the spire from here :
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your rest ;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, with your baby on your breast.
I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends,
But, oh, they love the better far the few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride ;—
There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary died !

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary, that still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul, and my arm's young strength
was gone:

There was comfort ever on your lip, and the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for the same, Mary, though you cannot hear me now!

I thank you for the patient smile, when your heart was like to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there, and you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word, when your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can sting no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always
there;

But I'll not forget Old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair!

And often, in those grand old woods, I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see that little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn, when first you were
my bride!

XXIV.—BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD, AND DEATH OF MARMION.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still with Lady Clare upon the hill;
on which (for far the day was spent) the western sunbeams now were
bent. The cry they heard—its meaning knew, could plain their distant
comrades view. Sadly to Blount did Eustace say, "No hope of gilded
spurs to-day!"

But lo! straight up to the hill there rode two horsemen, drenched
with gore; and in their arms, a helpless load, a wounded Knight
they bore. His hand still strained the broken brand; his arms were
smeared with blood and sand; dragged from among the horses' feet,
with dented shield, and helmet beat—the falcon-crest and plumage
gone—can that be haughty Marmion!

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air, around 'gan Marmion wildly
stare:—"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where? Linger ye
here, ye hearts of hare? Redeem my pennon,—charge again! Cry—
'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!—lost of my race, on battle-plain that
shout shall ne'er be heard again!—Yet my last thought is England's:
—fly—to Diere bear my signet-ring, tell him his squadrons up to
bring. Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie! Let Stanley charge with
spar of fire, with Chester charge, and Lancashire, full upon Scotland's
central host, or victory and England's lost. Must I bid twice?—
hence, varlets, fly! leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted—and alone he lay: Clare drew her from the sight away,
till pain wrung forth a lowly moan; and half he murmured,—“Is there
more, of all my halls have nursed, pure, square, or groom, one cup to
bring of blessed water, from the spring, to slake my dying thirst?”

O woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
and variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made; when pain
and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!—Scarce were
the piteous accents said, when with the Baron's casque, the maid to the
night steed melted on: forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears: the plaintive
voice alone she hears, sees but the dying man. She stooped her by the
rueful side, but in abhorrence backward drew; for, oozing from the
mountain-side, where raged the war, a dark red tide was curdling in
the streamlet blue! Where shall she turn?—Behold her mark a little

fountain cell, where water, clear as diamond spark, in a stone basin fell. She filled the helm, and back she hied,—and, with surprise and joy, espied a Monk, supporting Marmion's head; a pious man, whom duty brought to dubious verge of battle fought, to shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, and, as she stooped his brow to lave—"Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then, as remembrance rose, "Talk not to me of shrift or prayer, I must redress her woes! Short space, few words are mine to spare!—Forgive!—and listen, gentle Clare!" "Alas!" she said, the while; "O think of your immortal weal! in vain for Constance is your zeal—she . . . died at Holy Isle!" Lord Marmion started from the ground, as light as though he felt no wound; though in the action burst the tide in torrents from his wounded side! "Then it was truth!" he said:—"I knew that the dark presage must be true! I would the Fiend, to whom belongs the vengeance due to all her wrongs, would spare me but a day! for, wasting fire, and dying groan, and priests slain on the altar-stone, might bribe him for delay. It may not be—this dizzy trance!—Curse on yon base marauder's lance! and doubly curs'd my failing brand!—a sinful heart makes feeble hand!" Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound, and strove to stanch, the gushing wound: the Monk, with unavailing cares, exhausted all the Church's prayers. Ever, he said, that, close and near, a lady's voice was in his ear, and that the priest he could not hear, for that she ever sung,—“In the lost battle, borne down by the flying, where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying!” so the notes rung.—“Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand, shake not the dying sinner's sand! O! look, my son, upon yon sign of the Redeemer's grace divine! O! think on faith and bliss!—By many a death-bed I have been, and many a sinner's parting seen, but never aught like this!”—The war, that for a space did fail, now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale, and—“Stanley!” was the cry:—A light on Marmion's visage spread, and fired his glazing eye; with dying hand, above his head he shook the fragment of his blade, and shouted “Victory!—Charge! Chester, charge! On—Stanley!—on!”—were the last words of Marmion.

XXV.—EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.—PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

News of battle! news of battle! Hark! 'tis ringing down the street,
And the archways and the pavement bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it? all are thronging to the gate:
“Warder! warder! open quickly! Man! is this a time to wait?”

Who comes in with battered harness? only one hard-stricken man!
O, his weary steed is wounded, and his cheek is pale and wan!
Spearless hangs a bloody banner in his weak and drooping hand:—
What! can that be Randolph Murray, Captain of the City Band?
Round him crush the people, crying, “Tell us all—oh! tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle, Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children? Have they met the Eng-
lish foe?”

Why art thou alone, unfollowed?—is it weal, or is it woe? ”
Like a corpse, the grisly warrior looks from out his helm of steel:
But no word he speaks in answer: only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward up the city streets they ride:
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children, shrieking, praying by his side!
“By the God that made thee, Randolph, tell us what mischance hath
come?”

Then he lifts his riven banner—and the asker's voice is dumb!

The elders of the city have met within their hall;
The men whom good King James had charged to watch the tower and wall.

To them went Randolph Murray—his step was slow and weak :
And as he doff'd his dinted helm, the tears ran down his cheek.
They knew so sad a messenger some ghastly news must bring :
And all of them were fathers, and their sons were with the king !

Up rose the aged Provost—a brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame, and chivalrous degree :
He ruled our city like a lord who brook'd no equal here ;
And ever for the townsman's rights stood up 'gainst prince and peer :
But yet, a dearer thought had he ; for, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son go forth by Randolph's side :
With casque on head, and spur on heel, all keen to do and dare,
And proudly did his gallant boy that royal banner bear.
Oh ! woeful now was the old man's look, and he spake right heavily,—
“ Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings, however sharp they be !
Woe is written on thy visage—death is looking from thy face,
Speak ! though it be of overthrow, it cannot be disgrace ! ”

Then Randolph gave the banner to the old man's shaking hand,
“ That is all, alas ! I bring you from the bravest of the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon it—it was guarded well and long
By your brothers and your children, by the valiant and the strong.
Ay ! ye may well look upon it ! there is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it from the field of dark despair !
Never yet was royal banner steep'd in such a costly dye :
It hath lain upon a bosom where no other shroud shall lie !
Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy ! keep it as a sacred thing ;
For, the stain ye see upon it is, the life-blood of your king ! ”

Woe ! oh, woe ! and lamentation ! what a piteous cry was there !
Widows, maidens, mothers, children, shrieking, sobbing in despair !
Through the streets the death-word rushes, spreading terror, sweeping
on—

“ Cruel fate ! our king has fallen, woe ! oh, woe ! King James is gone !
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland !—O, our sons, our sons and men !
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, surely some will come again ! ”
—Till the oak that fell last winter shall appear its shatter'd stem,
Wives and mothers of Dunedin, ye may look in vain for them !

But within the Council chamber, all was silent as the grave :
Whilst the tempest of their sorrows shook the bosoms of the brave.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling, wither'd hands were clasp'd
and wrung :
God had left the old and feeble—He had ta'en away the young !

“ Thou hast spoken,” said the Provost, “ like a soldier, stout and true :
Thou hast done a deed of daring, had been periled but by few ;
For, thou hast not dur'd to face us, nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a Knight and Captain—here alive within thy mail.
Now, as you heaven shall judge me, I hold it heavier done,
Thou hast then turned in thy place, and died above my son !
Thou need'st not tell us he is dead ! heaven help us all this day !
But speak, how fared it the citizens within the furious fray ?
For, by the knight of Mary, 'twere something still to tell,
That no Scottish foot went backward when the Royal Lion fell ! ”

“ No one failed him ! he is keeping royal state and semblance still :
Knight and noble lie around him, cold on Flodden's fatal hill.

Of the brave and gallant-hearted, whom ye sent with prayers away,
 Not a single man departed from his monarch yesterday.
 Had you seen them, O my masters, when the night began to fall,
 And the English spearmen gathered round a grim and ghastly wall !
 As the wolves in winter circle round the leaguer on the heath,
 So the greedy foe glared upward, panting still for blood and death !
 But a rampart rose before them which the boldest dared not scale :
 Every stone a Scottish body, every step a corpse in mail !
 And behind it lay our Monarch, clenching still his shiver'd sword ;
 By his side Montrose and Athole, at his feet a southron lord.
 Then I stoop'd, and took the banner as you see it, from his breast ;
 And I closed our hero's eyelids, and I left him to his rest !
 In the mountains growled the thunder, as I leap'd the woeful wall :
 And the heavy clouds were settling over Flodden like a pall !”

So he ended. And the others cared not any answer then :
 Sitting silent—dumb with sorrow, sitting anguish-struck, like men
 Who have seen the roaring torrent sweep their happy homes away,
 And yet linger by the margin staring wildly on the spray.—

But without, the maddening tumult waxes ever more and more ;
 And the crowds of wailing women gather round the Council door.
 Through the streets the burghers hurry, spreading terror as they go :
 Watchers throng upon the ramparts to give notice of the foe.
 From each mountain-top a pillar streams into the torpid air,
 Bearing token, from the Border, that the English host is there !
 All without is flight and terror—all within is woe and fear !
 Heaven protect thee, maiden city, for thy latest hour is near !

Fearfully the bells are tolling, till the Provost rises up,
 Calm—as though he had not tasted of the fell and bitter cup !
 “Rouse ye, sirs ! to arms ! We may not longer mourn for what is
 done :

If our king is taken from us, we are left to guard his son !
 Gather all our scatter'd people—fling the banner out once more !
 Randolph Murray, do thou bear it as it erst was borne before !
 Never Scottish heart will leave it, when they see their Monarch's gore !
 Bid them cease that dismal knelling ! 'twill be time enough to ring
 When the fortress strength of Scotland lies in ruin, like its king !
 Let the bells be kept for warning—not for terror or alarm :
 When they next are heard to thunder, let each man and stripling arm !
 Bid the women leave their wailing ; do they think that woeful strain,
 From the bloody heaps of Flodden, can redeem their dearest slain ?
 Let them pray !—for never women stood in need of such a prayer—
 England's yeomen shall not find them clinging to the altars there !
 Ay ! if we are doomed to perish, man and maiden let us fall !
 And a common gulf of ruin open wide to whelm us all !
 Never shall the ruthless spoiler lay his hot insulting hand
 On the sisters of our heroes, whilst we bear a torch or brand !
 Up ! and rouse ye, then, my brothers ! but when next ye hear the bell
 Sounding forth the sullen summons that may be our funeral knell ;
 Once more let us meet together—once more see each other's face.
 Then, like men that need not tremble, go to our appointed place !
 God, our Father, will not fail us, in that last tremendous hour ;
 If all other bulwarks crumble, He will be our strength and tower :
 Though the ramparts rock beneath us, and the walls go crashing down ;
 Though the roar of conflagration bellow o'er the sinking town :
 There is yet one place of shelter where the foeman cannot come,
 Where the summons never sounded of the trumpet or the drum !

THERE!—ay, there, we'll meet our children who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
 For their king, and for their country, rendered up their souls to God!
 There shall we find rest and refuge, with our dear departed brave;
 And the ashes of the city be our universal grave!"

XXVI.—THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.—LORD MACAULAY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now, let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's emurpled flood,
 And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the Living Power who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre!

This king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest;
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled, from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, "Long live our lord the King!"—
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of life, and steel, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery Duke is speering fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hissing chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 "Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge! for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!"
 A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre!

Now, heaven be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
 D'Auneau hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance; and all along our van
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
 But out spoke gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !
 Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair, for those who never shall return.
 Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls !
 Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright !
 Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night !
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.—
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

XXVII.—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WHO is she—the poor Maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes seem a heart overcharged to express ? She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ; she never complains, but her silence implies the composure of settled distress. No aid, no compassion, the Maniac will seek, cold and hunger awake not her care ; through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak on her poor withered bosom, half bare ; and her cheek has the deadly, pale hue of despair. Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day) poor Mary the Maniac hath been ; the traveller remembers, who journeyed this way, no damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay, as Mary, the Maid of the Inn. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight, as she welcomed them in with a smile ; her heart was a stranger to childish affright ; and Mary would walk by the Abbey at night, when the wind whistled down the dark aisle.—She loved, and young Richard had settled the day, and she hoped to be happy for life ; but Richard was idle and worthless, and they who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say, that she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn ; and stormy and dark was the night, and fast were the windows and door ; two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright ; and, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight they listened to hear the wind roar. " 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side, to hear the wind whistle without." " What a night for the Abbey ! " his comrade replied ; " methinks a man's courage would now be well tried, who should wander the ruins about. I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear the hoarse ivy shake over my head ; and could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear, some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear—for this wind might awaken the dead ! " " I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried, " that Mary will venture there now." " Then wager, and lose," with a sneer he replied, " I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side, and faint if she saw a white cow." " Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ? " his companion exclaimed with a smile ; " I shall win, for I know she will venture there now, and earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough from the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply, and her way to the Abbey she bent ; the night it was gloomy, the wind it was high, and, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky, she shivered with cold as she went. O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the Maid, where the Abbey rose dim on the sight ; through the gateway she entered—she felt not afraid ; yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade seemed to deepen the gloom of the night. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast howled dismally round the old pile ; over weed-covered fragments, still fearless, she passed, and arrived at the innermost ruin at last, where the elder-tree grew in the aisle. Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near, and

hastily gathered the bough—when the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear!—she paused—and she listened, all eager to hear—and her heart panted fearfully now!—The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head; she listened;—nought else could she hear. The wind ceased:—her heart sank in her bosom with dread, for she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread of footsteps approaching her near! Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear, she crept, to conceal herself there; that instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear, and she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear, and between them a corpse did they bear. Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold! Again the rough wind hurried by—it blew off the hat of the one, and behold! even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled; she fell—and expected to die! “Stay!—the hat!” he exclaims,—“Nay, come on, and fast hide the dead body,” his comrade replies. She beholds them in safety pass on by her side—she seizes the hat—fear her courage supplied, and fast through the Abbey she flies. She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door, she cast her eyes horribly round; her limbs could support their faint burden no more, but exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor, unable to utter a sound. Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart, for a moment the hat met her view; her eyes from that object convulsively start! for alas! what cold horror thrilled through her heart, when the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by, his gibbet is now to be seen; not far from the road it engages the eye: the traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh, of poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

XXVIII.—THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.—THOMAS DAVIS.

The summer's sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gloaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Tristerkin's crumpled fare looks like a moulted bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray:—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm:
The flowers eel and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Denmark that glide,
Must trust their crews—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide.
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently pattering feet—
—A stifled sob! a dreamy noise! “The boat is in a flume!”
From out their beds, and to their doors, each maid, and sire, and dame—
And next, upon the tattered batons, the gleaming sabres' fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of “Allah” breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, fearful fate! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword:
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild,
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child:—

But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel !—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's ONE hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore !

"Oh ! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Schick's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed ;
Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
And some are for the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey "—
—She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai ;
And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore !

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And now around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where high upon the gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine !
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there :
Some muttered of MacMorrough, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him, with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore !

XXIX.—GINEVRA.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

SHE was an only child—her name Ginevra, the joy, the pride of an indulgent sire ; and in her fifteenth year became a bride, marrying an only son, Francesco Doria, her playmate from her birth, and her first love. She was all gentleness, all gaiety, her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue. But now the day was come, the day, the hour ; now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time, the nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ; and, in the lustre of her youth, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco. Great was the joy ; but, at the nuptial feast, when all sat down, the bride was wanting there, nor was she to be found ! Her father cried, "'Tis but to make a trial of our love !" and filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook, and soon from guest to guest the panic spread. 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco, laughing, and looking back, and flying still—her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger. But now, alas ! she was not to be found ; nor from that hour could any thing be guessed, but that she was not !

Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith flung it away in battle with the Turk. Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen an old man wandering as in quest of something, something he could not find—he knew not what. When he was gone, the house remained awhile silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot ; when on an idle day,—a day of search 'mid the old lumber in the gallery,—that mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said by one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra, "Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?" 'Twas done as soon as said ; but, on the way, it burst, it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton, with here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone, a golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold ! All else had perished—save a nuptial ring, and a small seal, her mother's legacy, engraven with a name, the name of both—"Ginevra"—There then had she found a grave ! Within that chest had she concealed herself, fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ; when a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there, fastened her down for ever !

XXX.—THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.—COATS.

DARK is the night ! how dark !—no light ! no fire !
 Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire !
 Shivering she watches by the cradle-side,
 For him who pledged her love—last year a bride !
 "Hark ! 'tis his footstep ! No—'tis past : 'tis gone :
 Tick !—Tick !—How wearily the time crawls on !
 Why should he leave me thus ? He once was kind !
 And I believed 'twould last :—how mad !—how blind !
 "Rest thee, my babe !—rest on !—" 'Tis hunger's cry !
 Sleep !—for there is no food ! the fount is dry !
 Famine and cold their wearying work have done ;
 My heart must break !—And thou !—"—The clock strikes "One !"
 "Hush ! 'tis the dice-box ! Yes, he's there—he's there !
 For this, for this, he leaves me to despair !
 Leaves love ! leaves truth ! his wife ! his child !—for what ?
 The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot !
 "Yet I'll not curse him ! No ! 'tis all in vain !—
 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again !
 And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
 My child !—his child !—Oh fiend !—"—the clock strikes "Two !"
 "Hark ! how the sign-board creaks ! The blast howls by !
 Moan !—Moan !—A dirge swells through the cloudy sky !
 Ha ! 'tis his knock ! he comes !—he comes once more—
 —'Tis but the lattice flaps ! thy hope is o'er !
 "Can he desert me thus ? He knows I stay
 Night after night in loneliness to pray
 For his return—and yet he sees no tear !
 No ! no ! it cannot be. He will be here.
 "Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart !
 Thou'rt cold ! thou'rt freezing ! But we will not part.
 Husband !—I die !—Father !—It is not he !
 Oh Heaven ! protect my child !—"—The clock strikes "Three !"
 They're gone ! they're gone ! The glimmering spark hath fled,
 The wife and child are numbered with the dead !
 On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest,
 The child lies frozen on its mother's breast !
 —The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
 Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more !

XXXI.—LOVE (A TALE).—S. T. COLERIDGE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal
 frame,
 Are all but ministers of Love, and feed his sacred flame.
 Of in my waking dream do I live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay, beside the ruined tower.
 The moon shone brightly o'er the scene, had blended with the light of eve ;
 And he was there, my hope, my joy, my own dear Genevieve !
 She leaped against the armed man, the steams of the armed knight :
 She stood and defied to my lay, amid the lingering light.
 Few words hath she of her own, my hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
 She loves me best whenever I sing the songs that make her grieve,—
 I played a soft and doleful air ; I sang an old and moving story—
 An old rude song, that suited well that ruin, wild and hoary.
 She listened with a titling blush, with downcast eyes and modest grace ;
 For well she knew, I could not choose but gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore upon his shield a burning brand,
 And that for ten long years he wooed the Lady of the land.
 I told her how he pined : and ah ! the deep, the low, the pleading tone,
 With which I sang another's love, interpreted my own.
 She listened with a flitting blush, with downcast eyes and modest grace ;
 And she forgave me that I gazed too fondly on her face.
 But when I told the cruel scorn, that crazed the bold and lovely Knight ;
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods, nor rested day nor night ;
 That sometimes from the savage den, and sometimes from the darksome
 shade,

And sometimes starting up at once in green and sunny glade,
 There came and looked him in the face an Angel beautiful and bright,
 And that he knew it was a Fiend, this miserable knight !
 And that, unknowing what he did, he leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage, worse than death, the Lady of the land !
 And how she wept and clasped his knees, and how she tended him in
 vain,

And ever strove to expiate the scorn that crazed his brain ;
 And that she nursed him in a cave ; and how his madness went away,
 When, on the yellow forest-leaves, a dying man he lay ;
 His dying words——But when I reached that tenderest strain of all
 the ditty,

My faltering voice and pausing harp disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense, had thrilled my guileless Genevieve :
 The music, and the doleful tale, the rich and balmy eve :
 And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng ;
 And gentle wishes long subdued—subdued and cherished long.
 She wept with pity and delight, she blushed with love and virgin shame ;
 And, like the murmur of a dream, I heard her breathe my name.
 Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,—as conscious of my look she stept ;
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye, she fled to me and wept.
 She half enclosed me with her arms, she pressed me with a meek embrace ;
 And, bending back her head, looked up, and gazed upon my face.
 'Twas partly love—'twas partly fear—and partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel than see the swelling of her heart.
 I calmed her fears ; and she was calm, and told her love with virgin
 pride :

And so I won my Genevieve, my bright and beauteous bride !

XXXII.—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.—LORD BYRON.

HARK ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ? sounds not the
 clang of conflict on the heath ? saw ye not whom the reeking sabre
 smote,—nor saved your brethren, ere they sank beneath tyrants, and
 tyrants' slaves ?—The fires of death, the balefires, flash on high ;—from
 rock to rock each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ; Death
 rides upon the sulphury siroc ; red Battle stamps his foot, and nations
 feel the shock !

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands ! his blood-red tresses
 deepening in the sun ; with death-shot glowing in his fiery hands, and
 eye that scorseth all it glares upon : restless it rolls ; now fixed, and
 now anon, flashing afar,—and, at his iron feet, Destruction cowers to
 mark what deeds are done ; for, on this morn, three potent nations
 meet, to shed, before his shrine, the blood he deems most sweet.

And is it not a splendid sight to see—for one who hath no friend or
 brother there—their rival scarves of mixed embroidery, their various
 arms that glitter in the air ? What gallant war-hounds rouse them from
 their lair, and gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey ! All join the

chase, but few the triumph share ; the Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away—and Havoc scarce for joy can number their array !

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ; three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ; three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ; the shouts are—"France"—"Spain"—"Albion"—"Victory !" The foe, the victim, and the fond ally that fights for all, but ever fights in vain, are met—as if at home they could not die !—to feed the crow on Talavera's plain, and fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools ! Yes—Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay ! Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,—the broken tools,—that tyrants cast away by myriads, when they dare to pave their way with human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone. Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ? or call, with truth, one span of earth their own—save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone by bone ?

XXXIII.—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.—LORD BYRON.

STOP !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust ! An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !—Is the spot marked with no colossal bust, or column trophied, for triumphal show ? None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so. As the ground was before, thus let it be.—How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow !—And is this all the world has gained by thee, thou first and last of fields ! King-making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night : and Belgium's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ; a thousand hearts beat happily ; and when music arose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.—But hush !—hark ! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? ' No ; 'Tis but the wind, or the car rattling o'er the stony street. On with the dance !—let joy be unconfined ! No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—But hark ! —that heavy sound breaks in once more, as if the clouds its echo would repeat ; and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before ! Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall sat Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did hear that sound the first amidst the festival, and caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ; and when they smiled because he deemed it near, his heart more truly knew that peal too well which stretched his father on a bloody bier, and roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ; he rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, and cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago, blushed at the praise of their own lov'liness ; and there were sudden partings, such as pass the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess if ever more should meet those mutual eyes, since, upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed, the mustering squadron, and the clattering car, went rushing forward with impetuous speed, and hastily forming in the ranks of war ; and the deep thunder, peal on peal, rang ; and near, the base of the alarming drum, roused up the valiant men the mounting war ; while thronged the citizens, with terror dumb, or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cambrin's gathering" rose ! (the war-note of Loebel, which Allyn's bells have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes !)—How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills, savage

and shrill ! But, with the breath which fills their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers with the fierce native daring which instils the stirring memory of a thousand years ; and Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, dewy with Nature's tear-drops ; as they pass, grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—over the unreturning brave ;—alas ! ere evening, to be trodden, like the grass—which now beneath them, but above shall grow in its next verdure ; when this fiery mass of living valour, rolling on the foe, and burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

Last noon, beheld them full of lusty life ; last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay ; the midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—the morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day, battle's magnificently stern array ! The thunder-clouds close o'er it : which when rent, the earth is covered thick with other clay which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent ; rider and horse,— friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

XXXIV.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—THOMAS HOOD.

WITH fingers weary and worn, with eye-lids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread :
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch ! in poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch, she sang the “ Song of the Shirt.”

“ Work—work—work ! while the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work, till the stars shine through the roof !
It's O ! to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save, if this is Christian work !

“ Work—work—work—till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work—till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band—band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep, and sew them on in a dream !
“ O ! Men, with Sisters dear !—O ! Men, with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out, but human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch, in poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt !

“ But why do I talk of Death—that phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear his terrible shape, it seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own, because of the fasts I keep ;
Alas ! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work ! my labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw—a crust of bread—and rags ;
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—a table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank for sometimes falling there !

“ Work—work—work ! from weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work, as prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam—seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, as well as the weary hand

“ Work—work—work, in the dull December light,
And work—work—work, when the weather is warm and bright ;
While underneath the eaves the brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs, and twit me with the Spring.

“ O ! but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet ;
For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want, and the walk that costs a meal !

"Oh, but for one short hour ! a respite however brief !
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope, but only time for Grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart ; but in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn, with eye-lids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch ! in poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 (Would that its tone could reach the rich !)
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

XXXV.—THE LYRE.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd down the green retiring vale, poor
 forlorn Alcæus wander'd, pale with thought, serenely pale. Timeless
 sorrow o'er his face breathed a melancholy grace ; and fixed on every
 feature there the mournful resignation of despair. O'er his arm, his
 Lyre neglected, once his dear companion, hung ; and, in spirit deep de-
 pressed, thus the pensive poet sung :—while at midnight's solemn noon,
 sweetly shone the cloudless moon ; and all the stars around his head,
 benignly bright, their mildest influence shed :—

"Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure, solace of my bleeding heart !
 Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure, we must ever, ever part ; for in vain
 thy poet sings, woe in vain thy heavenly strings ; the Muse's wretched
 sons are born to cold neglect, and penury, and scorn. That which
 Alexander sighed for, that which Cæsar's soul possessed, that which
 heroes, kings, have died for,—Glory ! animates my breast. Hark ! the
 charging trumpets' throats pour their death-defying notes : ' To arms !'
 they call.—to arms I fly ; like Wolfe to conquer, and like Wolfe to die !
 Soft !—the blood of murder'd legions summons vengeance from the
 skies ; flaming towns and ravaged regions, all in awful judgment rise ! O
 then innocently brave, I will wrestle with the wave. Lo ! Commerce
 spreads the daring sail, and yokes her naval chariots to the gale. Blow, ye
 breezes !—gently blowing, waft me to that happy shore, where, from
 fountains ever flowing, Indian realms their treasures pour : thence re-
 turning, poor in health, rich in honesty and wealth, o'er thee, my dear
 paternal soil, I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil. Then shall Misery's
 sons and daughters in their lonely dwellings sing : bounteous as the
 Nile's dark waters, undiscover'd as their spring, I will scatter o'er the
 land blessings with a sacred hand : for such angelic tasks design'd, I
 give the Lyre, and sorrow, to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary sigh'd to every passing breeze, sigh'd
 and told the simple story of the patriarch of trees, high in air his harp
 he hung, now no more to rapture strung : then warm in hope, no longer
 pale, he blush'd again, and rambled down the dale. Lightly touch'd by
 fairy fingers, hark !—the Lyre enchants the wind ; fond Alcæus listens,
 lingers ; lingering, listening, looks behind. Now the music mounts on
 high, sweetly swelling through the sky ; to every tune, with tender heat,
 his heart-strings vibrate and his pulses beat. Now the strains to silence
 stealing, soft in ecstasies expire ; oh ! with what romantic feeling fond
 Alcæus grasps the Lyre. Lo ! his furious hand he flings in a tempest
 o'er the strings ; he strikes the chords so quick, so loud, 'tis Jove that
 scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure, solace of my bleeding heart :
 Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure, we will never, never part. Glory,
 Commerce, now in vain tempt me to the field, the main ; the Muse's
 sons are bless'd, though born to cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.
 What though all the world neglect me, shall my haughty soul repine ?

and shall poverty deject me, while this hallowed Lyre is mine? Heaven—that o'er my helpless head many a wrathful vial shed—Heaven gave this Lyre!—and thus decreed, 'Be thou a BRUISED, but not a BROKEN reed.'"

XXXVI.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.—THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day, the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, the ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to darkness and to me. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, and all the air a solemn stillness holds, save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, and drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds; save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower, the moping owl does to the moon complain of such as, wandering near her secret bower, molest her ancient solitary reign. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade, where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap—each in his narrow cell for ever laid,—the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed, the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, or busy housewife ply her evening care; no children run to lisp their sire's return, or climb his knees the envied kiss to share. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke: how jocund did they drive their team a-field! how bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke! Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, their homely joys and destiny obscure; nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile, the short and simple annals of the poor. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, await alike the inevitable hour: the paths of glory lead but to the grave. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault, if Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, the pealing anthem swells the note of praise. Can storied urn, or animated bust, back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust, or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd, or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre; but Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, and froze the genial current of the soul. Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear: full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast, the little tyrant of his fields withstood; some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest; some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood. The applause of listening senates to command, the threats of pain and ruin to despise, to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, and read their history in a nation's eyes, their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd; forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind; the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide; to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame; or heap the shrine of luxury and pride with incense kindled at the Muses' flame. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, (their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,) along the cool sequester'd vale of life they kept the noiseless tenor of their way. Yet even these bones from insult to protect, some frail

memorial, still erected nigh, with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd, implores the passing tribute of a sigh. Their names, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse, the place of fame and elegy supply; and many a holy text around she strews, that teach the rustic moralist to die. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, this pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd; left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, nor cast one longing, lingering look behind? On some fond breast the parting soul relies, some pious drops the closing eye requires; even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries; even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead, dost in these lines their artless tale relate; if, chance, by lonely contemplation led, some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate, haply some hoary-headed swain may say, " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn. There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech, that wreathes its old fantastic roots so high, his listless length at noontide would he stretch, and pore upon the brook that babbles by. Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove; now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn, or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love. One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill, along the heath, and near his favourite tree; another came; nor yet beside the rill, nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. The next, with dirges due, in sad array, slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne: approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn:"—

THE EPITAPH.

"Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth, a youth, to fortune and to fame unknown: fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, and Melancholy mark'd him for her own. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere; Heaven did a recompense as largely send: he gave to Misery all he had—a tear; he gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend. No farther seek his merits to disclose, or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (there they alike in trembling hope repose.)—the bosom of his Father and his God."

XXXVII.—THE THREE WARNINGS.—MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found least willing still to quit the ground; 'twas the afore said by ancient ages, that love of life increased with years so much, that, in our latter stages, when pains grow sharp and sickness rages, the greatest love of life appears. This strange affection to believe, which all confess but few perceive, if old assertions can't prevail, be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay on neighbour Dobson's wedding day, Death call'd aside the jovial groom with him into another room; and, looking grave, "You must," says he, "quit your sweet bride, and come with me." "With you! and quit my Susan's side? with you!" the hapless husband cried; "young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard! besides, in truth, I'm not prepared: my thoughts on other matters go; this is my wedding day, you know." "What more he us'd I have not heard, his reasons could not well be stronger; so Death the poor delinquent sped, and left to live a little longer. Yet, calling up a serious look,—his hour—thus trembled while he spoke,—"Neighbour," he said, "farewell; no more shall Death disturb your mirthful hour; and, further, to avoid all blame of cruelty upon my name, to give you time

for preparation, and fit you for your future station, three several Warnings you shall have before you're summon'd to the grave. Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey, and grant a kind reprieve : in hopes you'll have no more to say, but, when I call again this way, well pleas'd the world will leave." To these conditions both consented, and parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell, how long he lived, how wise, how well, how roundly he pursued his course, and smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse, the willing Muse shall tell : he chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold, nor once perceiv'd his growing old, nor thought of Death as near ; his friends not false, his wife no shrew, many his gains, his children few, he pass'd his days in peace. But while he view'd his wealth increase, while thus along life's dusty road the beaten track content he trod, Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares, uncall'd, unheeded, unawares, brought on his eightieth year. And now one night, in musing mood as all alone he sat, the unwelcome messenger of fate once more before him stood. Half kill'd with anger and surprise, "So soon returned?" old Dobson cries. "So soon, d'y'e call it?" Death replies ; "surely, my friend, you're but in jest ! since I was here before 'tis six and forty years at least, and you are now fourscore !" "So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd ; "to spare the aged would be kind ; besides, you promised me Three Warnings, which I have look'd for nights and mornings ! but, for that loss of time and ease, I can recover damages !" "I know," cries Death, "that at the best, I seldom am a welcome guest ; but don't be captious, friend, at least : I little thought you'd still be able to stump about your farm and stable ; your years have run to a great length : I wish you joy, though, of your strength !" "Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast ! I have been lame these four years past." "And no great wonder," Death replies ; "however, you still keep your eyes ; and sure, to see one's loves and friends, for legs and arms must make amends." "Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might, but latterly I've lost my sight." "This is a shocking story, faith : but there's some comfort still," says Death. "Each strives your sadness to amuse ; I warrant you hear all the news." "There's none," cries he ; "and if there were, I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear." "Nay, then," the Spectre stern rejoined, "cease, pr'ythee, cease these foolish yearnings ; if you are lame, and deaf, and blind, you've had your Three sufficient Warnings ; so come along ! no more we'll part !" he said, and touch'd him with his dart ; and now, old Dobson, turning pale, yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

XXXVIII.—THE COLLIER'S DYING CHILD.—FARMER.

THE cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean ;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean :
The night was dark and stormy,—the wind was blowing wild ;—
A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child,—
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim :
He was a Collier's only child—they called him "Little Jim."

And oh ! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought ;—she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her life ;
For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched Collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God would spare her boy, and take herself instead :
She gets her answer from the child—soft fall these words from him—
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim !

"I have no pain, dear mother, now ; but, oh ! I am so dry :
 Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more ; and, mother, do not cry !"
 With gentle, trembling haste, she held a tea-cup to his lips—
 He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.
 "Tell father, when he comes from work, I said 'good-night !' to him ;
 And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas ! poor Little Jim !
 She saw that he was dying ! The child she loved so dear,
 Had utter'd the last words she'd ever hope to hear.

The cottage door is opened—the Collier's step is heard ;
 The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word :
 He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead !
 He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed :
 His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal ;
 And see, the mother joins him ! the stricken couple kneel :
 With hearts bowed down by sorrow they humbly ask, of Him,
 In heaven once more to meet their own poor "Little Jim !"

XXXIX.—JUGURTHA'S PRISON THOUGHTS.—C. WOLFE.

WELL—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated ? Where is the scourge ? How ?—not employed in Rome ? We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome ? I'm sorry for it : I could enjoy them now—I might have felt them yesterday ; but now, now I have seen my funeral procession : the chariot-wheels of Marius have rolled o'er me—his horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph—I have attained that terrible consummation my soul could stand aloof, and from on high look down upon the ruins of my body, smiling in apathy !—I feel no longer—I challenge Rome to give another pang !

Gods ! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause before his ear, and scowl upon the mob ! The curse of Rome was burning on my lips ; and I had gnawed my chain, and hurled it at him—but that I knew he would have smiled again !—A king, and led before the gaudy Marius ; before those shouting masters of the world—as if I had been conquered ! while each street, each peopled wall, and each insulting window, pealed forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head.—Oh ! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia !—Or had I, in that moment of disgrace, enjoyed the freedom but of yonder slave, I would have made my monument in Rome ! Yet am I not that fool,—that Roman fool,—to think disgrace entombs the hero's soul—for ever damps his fires, and dims his glories ; that no bright laurel can adorn the brow that once was bowed, no victory's trumpet-sound can drown in joy the rattling of his chains ; no ;—could one glimpse of victory and vengeance dart preciously across me, I could kiss thy footstep's dust again ; then, all in flame, with Massinissa's energies unquenched, start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp the gory laurel reeking in my view, and force a passage, through disgrace, to glory !—victory, vengeance—glory !—Oh, these chains ! My soul's in fetters, too ; for, from this moment, through all eternity I see but death ! Then come, and let me gloom upon the past.—

Sleep ! I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever ! When I last slept, I heard Aethelbal's scream. I'll sleep no more ! I'll think—until I die : my eyes shall pore upon my miseries, until my miseries shall be no more. Yet wherefore was that scream ? Why, I have heard his LIVING scream—it was not half so frightful. Whence comes the difference ? When the man was living, why, I did gaze upon his couch of torments with placid vengeance ; and each anguished cry gave me stern satisfaction ! Now, he's dead, and his lips move not ; yet his voice's image flashed such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul, I would not mount Numidia's throne again, did every night bring such a scream as that

O, yes ! 'twas I who caused that LIVING one, and therefore did its echo seem so frightful !—If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee : wilt thou not be contented ?—But thou sayest, “My father was a father to thee also ; he watched thy infant years, he gave thee all that youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came than came a kingdom also ; yet didst thou”—Oh !—I am faint—they have not brought me food—how did I not perceive it until now ? Gods !—I'm in tears !—I did not think of weeping. Oh, Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this ?—Ha ! I behold the ruins of a city ; and, on a craggy fragment, sits a form that seems in ruins also : how unmoved—how stern he looks !—Amazement ! it is Marius ! Ha ! Marius ! think'st thou now upon Jugurtha ? He turns—he's caught my eye !—I see no more !

XL.—CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.—

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league, half a league onward ! all in the valley of Death rode the six hundred ! “Forward the Light Brigade ! Charge the guns !” Nolan said :—into the valley of Death rode the six hundred. “Forward the Light Brigade !” Was there a man dismayed ? Not though the soldiers knew some one had blundered : theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die !—into the valley of Death rode the six hundred. Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and thundered ; stormed at with shot and shell, boldly they rode, and well : into the jaws of death—into the mouth of hell—rode the six hundred. Flashed all their sabres bare, flashed as they turned in air, sabring the gunners there ; charging an army, while all the world wondered ; plunged in the battery-smoke, right through the line they broke ; Cossack and Russian reel'd from the sabre-stroke, shattered and sundered : then they rode back ; but not—not the six hundred ! Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon behind them, volleyed and thundered ; stormed at with shot and shell, while horse and hero fell : they that had fought so well, came from the jaws of death, back from the mouth of hell, all that was left of them—left of six hundred ! When can their glory fade ? O the wild charge they made ! all the world wondered. Honour the charge they made ! honour the Light Brigade ! Noble six hundred !

XLI.—THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT INKERMANN.—

GERALD MASSEY.

'TWAS nigh the noon of night before the roaring guns did cease,
And at the smouldering fires of war we lit the pipe of peace.
At four, a burst of bells arose thro' night's cathedral dark,
It seem'd so like our Sabbath-chimes, we could but lie and hark !
So like the bells that call to prayer in the dear land far away ;
Their music floated on the air, and kiss'd us—to betray.
Our camp lay on the shadowy hill, all silent as a cloud,
Its very heart of life stood still—and the white mist brought its shroud ;
For Death was waking in the dark, and grimly smiled to see
How all was ranged and ready for his sumptuous jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came to their wild work,
Their feet all shod with silence in the heart's blood of the Turk !
While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely slept,
Their subtle serpentry up-crept, and stealthily they stept !
In the ruins of the valley do the birds of carnage stir ?
There's a rustle in the gloom like wheels ! feet trample—bullets whirr—

Great Heaven ! the foe is on us. Now the trumpets with a start
Thrill—like the cry of a wronged queen—to the red roots of the heart ;
And long and loud the war-drums with throbbing clamour roll,—
A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering soul.

The worn and weary soldiers leapt up, ready, fresh, and true !
No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour turned to dew ;
Majestic as a god defied, arose our English host—
All for the peak of peril rushed—each for the fieriest post !

We thought of England, and we swore to strike immortal blows ;
Then all along the leaguered line the crash of battle rose.
The banners waved like blessing hands ; and we knew it was the hour
For a desperate grip, till fingers met, in the throat of Russian power.
And at a bound, and with a sound a coward's heart might kill,
The Lion of Old England leapt like lightning from the hill.

All hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling demons came—
The red-mouth'd cannon's fiery tongues licked all the hills with flame !
And whistling shell, and sneering shot, with awful glee went past,
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the battle-blast.
No sun ! but none is needed,—men can feel their way to fight,
With the glow of battle in their faces—eyes filled with fiery light ;
And long ere dawn was red in heaven, upon the dark earth lay
The prophesying morning-red of a nation's glorious day.

Like the old sea, white-lipped with rage, the foe dash, in despair,
On ranks of rock ; and what a prize for the wrecker Death was there !
The Guards went to the fight in grey, but now they're gory red—
Heaven save them, they're surround'd ! Leap your ramparts of the dead,
And back the desperate battle, for there is but one short stride
Between the Russ and victory ! On, on ! you true and tried !
The Red Caps crest the hill—with bloody spur the Chasseurs ride,
Down like a flood from Hina pour the valour's burning tide.

Hurrah for Merrie England, now ! Hurrah for France the grand !
As we charge the foe to gether, all abreast, and hand to hand,
Hurrah ! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent heat,
And against our side the ebbing flood does faint and fainter beat.

From morn till night we fought our fight, and at the set of sun
Stood conquerors on Inkermann—our SOLDIERS' BATTLE won.
That morn the legions stood like corn in its pomp of golden grain !
That night in rubby sheaves they lay upon the misty plain !
Our heroes fell in boyhood's bloom, and bravery's lusty pride ;
But they made their bed of the Russian dead, ere they lay down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and gray,
And thought of those who ranked with us in the morning's quick array—
Our comrades of the field, who came no more from that fell fray !
We thought of the rich tears wrung out in green dells far away—
And the stern white faces of the dead that on the dark ground lay
Like statues of old heroes, cut in precious human clay—

The household gods of many a heart, were dark and dumb to-day !
And hard hot eyes grew wise for tears, and hearts sank down to pray.

To the mighty Mother England came the radiant victory
With laurels red, and a bitter cup of widow'd agony.

O, the dim divine of distance fades—the purple past grows wan,
But France's crowning glory o'er the heights of Inkermann.

XLII.—THE BATTLE.—(SCHILLER) LORD LYTTON.

HEAVY and solemn, a cloudy column, through the green plain they
marching came !—men useless spread, like a table dead, for the wild
grumblings of the iron game. Loads are bent on the shaking ground,
hearts beat loud with a keelling sound : swift by the breast that must

bear the brunt gallops the major along the front :—"Halt !" and fettered they stand at the stark command, and the warriors, silent, halt. Proud in the blush of morning glowing, what on the hill-top shines in flowing ? "See you the foeman's banners waving ?"—"We see the foeman's banners waving !"—"God be with you, children and wife !" Hark to the music,—the trump and the fife,—how they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the strife ! thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone,—thrilling they go through the marrow and bone ! "Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er, in the life to come that we meet once more !"

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder ! Hark ! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom out their thunder ! From host to host, with kindling sound, the shouting signal circles round ; ay, shout it forth to life or death, freer already breathes the breath ! The war is waging, slaughter raging, and heavy through the reeking pall the iron death-dice fall ! Nearer they close,—foes upon foes. "Ready !"—from square to square it goes. They kneel as one man, from flank to flank, and the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank. Many a soldier to earth is sent, many a gap by the balls is rent ; o'er the corse before springs the hinder man, that the line may not fail to the fearless van. To the right, to the left, and around and around, death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground. God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight, over the host falls a brooding night ! The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood, and the living are blent in the slippery flood ; and the feet, as they reeling and sliding go, stumble still on the corpses that sleep below. "What ! Francis !"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell." As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell.—"I'll give—O God ! are their guns so near ? Ho ! comrades !—yon volley !—look sharp to the rear !—I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell : sleep soft ! where death thickest descendeth in rain, the friend thou forsakest, thy side may regain !"

Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight ; dark and more darkly day glooms into night. Hark to the hoofs that galloping go ! The adjutants flying,—the horsemen press hard on the panting foe ! Their thunder now is dying !—Victory ! Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight ; and the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night. Trumpet and fife swelling choral along, the triumph already sweeps marching in song, "Farewell, fallen brothers ; though this life be o'er, there's another, in which we shall meet you once more !"

XLIII.—THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.—PROFESSOR AYTOUX.

COME hither, Evan Cameron, come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war within the blast ;
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Locharber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle, with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore :
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes : O, deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armed men—

Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wrong'd thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash, they cheer'd the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes bent down on that array....
But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

But onwards—always onwards, in silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured, till it reach'd the house of doom.
Then, as the Grame looked upwards, he saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his King for gold—the master-fiend, Argyle !
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud, “ Back, coward, from thy place !
For seven long years thou hast not dared to look him in the face.”

Had I been there, with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had peal'd the slogan-cry ;
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailed men,
Not all the rebels in the South had borne us backwards then !
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there !

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom ;
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

“ Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there—
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day to win the martyr's crown !
There is a chamber far away, where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me, than by my father's grave ;
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still, in the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—give every town a limb—
And God, who made, shall gather them : I go from you to Him !”

Ah, boy ! that ghastly gibbet ! how dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—the bells begin to toll—
“ He is coming ! he is coming ! God's mercy on his soul !”

There was colour in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvel'd as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man.

He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through ;
Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—all else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers with anxious scowl drew near,
As ye have seen the raven flock around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign, but alone he bent the knee
And veil'd his face for Christ's dear grace, beneath the gallows-tree
Then radiant and serene he rose, and cast his cloak away ;
For he had ta'en his latest look of earth, and sun, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climb'd the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder-roll !
 And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done !

XLIV.—THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.—CAMPBELL.

O SACRED Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile, and Hope, thy sister,
 ceased with thee to smile, when leagued Oppression poured to
 Northern wars her whiskered pandors and her fierce hussars ; waved
 her dread standard to the breeze of morn, pealed her loud drum, and
 twanged her trumpet-horn : tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her heights, surveyed, wide o'er the
 fields, a waste of ruin laid—"O Heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding
 country save !—Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ? Yet
 though destruction sweep these lovely plains, rise, fellow men ! our
 COUNTRY yet remains ! By that dread name, we wave the sword on
 high ; and swear, for her to live !—with her to die !"

He said : and, on the rampart-heights, arrayed his trusty warriors,
 few, but undismayed ; firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ! Low, murmuring sounds
 along their banners fly—REVENGE, or DEATH ! the watchword and
 reply :—then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm, and the loud tocsin
 tolled their last alarm !

In vain—alas ! in vain, ye gallant few, from rank to rank your
 volley'd thunder flew : Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Sarmatia fell—unwept—without a crime ! found not a generous friend
 —a pitying foe—strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe ! Dropped
 from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear—closed her bright eye
 and curbed her high career ;—Hope, for a season, bade the world,
 farewell, and Freedom shrieked—as KOSCIUSKO fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ; tumultuous
 murder shook the midnight air :—on Prague's proud arch the fires of
 ruin glow, his blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. The storm
 prevails ! the rampart yields away—bursts the wild cry of horror and
 dismay ! Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall, a thousand
 shrieks for hopeless mercy call ! Earth shook ! red meteors flashed
 along the sky, and conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD !—ye that at Marathon and
 Lencitra bled ! friends of the world ! restore your swords to man, fight
 in his sacred cause, and lead the van ! Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood
 atone, and make her arm puissant as your own ! Oh ! once again to
 Freedom's cause, return the PATRIOT TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCK-
 BURN !

XLV.—ODE TO ELOQUENCE.—CAREY.

HEARD ye those loud-contending waves that shook Cecropia's pillared
 state ? Saw ye the mighty from their graves look up, and tremble at
 her fate ? Who shall calm the angry storm ? who the mighty task
 perform, and bid the raging tumult cease ?—See the son of Hermes rise,
 with syren tongue and speaking eyes, hush the noise, and soothe to
 peace ! See the olive-branches waving o'er Illissus' winding stream ;
 their lovely limbs the Naiads laving—the Muses smiling by, supreme !

See the nymphs and swains advancing, to harmonious measures dancing: grateful to Pæans rise to thee, O Power! who canst inspire soothing words—or words of fire, and shook'st thy plumes in Attic skies!

Lo! from the regions of the North, the reddening storm of battle pours—rolls along the trembling earth—fastens on the Olynthian towers. "Where rests the sword? where sleep the brave? Awake! Cæropia's ally save from the fury of the blast: bursts the storm on Phœcis' walls! Rise! or Greece for ever falls; up, or Freedom breathes her last."—The jarring states, obsequious now, view the Patriot's hand on high; thunder gathering on his brow, lightning flashing from his eye! Borne by the tide of words along, one voice, one mind, inspire the throng!—"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry; "grasp the shield, and draw the sword; lead us to Philippi's lord, let us conquer him, or die!"

Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone, wast from thy native country driven, when Tyranny eclipsed the sun, and blotted out the stars of heaven! When Liberty from Greece withdrew, and o'er the Adriatic flew to where the Tiber pours his urn—she struck the rude Tarpeian rock; sparks were kindled by the shock—again thy fires began to burn! Now, shining forth, thou mad'st compliant the Conscript Fathers to thy charms; roused the world-bestrident giant, sinking fast in Slavery's arms! I see thee stand by Freedom's fane, pouring the persuasive strain, giving vast conceptions birth: hark! I hear thy thunder's sound shake the Forum round and round—shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of Liberty divine! put on Religion's bright array; speak! and the starless grave shall shine the portal of eternal day! Rise! kindling with the orient beam, let Calvary's hill inspire the theme; unfold the garments rolled in blood! Oh, touch the soul—touch all her chords with the omnipotence of words, and point the way to heaven—to God!

XLVI.—THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.—ATHERSTONE.

THERE was a man, a Roman soldier, for some daring deed that trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough, but generous, and brave, and kind. He had a son,—'twas a rosy boy,—a little faithful copy of his sire in face and gesture. In her pangs she died that gave him birth; and ever since, the child had been his father's solace and his care. Every sport the father shared and lightened. But at length the rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned to fetters and to darkness.

The captive! let he felt in all its bitterness:—the walls of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh and heart-soured groan. His tale was known, and touched his jailer with compassion:—and the boy, thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled his father's lingering hours, and brought a balm with his loved presence, that in every wound dropt healing. But, in this terrific hour, he was a poisoned arrow in the breast, where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn of that first day of darkness and amaze, he came. The iron door was closed—for them never to open more! The day, the night, dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate impending o'er the city. Well they heard the pent-up thunders in the earth beneath, and felt its giddy rocking; and the air grew hot at length and thick; but in his straw the boy was sleeping; and the father hoped the earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake from his sound rest the infernal child, nor tell the dangers of their state. On his low couch the fettered soldier sunk—and with deep awe listened

the fearful sounds :—with upturned eyes to the great gods he breathed a prayer ;—then strove to calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile his useless terrors. But he could not sleep :—his body burned with feverish heat ;—his chains clanked loud, although he moved not : deep in earth groaned unimaginable thunders :—sounds, fearful and ominous, arose and died like the sad moanings of November's wind in the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled his blood that burned before ;—cold clammy sweats came o'er him—then, anon, a fiery thrill shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk, and shivered as in fear :—then upright leaped, as though he heard the battle-trumpet sound, and longed to cope with death ! . . . He slept at last—a troubled dreamy sleep. Well, had he slept never to waken more ! His hours are few, but terrible his agony !

Soon the storm burst forth ; the lightnings glanced :—the air shook with the thunders ! They awoke ;—they sprang amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed a moment as in sunshine—then was dark :—Again a flood of white flame fills the cell ; dying away upon the dazzled eye in darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence, and blackest darkness !—With intensest awe the soldier's frame was filled ; and many a thought of strange foreboding hurried through his mind, as underneath he felt the fevered earth jarring and lifting, and the massive walls heard harshly grate and strain :—yet knew he not, while evils undefined and yet to come glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound fate had already given. Where, man of woe ! where, wretched father ! is thy boy ? Thou call'st his name in vain :—he cannot answer thee !

Loudly the father called upon his child : no voice replied ! Trembling and anxiously he searched their couch of straw :—with headlong haste trod round his stunted limits, and, low bent, groped darkling on the earth :—no child was there ! Again he called ;—again, at farthest stretch of his accursed fetters—till the blood came bursting from his ears, and from his eyes fire flashed :—he strained, with arm extended far, and fingers widely spread, greedy to touch though but his idol's garment. Useless toil ! Yet still renewed : still round and round he goes, and strains, and snatches—and with dreadful cries calls on his boy ! Mad frenzy fires him now ; he plants against the wall his feet ;—his chain grasps ;—tugs with giant strength to force away the deep-driven staple,—yells and shrieks with rage :—But see ! the ground is opening—a blue light mounts, gently waving—noiseless :—thin and cold it seems, and like a rainbow-tint, not flame : but, by its lustre, on the earth outstretched, behold the child !—ah, lifeless ! his dress singed—and over his serene face, a dark line points out the lightning's track !

The father saw—and all his fury fled :—a dead calm fell that instant on him :—speechless, fixed he stood, and, with a look that never wandered, gazed intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes were not yet closed—and round those pouting lips the wonted smile still hung !

Silent and pale the father stands : no tear is in his eye :—the thunders bellow—but he hears them not : the ground lifts like a sea—he knows it not :—the strong walls grind and gape—the vaulted roof takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind.—See ! he looks up and smiles ;—for death to him is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die !

It will be given. Look how the rolling ground, at every swell, nearer and still more near moves towards the father's outstretched arm : his boy :—once he has touched his garment—how his eye lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fear ! Ha ! see ! he has

him now!—he clasps him round—kisses his face—puts back the curling locks that shaded his fine brow—looks in his eyes—grasps in his own, those little, dimpled hands—then folds him to his breast, as he was wont to lie when sleeping—and, resigned, awaits undreaded death!....

And death came soon, and swift, and pangless. The huge pile sunk down at once into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roofs—and deep foundation stones,—all mingling fell!

XLVII.—THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.—ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger; whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,—
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot;—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power—defy, and fear him not!

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed! call every vassal in:
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet-board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour there!"

A hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pié, stern Rudiger with girded falchion sat.

"Fill every beaker up, my men!—pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine
Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not!—Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board;
I hear it faintly;—louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all;—and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel changed to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?"

"But I defy him!—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

XLVIII.—THE LAST MAN.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom, the sun himself must die, before this mortal shall assume its immortality ! I saw a vision in my sleep, that gave my spirit strength to sweep adown the gulf of Time ! I saw the last of human mould—that shall Creation's death behold, as Adam saw her prime ! The Sun's eye had a sickly glare, the earth with age was wan ; the skeletons of nations were around that lonely man ! Some had expired in fight—the brands still rusted in their bony hands ! in plague and famine some :—Earth's cities had no sound or tread ; and ships were drifting, with the dead, to shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that Lone One stood, with dauntless words and high, that shook the sere leaves from the wood as if a storm passed by ;—saying,—“ We are twins in death, proud Sun ! thy face is cold, thy race is run, 'tis mercy bids thee go ; for thou, ten thousand thousand years, hast seen the tide of human tears—that shall no longer flow. What though, beneath thee, man put forth his pomp, his pride, his skill ; and arts that made fire, flood, and earth, the vassals of his will ?—yet mourn I not thy parted sway, thou dim discrowned king of day ! for, all those trophied arts and triumphs, that beneath thee sprang, healed not a passion or a pang entailed on human hearts. Go ! let oblivion's curtain fall upon the stage of men ! nor with thy rising beams recall life's tragedy again ! Its piteous pageants bring not back, nor waken flesh upon the rack of pain anew to writhe ; stretched in disease's shapes abhorred, or mown in battle by the sword, like grass beneath the scythe ! Even I am weary, in yon skies to watch thy fading fire : test of all sumless agonies, behold not me expire ! My lips that speak thy dirge of death—their rounded gasp and gurgling breath to see, thou shalt not boast ; the eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, the majesty of Darkness shall receive my parting ghost ! This spirit shall return to Him who gave its heavenly spark ; yet think not, Sun ! it shall be dim, when thou thyself art dark ! No ! it shall live again, and shine in bliss unknown to beams of thine ; by Him recalled to breath, who captive led Captivity, who robbed the Grave of victory, and took the sting from Death ! Go, Sun ! while Mercy holds me up, on Nature's awful waste, to drink this last and bitter cup of grief that man shall taste ;—go ! tell the night that hides thy face, thou saw'st the last of Adam's race, on earth's sepulchral clod, the darkening universe defy to quench his Immortality, or shake his trust in God !

XLIX.—THE RAVEN.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“ 'Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “ tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door ;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting ; dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ,
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word "Lenore !"—
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore !"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what therat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore !"—
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore :
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his senses one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my soul into smiling,
Stood still, and wheeled a circle round in front of bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
 SHE shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath
 sent thee—

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore ;
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil ;—prophet still, if bird or devil !—
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me—I implore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore ?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !" I shrieked, up-
 starting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
 Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form off my door !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;
 And my soul, from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—nevermore !

L.—THE BELLS.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—silver bells ! What a world of merri-
 ment their melody foretells ! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy
 air of night ! while the stars, that oversprinkle all the heavens, seem
 to twinkle with a crystalline delight ; keeping time, time, time, in a
 sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinabulation that so musically wells from
 the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—from the jingling and
 the tinkling of the bells !

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells ! What a world of hap-
 piness their harmony foretells ! Through the balmy air of night how
 they ring out their delight ! From the molten-golden notes, what a
 liquid ditty floats ! what a gush of euphony voluminously wells ! How
 it swells ! how it dwells on the future ! how it tells of the rapture that

impels to the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells—bells, bells, bells, bells, bells!—to the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loudalarm bells—brazen bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the startled ear of night how they scream out their affright; in a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire! in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire! Oh the bells, bells, bells! What a tale their terror tells of Despair! How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour on the bosom of the palpitating air! Yet the ear it fully knows, by the twanging, and the clanging, how the danger ebbs and flows; ay! the ear distinctly tells, in the jangling and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and swells, by the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells, of the bells! bells! bells!—in the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels! In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright at the melancholy menace of their tone! For, every sound that floats from the rust within their throats is a groan. And the people—ah, the people—they that dwell up in the steeple, all alone, and who, tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone, feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone;—they are neither man nor woman—they are neither brute nor human—they are Ghouls: and their king it is who tolls! and he rolls, rolls, rolls, a pean from the bells! and his bosom proudly swells with the psalm of the bells! And he dances, and he yells! keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic ryme, to the psalm of the bells!—bells!—to the throbbing of the bells!—bells!—to the sobbing of the bells!—bells!—to the rolling of the bells!—bells!—to the tolling of the bells!—bells! bells!—to the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

LI.—THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O THE long and dreary Winter! O the cold and cruel Winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker, froze the ice on lake and river; ever deeper, deeper, deeper, fell the snow o'er all the land and cape. Hardly from his hamed wigwam could the hunter force a passage; vainly walked he through the forest; soon lit for bird or beast, and found none; in the ghostly, gleaming forest fell, and could not rise from weakness—perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever! O the wasting of the famine! O the flustering of the fever! O the wailing of the children! O the anguish of the women! All the earth was sick and famished; hungry was the air around them, hungry was the sky above them, and the hungry stars in heaven, like the eyes of wolves, glared at them!

Into Hae-saff's wigwam came two guests; and silent, gloomy, sat without a word of welcome in the seat of Laughing Water; Famine and the silent Fever; and the lovely Minnehaha, saddened as they looked upon her, lay down on her bed in silence; lay there trembling, freezing, heeding, at the looks they cast upon her, at the fearful words they uttered.

From near the empty forest rushed the maddened Hurwath: "Gitché Manitou, the 'Mighty,'" cried he with his face uplifted, in that bitter mood of anguish, "Give your children food, O Father! give us food, as we once perchance gave me food for Minnehaha, for my dying 'Minnehaha!'" Through the far resounding forest rang that cry of supplication; but there came no other answer than the echo of his crying, "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis, with those gloomy guests that watched

her, with the Famine and the Fever, she was lying, the beloved, she—the dying Minnehaha. “Hark!” she said, “I hear a rushing, hear a roaring and a rushing; hear the Falls of Minnehaha calling to me from a distance!” “No, my child!” said old Nokomis, “’tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!” “Look!” she said; “I see my father standing lonely at his doorway, beckoning to me from his wigwam, in the land of the *Dacotahs*!” “No, my child!” said old Nokomis, “’tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!” “Ah!” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk glare upon me in the darkness; I can feel his icy fingers clasping mine amid the darkness! Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”—And the desolate Hiawatha, far away amid the forest, miles away among the mountains, heard that sudden cry of anguish, heard the voice of Minnehaha calling to him in the darkness, “Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless, under snow-encumbered branches, homeward hurried Hiawatha, empty-handed, heavy-hearted; heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:—“Wahonomin! Wahonomin! would that I had perished for you! would that I were dead as you are! Wahonomin! Wahonomin!”

And he rushed into the wigwam: saw the old Nokomis slowly rocking to and fro, and moaning; saw his lovely Minnehaha lying dead and cold before him; and his bursting heart within him uttered such a cry of anguish, that the very stars in heaven shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless on the bed of Minnehaha, at the feet of Laughing Water; at those willing feet, that never more would lightly run to meet him, never more would lightly follow. Seven long days and nights he sat there, speechless, motionless, unconscious of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha in the forest deep and darksome, underneath the moaning hemlocks; wrapped her in her robes of ermine, covered her with snow, like ermine. On her grave a fire was lighted, for her soul upon its journey to the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha watched it burning in the forest, that it might not be extinguished, might not leave her in the darkness. “Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha! Farewell, O my Laughing Water! All my heart is buried with you, all my thoughts go onward with you! Come not back, again to labour, come not back again to suffer, where the Famine and the Fever wear the heart and waste the body. Soon my task will be completed, soon your footsteps I shall follow to the Islands of the Blessed, to the kingdom of Ponemah, to the Land of the Hereafter!”

LII.—THE LEPER.—N. P. WILLIS.

“Room for the leper! room!”—And, as he came, the cry passed on—“Room for the leper! room!”—Sunrise was slanting on the city’s gates, rosy and beautiful; and from the hills the early-risen poor were coming in, duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up rose the sharp hammer’s clink, and the far hum of moving wheels, and multitudes a-stir, and all that in a city-murmur swells,—unheard but by the watcher’s weary ear, aching with night’s dull silence; or the sick, hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase the death-like images of the dark away.—“Room for the leper!”—And aside they stood—matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all who met him on his way,—and let him pass. And onward through the open gate he came, a Leper, with the ashes on his brow, sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip a covering,—stepping painfully and slow; and, with a difficult utterance, like one whose heart is with an iron nerve put down, crying, “Unclean! Unclean!”

'Twas now the first of the Judean autumn ; and the leaves, whose shadows lay so still upon his path, had put their beauty forth beneath the eye of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young, and eminently beautiful ; and life mantled in elegant fulness on his lip, and sparkled in his glance ; and in his mien there was a gracious pride that every eye followed with benisons ;—AND THIS WAS HE !—With the soft air of summer there had come a torpor on his frame ; a drowsy sloth : day after day he lay as if in sleep ; his skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales, circled with livid purple, covered him.—And Helon was a leper ! He put off his costly raiment for the leper's garb, and, with the sackcloth round him, and his lip hid in a loathsome covering, stood still... waiting to hear his doom :—"Depart ! depart, O child of Israel, from the temple of thy God ; for He has smote thee with His chastening rod ; and, to the desert wild, from all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee, that from thy plague His people may be free. Depart ! and come not near the busy mart, the crowded city, more ; nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er ; and stay thou not to hear voices that call thee in the way ; and fly from all who in the wilderness pass by. Wet not thy burning lip in streams that to a human dwelling glide ; nor rest thee where the covert fountains bide ; nor kneel thee down to dip the water where the pilgrim bends to drink, by desert well, or river's grassy brink. And pass not thou between the weary traveller and the cooling breeze, and lie not down to sleep beneath the trees where human tracks are seen ; nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain, nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain. And now depart ! and, when thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim, lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him, who, from the tribes of men, selected thee to feel His chastening rod. Depart, oh leper ! and forget not God !"

And he went forth—alone ! Not one of all the many whom he loved, nor she whose name was woven in the fibres of his heart breaking within him now, to come and speak comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way, sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die ! for, God had cursed the leper !

It was noon, and Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool in the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow, hot with the burning leprosy, and touched the loathsome water to his fevered lips ; praying that he might be so blest—to die !—Footsteps approached ; and, with no strength to flee, he drew the covering closer on his lip, crying, "Unclean ! Unclean !" and, in the folds of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face, he fell upon the earth till they should pass. Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o'er the leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name, "Helon !"—"The voice was like the master-tone of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet ; and the dull pulses of disease awoke, and, for a moment, beat beneath the hot and leprous scales with a restoring thrill !—"Helon ! arise !"—and he forgot his curse, and rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe mingled in the regard of Helon's eye, as he beheld the Stranger.—He was not in costly raiment clad, nor on his brow the symbol of a princely lineage wore ; no followers at His back,—nor in His hand buckler, or sword, or spear ;—yet, if He smiled, a kingly countenance graced His lip. His garb was simple, and His sandals worn ; His stature modelled with a perfect grace ; His countenance the impress of a God, touched with the opening innocence of a child ; His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky in the serene noon ; His hair golden fell to His shoulders ; and His curling beard the fulness of perfected manhood bore.—He looked on Helon earnestly awhile, as if His heart were moved ; and, stooping down, He took a little water in His hand, and laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean !" And lo ! the

scales fell from him ; and his blood coursed with delicious coolness through his veins ; and his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow the dewy softness of an infant's stole : his leprosy was cleansed ; and he fell down prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.

LIII.—TUBAL CAIN.—CHARLES MACKAY.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might in the days when earth was young ; by the fierce red light of his furnace bright the strokes of his hammer rung ; and he lifted high his brawny hand on the iron glowing clear, till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers, as he fashion'd the sword and the spear.

To Tubal Cain came many a one, as he wrought by his roaring fire, and each one pray'd for a strong steel blade as the crown of his desire ; and he made them weapons sharp and strong, till they shouted loud for glee, and gave him gifts of pearls and gold, and spoils of the forest free.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart ere the setting of the sun, and Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain for the evil he had done ; he saw that men, with rage and hate, made war upon their kind, that the land was red with the blood they shed in their lust of carnage, blind. And he said—" Alas ! that ever I made, or that skill of mine should plan, the spear and the sword, for men whose joy is to slay their fellow-man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain sat brooding o'er his woe ; and his hand forbore to smite the ore, and his furnace smoulder'd low. But he rose at last with a cheerful face, and a bright courageous eye, and bared his strong right arm for work, while the quick flames mounted high. And he sang—" Hurrah for my handiwork ! " and the red sparks lit the air ; " not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ; " and he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past, in friendship join'd their hands, hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall, and plough'd the willing lands, and sang—" Hurrah for Tubal Cain ! our stanch good friend is he ; and for the ploughshare and the plough, to him our praise shall be. But while Oppression lifts its head, or a tyrant would be lord, though we thank him chiefly for the Plough, we'll not forget the Sword !"

LIV.—TIME AND THE SEA-TIDE.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

BREAK ! break ! on thy cold grey stones, O Sea ! and I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me. Oh, well for the fisherman's boy, that he shouts with his sister at play ! oh, well for the sailor lad, that he sings in his boat on the bay ! And the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill ; but oh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still. Break ! break ! at the foot of thy crags, O Sea ! But the tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me.

LV.—GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT.—ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped ! Dirck galloped ! we galloped all three !
" Good speed ! " cried the Watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
" Speed ! " echoed the wall, to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast !

Not a word to each other ! we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;

I turned in my saddle and made its girth tight ;
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right ;
Re-buckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit !

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-chime,—
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, as the other looked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirk groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her !
We'll remember at Aix ! "—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble, like chaff ;
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-tower sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight !

How they'll greet us ! "—And, all in a moment, his roan,
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone !
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat,—each holster let fall,—
Shook off both my jack-boots,—let go belt and all,—
Stood up in the stirrup,—leaned, patted his ear,—
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer !
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till, at length, into Aix, Roland galloped and stood !

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due, who brought good news from Ghent.

LVI.—THE DIVER.—SCHILLER. (*Translated by J. C. Mangan.*)

BARON or vassal, is any so bold
 As to plunge in yon gulf, and follow,
 Through chamber and cave, this beaker of gold—
 Which already the waters whirlingly swallow?
 Who retrieves the prize from the horrid abyss
 Shall keep it: the gold and the glory be his!"

So spake the king, and incontinent flung
 From the cliff, that, gigantic and steep,
 High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,
 A glittering wine-cup down in the deep;
 And again he asked: "Is there no one so brave
 As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous wave?"

And the knights and the knaves all answerless hear
 The challenging words of the speaker;
 And some glance downwards with looks of fear,
 And none are ambitious of winning the beaker.
 And a third time the king his question urges—
 "Dares none, then, breast the menacing surges?"

But the silence lasts unbroken and long;
 When a Page, fair-featured and soft,
 Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-throng,
 And his mantle and girdle already are doffed:
 And the groups of nobles and damsels nigh
 Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's brow,
 And measures the drear depth under;—
 But the waters Charybdis had swallowed, she now
 Regurgitates, bellowing back in thunder;
 And the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,
 Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth
 Invokes the great name of GOD;
 And blended shrieks of horror and ruth
 Burst forth as he plunges headlong unawed:
 And down he descends through the watery bed,
 And the waves boom over his sinking head.

Now, wert thou even, O Monarch! to fling
 Thy crown in the angry abyss,
 And exclaim, "Who recovers the crown shall be king!"
 The guerdon were powerless to tempt me, I wis;
 But hark!—with a noise like the howling of storms,
 Again the wild water the surface deforms.

When, lo! ere as yet the billowy war,
 Loud raging beneath, is o'er,
 An arm and a neck are distinguished afar—
 And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore;
 And hardly buffeting surge and breaker,
 He springs upon land with the golden beaker.

Now bearing the booty triumphantly,
 At the foot of the throne he falls,
 And he proffers his trophy on bended knee;
 And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,
 Who fills with red wine the golden cup,
 While the gallant stripling again stands up:

"All hail to the King ! Rejoice, ye who breathe
 Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven !
 For ghastly and drear is the region beneath ;
 And let man beware how he tempts high Heaven !
 Let him never essay to uncurtain to light
 What destiny shrouds in horror and night.

"But the GOD I had cried to answered me
 When my destiny darkliest frowned,
 And He showed me a reef of rocks in the sea,
 Whereunto I clung, and there I found
 O ! a coral crag, the goblet of gold,
 Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.—

"And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,
 Among skeleton larvæ ; the only
 Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid
 In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
 But the maelstrom grasped me with arms of strength,
 And upwhirled and upbore me to daylight at length."

Then spake to the page the marvelling king—
 "The golden cup is thine own,
 But—I promise thee further this jewelled ring,
 That beams with a priceless hyacinth stone,
 Shouldst thou dive once more, and discover for me
 The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea."

Now, the king's fair daughter was touched and grieved,
 And she fell at her father's feet—
 "O father ! enough what the youth has achieved !
 Expose not his life anew, I entreat !
 If this your heart's longing you cannot well tame,
 There are surely knights here who will rival his fame."

But the king hurled downwards the golden cup ;
 And he spake, as it sank in the wave—
 "Now, shouldst thou a second time bring it me up,
 As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,
 Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she
 Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded shall be !"

Then the blood to the youth's hot temples rushes,
 And his eyes on the maiden are cast,
 And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,
 And then growing pale and sinking aghast ;
 Swearing to win so glorious a crown,
 For life, or for death, he again plunges down !

The far-sounding din returns amain,
 And the foam is alive as before,
 And all eyes are bent downward. In vain ! in vain ?
 The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar ;
 But, while waves shall roll, and those billows shall thunder,
 That youth shall sleep under !

LVII.—BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—J. W. WATSON.

Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow ! filling the sky and the earth
 below ; over the house-tops, over the street, over the heads of the
 people you meet, dancing, flirting, skimming along.—beautiful snow !
 it can do nothing wrong ; flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, clinging

to lips in frolicsome freak ; beautiful snow, from the heaven above ! pure as an angel, gentle as love ! Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow, how the flakes gather and laugh as they go, whirling about in their maddening fun—it plays, in its glee, with every one : chasing, laughing, hurrying by, it lights on the face and sparkles the eye ; and the dogs, with a bark and a bound, snap at the crystals that eddy around : the town is alive, and its heart in a glow, to welcome the coming of beautiful snow. How blithely the crowd goes swaying along, hailing each other with humour and song ! How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by, bright for a moment, then lost to the eye ! Ringing, swinging, dashing they go, over the crust of the beautiful snow :—snow so pure, when it falls from the sky, as to make one regret to see it lie to be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet, till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

“Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell ; fell to be trampled as filth in the street—fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat ; pleading, cursing, dreading to die, selling my soul to whoever would buy ; dealing in shame for a morsel of bread ; hating the living, and fearing the dead : merciful God ! have I fallen so low ? and yet—I was once like the beautiful snow ! Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, with an eye like its crystal, and heart like its glow ; once I was loved for my innocent grace—flattered and sought, for the charms of my face ; father, mother, sisters and all, God and myself, I have lost by my fall ; the veriest wretch that goes shivering by will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh : for all that is on or above me, I know there is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow. How strange it should be that this beautiful snow should fall on a sinner, with nowhere to go ! How strange it should be, when night comes again, if the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain ! fainting, freezing, dying alone, too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan to be heard in the streets of the crazy town, gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down—to lie, and to die, in my terrible woe, with a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.”

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow, sinner, despair not ! Christ stoopeth low to rescue the soul that is lost in its sin, and raise it to life and enjoyment again : groaning, bleeding, dying for thee, the Crucified hung on the cursed tree ; His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear—“Is there mercy for me ?—will He heed my weak prayer ? —O God ! in the stream that for sinners doth flow, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow !”

LVIII.—PARRHASIUS.—N. P. WILLIS.

THE golden light into the Painter's room streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole from the dark pictures radiantly forth ; and, in the soft and dewy atmosphere, like forms and landscapes magical, they lay. The walls were hung with armour ; and about, in the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove ; and from the casement soberly away fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true ; and like a veil of filmy mellowness, the lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay, chained to the cold rock of Mount Caucasus ; the vulture at his vitals, and the links of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh. And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim, rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth with its far-reaching fancy, and with form and colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye flashed with a passionate fire ; and the quick curl of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip, were

like the wing'd god's, breathing from his flight. "Bring me the captive now! My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift from my waked spirit, airily and swift; and I could paint the bow upon the bended heavens—around me play colours of such divinity to-day! . . . Ha! bind him on his back! Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here! Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near! Now bend him to the rack! Press down the poisoned links into his flesh! and tear agape that healing wound afresh! . . . So—let him writhe! How long will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now! What a fine agony works on his brow! Ha! grey-haired, and so strong! How fearfully he stifles that short moan! Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan! . . . 'Pity' thee! So I do! I pity the dumb victim at the altar; but does the robed priest for his *pity* falter? I'd rack thee, though I knew a thousand lives were perishing in thine! . . . What were ten thousand to a fame like mine? . . . 'Hereafter!' Ay, *hereafter*! A whip to keep a coward to his track! What gave Death ever from his kingdom back, to check the sceptic's laughter? Come from the grave to-morrow with that story, and I may take some softer path to glory. . . . No, no, old man; we die e'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they. . . . Strain well thy fainting eye; for when that blood-shot quivering is o'er, the light of heaven will never reach thee more. . . . Yet there's a deathless name—a spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn, and, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn; and though its crown of flame consumed my brain to ashes as it won me, by all the fiery stars I'd pluck it on me. . . . All, I would do it all, sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot; thrust foully in the earth to be forgot. O heavens! but I appal your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives let him not faint!—rack him till he revives! . . . Vain, vain, give o'er! His eye glazes apace. He does not feel you now. Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow. Gods! if he do not die but for one moment—one—till I eclipse conception with the scorn of those calm lips! Shivering! Hark! he mutters brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—another! Wilt thou never come, O Death? Look! how his temple flutters! Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head! He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—**HE'S DEAD!**"

LIX. THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.—JAMES HOGG.

"MACGREGOR! Macgregor! remember our foemen;
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon—away!"—

Stern scowled the Macgregor; then, silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan;
"Go, Malcolm! to sleep let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest!"—

"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be here."—

"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou know'st in the strife I was never behind,

Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
 Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man :
 But I've sworn by the Cross, by my God, and my all !—
 An oath which I cannot, and dare not, recall—
 Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
 To meet with a Spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

"Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
 I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
 When entered a Lady, with visage so wan,
 And looks, such as never were fastened on man !
 I knew her, O brother ! I knew her full well !
 Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart ; but how long she remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while !
 Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the Green Isle,
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly !
 The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below ! . . .
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
 The glory and name of Macgregor were gone ;
 That the pine, which for ages had spread a bright halo
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall, ere the turn of yon moon,
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun :
 That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
 For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment she gave ;
 Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave !
 Then fitting illusive, she said, with a frown,
 'The mighty Macgregor shall yet be mine own !'"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind ;
 The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind,
 Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field !—
 See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield !
 Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
 When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
 This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue ;
 Rise, brother ! these chinks in his heart-blood will glue ;
 Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
 When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
 Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
 It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—
 "No ! not for the universe !" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone :
 To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
 They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
 And deep in her bosom how awful the scene !
 O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
 And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.
 All silent they went, for the time was approaching ;
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;

No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill :
 Young Malcolm at distance couched, trembling the while—
 Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
 A skiff sailing light, where a Lady did seem ;
 Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom ;
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
 Like wold-fire, at midnight, that glares on the waste.
 Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed ;
 She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
 And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea !
 Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen ;
 The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
 Flew panting away, over river and isle,
 Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror ; the eagle awoke,
 As slumbering he dozed on the shelve of the rock ;
 Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
 And screwed the night-heaven, till lost in the blue !

Young Malcolm beheld the pale Lady approach—
 The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
 He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
 As begging for something he could not obtain ;
 She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
 Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away !

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
 Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;
 "Macgregor ! Macgregor !" he bitterly cried ;
 "Macgregor ! Macgregor !" the echoes replied.
 He struck at the Lady, but, strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
 But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
 They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
 Macgregor is vanished for ever and ay !

LX.—DARKNESS.—LORD BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream ! The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars did wander darkling in the eternal space, rayless and pitiless ; and the very earth—swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ! morn came and went—and came, and went—but let no day ! And men forgot their passions, in the dread of this their desolation ; and all hearts were chilled into a selfish prayer for light : and they did live by watch-fire ; and the thrones, the palaces of crowned kings—the huts, the habitations of all things which dwell, were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed, and men were gathered round their blazing homes to look once more into each other's face : happy were those who dwelt within the eye of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch : a fearful hope was all the world contained ! Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour they fell and faded—and the crackling trunks extinguished with a crash—and all was black ! The brows of men by the despairing light were an unearthly aspect, as by fits the flashes fell upon them ; some lay down and hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ; and others hurried to

and fro, and fed their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up with mad disquietude on the dull sky,—the pall of a past world!—and then again, with curses cast them down upon the dust, and gnashed their teeth, and howled: the wild birds shrieked, and, terrified, did flutter on the ground, and flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled and twined themselves among the multitude, hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food: and War, which for a moment was no more, did glut himself again: a meal was bought with blood; and each sat sullenly apart, gorging himself in gloom! No love was left! All earth was but one thought—and that was death, immediate and inglorious!

And the pang of famine fed upon all entrails: men died; and their bones were tombless as their flesh; the meagre by the meagre were devoured; even dogs assailed their masters,—all save one,—and he was faithful to a corse, and kept the birds and beasts and famished men at bay, till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food, but, with a piteous and perpetual moan and a quick desolate cry,—licking the hand which answered not with a caress—he died! The crowd was famished by degrees! But two of an enormous city did survive, and they were enemies; they met beside the dying embers of an altar-place, where had been heaped a mass of holy things for an unholy usage; they raked up, and, shivering, scraped with their cold skeleton hands the feeble ashes, and their feeble breath blew for a little life, and made a flame which was a mockery; then they lifted up their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died!—even of their mutual hideousness they died; unknowing who he was upon whose brow famine had written Fiend! The world was void, the populous and the powerful was a lump; seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,—a lump of death—a chaos of hard clay. The rivers, lakes, and oceans all stood still, and nothing stirred within their silent depths; ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea, and their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped, they slept on the abyss without a surge. The waves were dead: the tides were in their grave; the moon, their mistress, had expired before; the winds were withered in the stagnant air, and the clouds perished; Darkness had no need of aid from them—she was the universe!

LXI.—KING ROBERT OF SICILY.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane, and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, apparelled in magnificent attire, with retinue of many a knight and squire, on St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat, and heard the priests chant the *Magnificat*. And as he listened, o'er and o'er again repeated, like a burden or refrain, he caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*," and slowly lifting up his kingly head, he to a learned clerk beside him said, "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet, "He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree." Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung only by priests, and in the Latin tongue; for unto priests and people be it known, there is no power can push me from my throne!" And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night; the church was empty, and there was no light; save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his seat, and gazed around, but saw no living thing and heard no sound. He groped towards the door, but it was locked; he cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, and uttered awful threatenings and complaints, and imprecations upon men and saints. The sounds re-echoed

from the roof and walls, as if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without the tumult of the knocking and the shout, and thinking thieves were in the house of prayer, came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?" Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said, "Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?" The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse, "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!" turned the great key and flung the portal wide; a man rushed by him at a single stride, haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak, who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke, but leaped into the blackness of the night, and vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, despoiled of his magnificent attire, bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire, with sense of wrong and outrage desperate, strode on and thundered at the palace gate; rushed through the courtyard, thrusting, in his rage, to right and left each seneschal and page, and hurried up the broad and sounding stair, his white face ghastly in the torches' glare. From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed, voices and cries he heard, but did not heed; until at last he reached the banquet-room, blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There, on the dais, sat another king! wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring; King Robert's self in features, form, and height, but all transfigured with angelic light! It was an Angel; and his presence there with a divine effulgence filled the air; an exaltation, piercing the disguise, though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed, the throneless monarch on the Angel gazed, who met his looks of anger and surprise with the divine compassion of his eyes; then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?" To which King Robert answered, with a sneer, "I am the King, and come to claim my own from an impostor, who usurps my throne!" And suddenly, at these audacious words, up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords; the Angel answered, with untrifled brow, "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester! thou henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, and for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape; thou shalt obey my servants when they call, and wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers, they thrust him from the hall and down the stairs; a group of tittering pages ran before, and as they opened wide the folding-door, his heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms, the boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms, and all the vaulted chamber roar and ring with the mock plaudits of—"Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, he said within himself, "It was a dream!" but the straw rustled as he turned his head; there were the cap and bells beside his bed; around him rose the bare discoloured walls; close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls; and in the corner, a revolting shape, shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape! It was no dream: the world he loved so much had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again to Sicily the old Saracenic reign: under the Angel's governance benign, the happy island danced with corn and wine.

Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fate, sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear, with looks bewildered and a vacant stare; his only friend the ape, his only food what others left,—he still was unsubdued. And when the Angel met him on his way, and, half in earnest, half in jest, would say, sternly

though tenderly, that he might feel the velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, "Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe burst forth from him in resistless overflow, and, lifting high his forehead, he would fling the haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came ambassadors of great repute and name from Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, unto King Robert; saying that Pope Urbane, by letter, summoned them forthwith to come, on Holy Thursday, to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests, and gave them presents of embroidered vests, and soon departed with them o'er the sea into the lovely land of Italy.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state, upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,—his cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind, the solemn ape demurely perched behind,—King Robert rode, making huge merriment in all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare of banner: trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square; giving his benediction and embrace, fervent and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers he entertained the Angel unawares, Robert the Jester, bursting through the crowd, into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look, and behold in me Robert, your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, is an impostor in a King's disguise. Do you not know me? does no voice within answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope, in silence, but with troubled mien, gazed at the Angel's countenance serene: the Emperor, laughing said, "It is strange sport to keep a madman for thy Fool at court!" and the poor, baffled Jester, in disgrace, was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, and Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; the presence of the Angel, with its light, before the sun rose, made the city bright, and with new fervour filled the hearts of men, who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, with haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw; he heard the *Angelus* from convent towers, as if the better world conversed with ours; he felt within a power unfelt before, and knelt in penitence upon the floor. The watchful Angel saw his grief, and said, "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, and meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best! My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, and in some cloister's school of penitence, across those stones that pave the way to heaven, walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!" The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face a holy light illumined all the place; and through the open window, loud and clear, they heard the monks chant in the chapel near, above the stir and tumult of the street, "He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree!" and, through the chant, a second melody rose like the throbbing of a single string: "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne, lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! but all apparelled as in days of old, with ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; and when his courtiers came, they found him—there, kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer!

LXII.—THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.—THOMAS DAVIS.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And twice, the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.

As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannons blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire! moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And, on the open plain above, they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grew their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks!

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush around;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore! still on they marched and
fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged, they died!
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain!"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon
foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry.
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting
cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—
Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets!—Charge!"—Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery
bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce hurza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel—'twas bloody now! then guns are filled with gore,
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags, they
tore;

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered,
fled—

The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won !

LXIII.—ENGLAND'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA.—M. F. TUPPER.

Ho ! brother, I'm a Britisher, a chip of heart of oak,
That wouldn't warp, or swerve, or stir, from what I thought or spoke ;
And you—a blunt and honest man, straightforward, kind, and true—
I tell you, Brother Jonathan, that you're a Briton too.

I know your heart—an open heart—I read your mind and will—
A greyhound ever on the start, to run for honour still ;
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan, and stout to see it done—
I tell you, Brother Jonathan, that you and I are one !

There may be jealousies and strife—for men have selfish ends—
But petty quarrels ginger life, and help to season friends ;
And pundits who, with solemn scan, judge humans most aright,
Decide it, testy Jonathan, that brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest will chirp about a worm ;
Then how should eaglets meekly rest, the children of the storm ?
No ! while their rustled pinions fan the eyrie's dizzy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan, it's all for love and pride !

" God save the Queen " delights you still, and " British Grenadiers ! "
The good old strains your heart-strings thrill, and catch you by both
ears ;

And we—oh, hate us if you can, for we are proud of you ;—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,—and " Yankee Doodle " too !

There's nothing foreign in your face, nor strange upon your tongue ;
You come not of another race, from baser lineage sprung ;
No, brother ! though away you ran, as truant boys will do,
Still true it is, young Jonathan, my fathers fathered you.

Time was—it wasn't long ago—your grandsire went with mine,
To battle traitors, blow for blow, for England's royal line ;
Or tripped to court to kiss Queen Anne, or worship mighty Bess !
And you and I, good Jonathan, went with them then, I guess.

Together both—'twas long ago—among the Roses fought ;
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe, did all knight-errants ought :
As Cavalier or Puritan together prayed or swore ;
For John's own brother Jonathan, was only John of yore !

There lived a man, a man of men, a king on fancy's throne,
We ne'er shall see his like again, the globe is all his own ;
And if we claim him of our clan, he half belongs to you—
For Shakespeare, happy Jonathan, is yours and Britain's too !

There was another glorious name, a poet for all time,
Who gained the double-first of fame, the beautiful sublime ;
And let us hide him if we can, more miserly than pelf ;
Our Yankee brother Jonathan cries " halves " in Milton's self.

O brother, could we both be *one*, in nation and in name,
How gladly would the very sun lie basking in our fame !
In either world to lead the van, and " go-ahead " for good,
While Earth to John and Jonathan yields tribute gratitude !

Join but your stripes and golden stars to brave St. George's cross,
And never dream of mutual wars,—two dunces' mutual loss !
Let us two bless when others ban, and love when others hate,
And so, my cordial Jonathan, we'll fit, I calculate !

What more ? I touch not holier strings, a holier strain to win ;
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings, or heavenly kith or kin ;
As friend with friend, and man with man, O, let our hearts be thus—
As David's love to Jonathan, be Jonathan's to us !

LXIV.—O'CONNOR'S CHILD.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold, thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me : our bark is on the lake ; behold, our steeds are fastened to the tree. Come far from Castle-Connor's clans : come with thy belted forester, and I, beside the lake of swans, shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ; and build thy hut, and bring thee home the wild-fowl and the honeycomb ; and berries from the wood provide, and play my wild harp by thy side. Then come, my love !—How could I stay ? our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way ; and I pursued, by moonless skies, the light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

And fast and far, before the star of dayspring, rushed we through the glade, and saw, at dawn, the lofty bawn of Castle-Connor fade. Sweet was to us the hermitage of this unploughed, untrodden shore ; like birds all joyous from the cage, for man's neglect we loved it more. And well he knew, my huntsman dear, to search the game with hawk and spear ; while I, his evening toad to dress, would sing to him in happiness. But, oh ! that midnight of despair, when I was doomed to rend my hair : the night, to me, of shrieking sorrow ! the night, to him, that had no morrow !

When all was hushed at eventide, I heard the baying of their hound : "Be hushed !" my Connocht Moran cried, "tis but the screaming of the eagle." Alas ! 'twas not the eagle's sound ; their bloody hands had tracked us out ; up-listening starts our couchant hound—and, hark ! again, that nearer shout brings faster on the murderous ! Spare—spare him !—Brazil !—Desmond fierce !—In vain !—no voice the adder charms ; their weapons crossed my sheltering arms ; another sword has laid him low—another's and another's ; and every hand that dealt the blow—ah me ! it was a brother's ! Yes, when his comrades fled away, their iron hands had dug the clay, and o'er his burial-turf they trod, and I beheld—O God !—O God !—his life-blood oozing through the sod.

Disarmed to their hated mansion back, how long in thralldom's grasp I lay ! I knew not, for my soul was black, and knew no change of night or day. But heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse did with a vision bright impart ; I woke, and rest upon my lips a prophetic's fire. The standard of O'Connor's sway was in the turret where I lay ; that standard, with so dark a look, as gleefully shone the moon and pale, I gazed, that every bosom shook beneath its venal mail. "And go !" I said, "the combat seek ; ye hearts, that, unappalled, bore the attack of a Sister's shriek, go !—and return no more ! for sooner Grant the orbed-brand shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold the banner with victor's hand, beneath a Sister's Curse unrolled !—O stranger ! by my country's loss ! and by my love ! and by the Cross ! I swear I never could have spoke the curse that reversed nature's yoke ; but that a spirit o'er me stood, and fired me with the wilful mood ; and frenzy to my heart was given, to speak the malison of heaven !" They would have crossed themselves, all mute ; they

would have prayed to burst the spell; but, at the stamping of my foot, each hand down powerless fell! "And go to Athunree," I cried, "high lift the banner of your pride! but know, that, where its sheet unrolls, the weight of blood is on your souls! Go, where the havoc of your kern shall float as high as mountain-fern! Men shall no more your mansion know; the nettles on your hearth shall grow! Dead, as the green oblivious flood that mantles by your walls, shall be the glory of O'Connor's blood! Away! away to Athunree! where, downward when the sun shall fall, the raven's wing shall be your pall! and not a vassal shall unlace the vizor from your dying face!"

A bolt that overhung our dome, suspended till my curse was given, soon as it passed these lips of foam, pealed in the blood-red heaven. Dire was the look, that o'er their backs the angry parting brothers threw; but now, behold! like cataracts, come down the hills in view O'Connor's plumed partisans—thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans were marching to their doom: a sudden storm their plumage tossed, a flash of lightning o'er them crossed—and all again was gloom!

LXV.—THE UNCLE.—H. G. BELL.

I HAD an Uncle once—a man of threescore years and three;—
And, when my reason's dawn began, he'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights, things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood, and few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude his conscience with him wrought;
And there, before his mental eye, some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house who did not fear his frown,
Save I,—a little careless child,—who gambolled up and down;
And often peeped into his room, and plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,—my father was his brother;
And all their lives I knew that they had fondly loved each other;
And in my Uncle's room there hung the picture of my Mother.

There was a curtain over it,—'twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked upon my Mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,—the wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors it sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall; my Uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood the words upon the book;
For, with a sidelong glance, I marked my Uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame in strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole, a strange unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze of the unconscious dead!

Then, suddenly, he turned him round, and drew aside the veil
That hung before my Mother's face;—perchance my eyes might fail,
But, ne'er before, that face to me had seemed so ghastly pale!

"Come hither, boy!" my Uncle said,—I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat, and hardly utterance found:—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully he cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,—thou wast her only child;—
O boy! I've seen her when she held thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy, 'twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form was fairer far than mine ;
I grudged not that ;—he was the prop of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him a token and a sign.

"Boy ! I had loved her too,—nay, more, 'twas I who loved her first ;
For months—for years—the golden thought within my soul was nursed !
He came—he conquered—they were wed ;—my air-blown bubble burst !

"Then on my mind a shadow fell, and evil hopes grew rife ;
The madd'ning thought stuck in my heart, and cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved, should be another's wife !

"I left my home—I left the land—I crossed the raging sea ;—
In vain—in vain !—where'er I turned, my memory went with me ;—
My whole existence, night and day, in memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here :—he died—no one knew how ;
The murdered body ne'er was found, the tale is hushed up now ;
But there was one who rightly guessed the hand that struck the blow.

"It drove *her* mad—yet not his death,—no—not his death alone :
For she had clung to hope, when all knew well that there was none ;
No, boy ! it was a sight she saw that froze her into stone !

"I am thy Uncle, child,—why stare so frightfully aghast ?—
The arras waves,—but know'st thou not 'tis nothing but the blast ?
I, too, have had my fears like these, but such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy Mother saw,—I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night suits with the purpose best.
Come hither—thou hast often sought to open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring ; the touch is known to me alone ;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—what see you that you groan
So heavily ?—That thing is but a bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he backwards gave,—
"Oh, Fate ! it is my brother's self returning from the grave !
His grasp of lead is on my throat—will no one help, or save ?"

That night they laid him on his bed, in raving madness tossed ;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths blasphemed the Holy Ghost ;
And, ere the light of morning broke, a sinner's soul was lost !

LXVI.—MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming round Danietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner, from her wall, waved free its lily-flowers.
Ay ! proudly did the banner wave, as queen of earth and air :
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds in anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon their kindly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field their knight-hood's best array,
'T was mournful when at feast they met, the wine-cup round to send ;
For each that touched it silently, then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil on the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber,—dark with dreams of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—thrilled in a Woman's form !

A woman, meekly bending o'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,—as the Virgin Mother's mild !
Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe, midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange wild bower was thine, young queen ! fair Marguerite of
France !

A dark and vaulted chamber, like a scene for wizard-spell,
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom of the warrior citadel ;
 And there, 'midst arms, the couch was spread, and with banners cur-
 tained o'er,

For the daughter of the minstrel-land, the gay Provençal shore.

For the bright queen of St. Lewis, the star of court and hall !
 But the deep strength of the gentle heart wakes to the tempest's call.
 Her lord was in the Paynim's hold, his soul with grief oppressed ;
 Yet calmly lay she, desolate, with her young babe on her breast !

There were voices in the city, voices of wrath and fear—

"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—we will not perish here !
 Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent gleam o'er tower and bastion high !
 Our distant homes are beautiful—we stay not here to die !"

They bore those fearful tidings to the sad queen where she lay—

They told a tale of wavering hearts, of treason and dismay :

The blood rushed through her pearly cheek, the sparkle to her eye—
 "Now call me hither those recreant knights from the bands of Italy !"

Then through the vaulted chamber stern iron footsteps rang ;

And heavily the sounding floor gave back the sabre's clang.

They stood around her—steel-clad men, moulded for storm and fight ;
 But they quailed before the loftier soul in that pale aspect bright.

Yes ! as before the falcon shrinks the bird of meaner wing,
 So shrank they from the imperial glance of her—that fragile thing !
 And her flute-like voice rose clear and high, through the din of arms
 around—

Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul, as a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily is in your hands to keep,
 And the banner of the Cross, for Him who died on Calvary's steep ;
 And the city which, for Christian prayer, hath heard the holy
 bell !—

And is it these your hearts would yield to the godless infidel ?

"Then bring me here a breast-plate and a helm, before ye fly,
 And I will gird my woman's form, and on the ramparts die !
 And the boy—whom I have borne for woe, but never for disgrace,—
 Shall go within mine arms to death—meet for his royal race !

"Look on him as he slumbers in the shadow of the lance !
 Then go, and, with the Cross, forsake the princely babe of France !
 But tell your homes, you left one heart to perish undefiled ;
 A woman, and a queen, to guard her honour and her child !"

Before her words they thrilled, like hares when winds are in the wood ;
 And a deepening murmur told of men roused to a loftier mood.
 And her babe awoke to flashing swords, unsheathed in many a hand,
 As they gathered round the helpless one,—again a noble band !

"We are thy warriors, Lady ! true to the Cross and thee ;
 The spirit of thy kindling words on every sword shall be.
 Rest, with the fair child on thy breast ; rest—we will guard thee well ;
 St. Denis for the Lily-flower and the Christian citadel !"

LXVII.—MAUD MÜLLER.—J. G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day, raked the meadow sweet with hay.
 Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth of simple beauty and rustic
 health. Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee the mock-bird
 echoed from his tree. But, when she glanced to the far-off town, white

from its hill-slope looking down, the sweet song died ; and a vague unrest and a nameless longing filled her breast—a wish, that she hardly dared to own, for something better than she had known !

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, smoothing his horse's chestnut mane. He drew his bridle in the shade of the apple-trees, to greet the Maid, and ask a draught, from the spring that flowed through the meadows across the road.—She stooped where the cool spring bubbles up, and filled for him her small tin cup ; and blushed as she gave it, looking down on her feet so bare, and her tattered gown. "Thanks !" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed." He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees, of the singing birds, and the humming bees : then talked of the haying, and wondered whether the cloud in the west would bring foul weather. And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown, and her graceful ankles bare and brown ; and listened, while a pleased surprise looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.—At last, like one who for delay seeks a vain excuse, he rode away !

Maud Müller looked and sighed : "Ah me ! that I the Judge's bride might be ! He would dress me up in silks so fine, and praise and toast me at his wine. My father should wear a broad-cloth coat ; my brother should sail a painted boat. I'd dress my mother so grand and gay ! and the baby should have a new toy each day. And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor, and all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, and saw Maud Müller standing still. "A form more fair, a face more sweet, ne'er hath it been my lot to meet. And her modest answer and graceful air, show her wise and good as she is fair. Would she were mine ! and I to-day, like her, a harvester of hay : no doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, and weary lawyers with endless tongues ; but low of cattle, and song of birds, and health of quiet and loving words." Then he thought of his sisters, proud and cold ; and his mother, vain of her rank and gold. So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, and Maud was left in the field alone. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, when he hummed in court an old love tune ;—and the young girl nuzzled beside the well, till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, who lived for fashion, as he for power. Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow, he watched a picture come and go : and sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes looked out in their innocent surprise. Oft when the wine in his glass was red, he longed for the wayside-well instead ; and closed his eyes on his garished rooms, to dream of meadows and clover blooms. And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain : "Ah ! that I were free again ! free as when I rode that day, where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor, and many children played round her door. But care and sorrow, and household pain, left their traces on heart and brain. And oft, when the summer sun shone hot on the new-mown hay in the meadow-plot, in the shade of the apple-tree, again she saw a Rider draw his rein : and, gazing down with tender grace, she felt his pleased eyes read her face. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls stretched away into stately halls ; the weary wheel to a spinnet turned, the tall ox candle an astral burned ; and, for him who sat by the chimney-lug, dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug, a manly form at her side she saw,—and joy was duty, and love was law ! . . . Then, she took up her burden of life again, saying only, "It might have been !"

Alas for Maiden ! alas for Judge ! for rich spinster, and household

drudge ! God pity them both ! and pity us all, who vainly the dreams of youth recall. For, of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these : " It might have been ! " Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes ; and, in the Hereafter, angels may roll the stone from its grave away !

LXVIII.—OUR FOLKS.—ETHEL LYNN.

" Hi ! Harry ! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two ; You've been on furlough ? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do ? It's long ago since I was there,—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks :—When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of ' our folks ' ?

" You did ? Shake hands. That warms my heart ; for, if I do look grim and rough, I've got some feeling ! People think a soldier's heart is nought but tough ;

But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and smokes, While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think about his ' folks.'

" And so you saw them—when ? and where ? The Old Man—is he hearty yet ?

And Mother—does she fade at all ? or does she seem to pine and fret For me ? And Sis—has she grown tall ? And did you see her friend, —you know,—

That Annie Moss—How this pipe chokes !—where did you see her ? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about ' Our folks.'

" You saw them in the church, you say ; it's likely, for they're always there.

Not Sunday ? No ?—A funeral ? Who ? Who, Harry ?—How you shake and stare !

All well, you say, and all were out—What ails you, Hal ? Is this a hoax ?

Why don't you tell me, like a man, what is the matter with ' our folks ' ? "

" I said all well, old comrade—true ; I say all well ; for He knows best Who takes the young ones in his arms before the sun goes to the west. Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as oaks ; And so—fair Annie blooms no more ! . . . and that's the matter with your ' folks.'

" But see, this curl was kept for you ; and this white blossom from her breast ;

And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest :—Bear up, old friend ! " . . . Nobody speaks ; only the old camp-raven croaks,

And soldiers whisper.—" Boys, be still ; there's some bad news from Granger's ' folks.' "

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on this grief, And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.

Then answers :—" Thank you, Hal, I'll try ; but in my throat there's something chokes,

Because, you see, I've thought so long to count *her* in among ' our folks.'

" I daresay she is happier now : but still I can't help thinking, too, I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and true—

But maybe not . . . She's safe up there ! and, when God's hand deals other strokes, She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks.'"

LXIX.—THE VAGABONDS.—TROWBRIDGE.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I. Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp ! Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye ! Over the table,—look out for the lamp !—The rogue is growing a little old ; five years we've tramped, through wind and weather ; and slept out-doors when nights were cold ; and ate and drank—and starved—together ! We've learned what comfort is, I tell you ! a bed on the floor ; a bit of rosin, a fire to thaw our thumbs ; (poor fellow ! the paw he holds up there's been frozen ; plenty of catgut for my fiddle (this out-door business is bad for strings) ; then a few nice buck-wheats hot from the griddle, and Roger and I are set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drunk ; Roger and I are exceedingly moral—aren't we, Roger ?—See him wink ! Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel. He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head ! What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk ! He understands every word that's said,—and he knows good milk from water-and-chalk. The truth is, sir, now I reflect, I've been so sadly given to grog, I wonder I've not lost the respect (there's to you, sir !) even of my dog. But he sticks by, through thick and thin ; and this old coat, with its empty pockets and rags that smell of tobacco and gin, he'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets. There isn't another creature living would do it, and prove, through every disaster, so fond, so faithful, and so forgiving, to such a miserable, thankless master ! No, sir !—See him wag his tail and grin . . . By George ! it makes my old eyes water ! that is, there's something in this gin that chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing ; and Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, sir !) shall march a little. Start, you villain ! Stand straight ! Bout face ! Salute your officer ! Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle ! (Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold your cap while the gentleman gives a trifle, to aid a poor, old, patriot soldier ! March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes, when he stands up to hear his sentence.—Now tell us how many drams it takes, to honour a jolly new acquaintance. Five yelps,—that's five ; he's mighty knowing ! The night's before us, fill the glasses !—Quick, sir ! . . . I'm ill,—my brain is going !—Some brandy,—thank you,—There !—it passes !

"Why not reform ?" That's easily said ; but I've gone through such wretched treatment,—sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, and scarce remembering what meat meant,—that now, alas ! I'm past reform ; and there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm, to prop a horrible inward sinking. Is there a way to forget to think ? At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends, a dear girl's love,—but I took to drink :—the same old story ; you know how it ends. If you could have seen these classic features,—you needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then such a burning libel on God's creatures : I was one of your handsome men. If you had seen HER, so fair and young, whose head was happy on this breast ! If you could have heard her sing I sing when the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed that ever I, sir, should be straying from door to door, with fiddle and dog, muzzed and penniless,—and playing to you to-night for a glass of grog ! . . . She's married since,—a parson's wife : 'twas better for her that we should part,—better the soberest, priestliest life, than a blessed home and a broken heart. I have seen her ? Once : I

was weak and spent, on a dusty road : a carriage stopped : but little she dreamed, as on she went, who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I'm sorry !—it makes me wild to think of the change ! What do you care for a beggar's story ? Is it amusing ? you find it strange ? I had a mother so proud of me ! 'Twas well she died before—do you know if the happy spirits in heaven can see the ruin and wretchedness here below ? Another glass, and strong ! to deaden this pain ; then Roger and I will start. I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden, aching thing in place of a heart ? He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could ; no doubt, remembering things that were—a virtuous kennel, with plenty of food, and himself a sober, respectable cur. . . . I'm better now ; that glass was warming,—You rascal ! limber your lazy feet ! we must be fiddling and performing for supper and bed, or starve in the street.—Not a very gay life to lead, you think ? But soon we shall go where lodgings are free, and the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;—the sooner the better—for Roger and me !

LXX.—THE RISING OF THE VENDEE.—DR. GEORGE CROLY.

It was a Sabbath morning, and calm the summer air ;
And brightly shone the summer sun, upon the day of prayer ;
And silver-sweet the village bells o'er mount and valley tolled,
And in the church of St. Florent were gathered young and old ;
When rushing down the woodland hill, in fiery haste was seen,
With panting steed and bloody spur, a noble Angévin ;
Then bounding on the sacred floor, he gave his fearful cry,—
“ Up, up for France ! the time is come ! for France to live or die !

“ Your Queen is in the dungeon ; your King is in his gore ;
On Paris waves the flag of death, the fiery Tricolor ;
Your nobles in their ancient halls are hunted down and slain ;
In convent cells and holy shrines, the blood is poured like rain ;
The peasant's vine is rooted up, his cottage given to flame ;
His son is to the scaffold sent, his daughter driven to shame ;
With torch in hand, and hate in heart, the rebel host is nigh ;
Up, up for France ! the time is come ! for France to live or die.”

And through the night, on foot and horse, the sleepless summons flew,
And morning saw the Lily-flag wide-waving o'er Poitou ;
And many an ancient musketoon was taken from the wall,
And many a jovial hunter's steed was harnessed in the stall ;
And many a noble's armoury gave up the sword and spear,
And many a bride, and many a babe, were left with kiss and tear ;
And many a homely peasant bade “ farewell ” to his old “ dame ; ”
As in the days, when France's king unfurled the Oriflame.

We marched by tens of thousands ! we marched through day and night !
The Lily standard in our front, like Israel's holy light :
Around us rushed the rebels, as the wolf upon the sheep ;
We burst upon their columns, as the lion roused from sleep ;
We tore the bayonets from their hands, we slew them at their guns ;
Their boasted horsemen flew like chaff before our forest-sons ;
That eve, we heaped their baggage high, their lines of dead between,
And, in the centre, blazed to heaven their blood-dyed guillotine !

In vain they hid their heads in walls : we rushed on stout Thouar,—
What cared we for its shot or shell, for battlement or bar ?
We burst its gates ; then, like the wind, we rushed on Fontenaye—
We saw its flag at morning's light—'twas ours by setting day !

We crushed, like ripened grapes, Montreuil, we tore down old Vetier—
We charged them with our naked breasts, and took them with a cheer.
We'll hunt the robbers through the land, from Seine to sparkling
Rhône.

Now, "Here's a health to all we love! Our king shall have his own."

LXXI.—MARSTON MOOR.—W. M. PRAED.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas; the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas; the big drum makes reply!
Ere this, hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory," in the gay and glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said: "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
'Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier quail,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, 'For God and for the King!'"

'Tis soon! The ranks are broken! along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown;
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries, amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he huns a slave,
And now he quotes a stage-play,—and now he fells a knave!

Heaven aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
Heaven aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and, at every cut and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired Wander watches from the castle's topmost tower;
"What news? what news, old Hubert?"—"The battle's lost and won!
The royal troops are melting, like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches—I'm blind and cannot see,
Yet, sure I am, that sturdy step my Master's step must be!"

"I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's throw, or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff.
I'll make a shift to drink it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—
Though God, through many a gaping wound, is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!"

"Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France.
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance:
For if the worst befall me, why, better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

LXXII.—SHERIDAN'S RIDE.—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

UP from the south at break of day, bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, the affrighted air with a shudder bore, like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door, the terrible grumble and rumble and roar, telling the battle was on once more—and Sheridan twenty miles away!

And wilder still those billows of war thundered along the horizon's bar; and louder yet into Winchester rolled the roar of that red sea uncontrolled, making the blood of the listener cold—as he thought of the stake in that fiery fray, with Sheridan *twenty* miles away!

But there is a road from Winchester town, a good broad highway leading down: and there, through the flash of the morning light, a steed as black as the steeds of night, was seen to pass as with eagle flight;—as if he knew the terrible need, he stretched away with the utmost speed; hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay, with Sheridan *fifteen* miles away!

Still sprung from these swift hoofs, thundering South, the dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth, or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster; foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster: the heart of the steed and the heart of the master were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls, impatient to be where the battle-field calls; every nerve of the charger was strained to full play, with Sheridan only *ten* miles away!

Under his spurning feet, the road like an arrowy Alpine river flowed; and the landscape sped away behind, like an ocean flying before the wind; and the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire, swept on with his wild eyes full of fire: but, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—he is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray; with Sheridan only *five* miles away!

The first that the General saw, were the groups of stragglers, and then, the retreating troops!—What was done—what to do—a glance told him both; and striking his spurs, with a terrible oath he dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs, and the wave of retreat checked its course there, because the sight of the master compelled it to pause. With foam and with dust the black charger was grey: by the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play, he seemed to the whole great army to say, "I have brought you Sheridan, all the way from Winchester-town to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan! hurrah, hurrah for horse and man! and when their statues are placed on high under the dome of the Union sky,—the American soldier's Temple of Fame,—there with the glorious General's name, be it said in letters both bold and bright: "Here is the steed that saved the day by carrying Sheridan into the fight, from Winchester—twenty miles away!"

LXXIII.—PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, friends all, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, on the eighteenth of April, in 'Seventy-five; not one man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year. . . . He said to his friend, "If the British march by land or sea from the town to-night,

hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch of the North Church tower, as a signal light,—*one*, if by land, and *two*, if by sea : and I on the opposite shore will be,—ready to ride and spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm, for the country-folk to be up and to arm !” Then he said, “ Good night !” and, with muffled oar, silently rowed to the Charlestown shore ; just as the moon rose over the bay, where swinging wide at her moorings, lay the *Somerset*, British man-of-war ; —a phantom-ship, with each mast and spar across the moon like a prison bar ; and a huge black hulk, that was magnified by its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street, wanders and watches with eager ears, till, in the silence around him, he hears the muster of men at the barrack-door—the sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, and the measured tread of the grenadiers, marching down to their boats on the shore ! Then he climbed to the Tower of the Church, up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, to the belfry-chamber overhead, and startled the pigeons from their perch on the sombre rafters, that round him made masses and moving shapes of shade,—up the trembling ladder, steep and tall, to the highest window in the wall, where he paused to listen and look down a moment on the roofs of the town, and the moonlight flowing over all. Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead, in their night-encampment on the hill ; wrapped in silence so deep and still that he could hear, like a sentinel’s tread, the watchful night-wind, as it went creeping along from tent to tent, and seeming to whisper, “ All is well !” A moment only he feels the spell of the place and the hour, and the secret dread of the lonely belfry and the dead ; for, suddenly, all his thoughts are bent on a shadowy something far away, where the river widens to meet the bay,—a line of black, that bends and floats on the rising tide, . . like a bridge of boats !

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, booted and spurred, with a heavy stride on the opposite shore walked Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse’s side, now gazed at the landscape far and near ; then, impetuous, stamped the earth, and turned and tightened his saddle-girth ; but mostly he watched with eager search the belfry-tower of the Old North Church, as it rose above the graves on the hill, lonely and spectral and sombre and still. And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry’s height, a glimmer, and then a gleam of light ! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns ; but lingers and gazes, till full on his sight a *second* lamp in the belfry burns ! . . . A hurry of hoofs in a village street ! a shape in the moonlight ! a bulk in the dark ! and beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark, struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :—that was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light, the fate of a nation was riding that night ; and the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, kindled the head into flame with its heat.

It was *twelve* by the village clock, when he crossed the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock, and the barking of the farmer’s dog, and felt the damp of the river fog, that rises after the sun goes down. . . . It was *one* by the village clock, when he galloped into Lexington. He saw the gilded weathercock swim in the moonlight as he passed ; and the meeting-house windows, blank and bare, gazed at him with a spectral glare, as if they already stood a-hast at the bloody work they would look upon. . . . It was *two* by the village clock, when he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the beating of the flock, and the twitter of birds among the trees ; and felt the breath of the morning breeze blowing over the meadows brown.—And one was safe and asleep in his bed, who at the bridge would be first to fall ; who, that day, would be lying dead, pierced by a British musket-ball !

You know the rest. In the books you have read, how the British Regulars fired and fled!—how the farmers gave them ball for ball, from behind each fence and farm-yard wall, chasing the red-coats down the lane; then crossing the fields to emerge again under the trees at the turn of the road, and only pausing to fire and load.—So through the night rode Paul Revere; and so through the night went his cry of alarm to every Middlesex village and farm,—a cry of defiance and not of fear; a voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, and a word that shall echo for evermore! For, borne on the night-wind of the past, through all our history, to the last, in the hour of darkness and peril and need, the people will waken and listen to hear the hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, and the midnight message of Paul Revere!

LXXIV.—THE SWORD-CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

W. MOTHERWELL.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere; 'tis not the fleet hound's course tracking the deer; 'tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray, though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day, which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine;—Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand I clutch in my strong hand, that can their broad marches and numbers define. LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.—Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth, gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth? but the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword, East, West, North, and South, shouting, 'There am I lord!'—Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream, trembling, bow to my sway in the fierce battle-fray, when the star that rules Fate, is this falchion's red gleam. MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.—I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall, I've drunk the sweet music that bright lips let fall, I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing; but away with this idle and cold jargon!—The music I love is the shout of the brave, the yell of the dying, the scream of the flying, when this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave. JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.—Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known, and wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone. Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand! thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand, and won him the glory of undying song. Keen cleaver of gay crests, sharp piercer of broad breasts, grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong! FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.—In a love more abiding than that the heart knows for maiden more lovely than summer's first rose, my heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee: in dreamings of gladness, thou'rt dancing, with me, brave measures of madness in some battle-field,—where armour is ringing, and noble blood springing, and, cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield. DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.—The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart, and light is the faith of fair woman's heart; changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind, be the passions that govern weak woman's mind. But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright: when ills wax in number, thy love will not slumber; but, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night. HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.—My kindred have perished by war or by wave; now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave. When the path of our glory is shadowed in death, with me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath: thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay—while harps shall be ringing and Scalds shall be singing the deeds we have done in our old fearless day. SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

LXXV.—THE NORMAN BARON.—LONGFELLOW.

IN his chamber, weak and dying, was the Norman Baron lying; loud, without, the tempest thundered, and the castle-turret shook. In this fight was Death the gainer,—spite of vassal and retainer, and the lands his sires had plundered, written in the Doomsday Book. By his bed a Monk was seated, who, in humble voice, repeated many a prayer and paternoster from the missal on his knee; and, amid the tempest pealing, sounds of bells came faintly stealing—bells, that from the neighbouring cloister rang for the Nativity. In the hall, the serf and vassal held that night their Christmas-wassail; many a carol, old and saintly, sang the minstrels and the waits: and so loud these Saxon gleemen sang to slaves the songs of freemen, that the storm was heard but faintly knocking at the castle-gates. Till, at length, the lays they chanted reached the chamber, terror-haunted; where the Monk, with accents holy, whispered at the Baron's ear. Tears upon his eyelids glistened, as he paused awhile and listened; and the dying Baron slowly turned his weary head to hear. "Wassail for the kingly Stranger, born and cradled in a manger! king like David, priest like Aaron—Christ is born to set us free!" And the lightning showed the sainted figures on the casement painted; and exclaimed the shuddering Baron, "Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition, he beheld, with clearer vision, through all outward show and fashion, Justice, the Avenger, rise. All the pomp of earth had vanished, falsehood and deceit were banished, reason spake more loud than passion, and the truth wore no disguise.—Every vassal of his banner, every serf born to his manor, all those wronged and wretched creatures, by his hand were freed again. And, as on the sacred missal he recorded their dismissal, Death relaxed his iron features, and the Monk replied, "Amen."—Many centuries have been numbered since in death the Baron slumbered by the convent's sculptured portal, mingling with the common dust. But the good deed, through the ages living in historic pages, brighter grows and gleams immortal, unconsumed by moth or rust.

LXXVI.—THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.—

CHARLES MACKAY.

AROUND the board the guests were met, the lights above them beaming,
And in their cups, replenish'd oft, the ruddy wine was streaming;
Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright, their hearts with
pleasure bounded,

The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded,
I drained a goblet with the rest, and cried, "Away with sorrow!"

Let us be happy for to-day; what care we for to-morrow?"

But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,
And, 'mid the whirl of mingling teagues, this vision pass'd before me.

Me thought I saw a Demon rise: he held a mighty bicker,
Whose burnish'd sides ran beaming o'er with floods of burning liquor:
Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the needy;
All those oppress'd by grief or debt,—the dissolute, the lazy,—
Blasphemous old men and reckless youths, and pained women, crazy;
"Give, give!" they cried, "give, give us drink, to drown all thought
of sorrow;

If we are happy for to-day, what care we for to-morrow?"

The *first* drop warm'd their shivering skins, and drove away their sadness ;

The *second* lit their sunken eyes, and filled their souls with gladness ;

The *third* drop made them shout and roar, and play each furious antic ;

The *fourth* drop boil'd their very blood : and the *fifth* drop drove them frantic.

" Drink ! " said the Demon, " Drink your fill ! drink of these waters mellow ;

They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow ;

They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters ;

They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts ; but never mind !—what matters ?

" Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social ties dis sever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for ever ;

For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,
To lodge at last each jolly soul who all his life carouses.—

The *first*, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appalling,

Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine crawling,

The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole of others,—
A plague and burthen to himself, an eye-sore to his brothers.

" The *second* is a lazarhouse, rank, fetid, and unholy ;

Where, smitten by diseases foul and hopeless melancholy,

The victims of potations deep, pine on the couch of sadness,—
Some calling Death to end their pain, and some imploring Madness.

The *third* and last is black and high, the abode of guilt and anguish,

And full of dungeons deep and fast, where death-doom'd felons languish.

So drain the cup, and drain again ! One of my goodly houses

Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs carouses ! "

But well he knew—that Demon old—how vain was all his preaching,
The ragged crew that round him flock'd were heedless of his teaching ;

Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried, with shouts of laughter,—

" Out on the fool who mars To-day with thoughts of a Hereafter !

We care not for thy houses three ; we live but for the present ;

And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers pleasant." ...

Loud laugh'd the fiend to hear them speak, and, lifting high his bicker,

" Body and Soul are mine !" said he ; " I'll have them *both*—for liquor !" "

LXXVII.—DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.—THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time, an evening calm and cool ;

And four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school :

There were some that ran, and some that leapt, like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds, and souls untouch'd by sin ;

To a level mead they came, and there they drave the wickets in :—

Pleasantly shone the setting sun over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about, and shouted as they ran,—

Turning to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can ; ...

But the Usher sat remote from all—a melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart, to catch heaven's blessed breeze ;

For a burning thought was in his brow, and his bosom ill at ease :

So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read the Book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er, nor ever glanced aside ;

For the peace of his soul he read that Book in the golden eventide :

Much study had made him very lean, and pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ; with a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close, and fix'd the brazen hasp :

" Oh me ! could I so close my mind, and clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then, leaping on his feet upright, some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead, and past a shady nook,—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy that pored upon a book !

" My gentle lad, what is't you read ;—romance, or fairy fable ?

Or is it some historic page, of kings and crowns unstable ? "

The young boy gave an upward glance,—" It is ' The Death of Abel.' "

The Usher took six hasty strides, as smit with sudden pain,—

Six hasty strides beyond the place, then slowly back again ;

And down he sat beside the lad, and talked with him . . . of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men whose deeds tradition saves :

Of lone'y folk cut off unseen, and hid in sudden graves ;

Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn, and murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men shriek upward from the sod,—

Ay ! how the ghostly hand will point to show the burial clod !

And unknown facts of guilty acts are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth beneath the curse of Cain,—

With crimson clouds before their eyes, and flames about their brain :

For blood has left upon their souls its everlasting stain !

" And well," quoth he, " I know for truth their pangs must be
extreme,—

Woe ! woe ! unutterable woe—who spill life's sacred stream !

For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought a murder in a dream !

" One that had never done me wrong—a feeble man, and old :

I led him to a lonely field,—the moon shone clear and cold :

' Now here,' said I, ' this man shall die, and I will have his gold ! '

" Two sudden blows with a ragged stick, and one with a heavy stone,

One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—and then the deed was done !

There was nothing lying at my feet, but lifeless flesh and bone !

" Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone, that could not do me ill ;

And yet I fear'd him all the more, for lying there so still :

There was a manhood in his look, that murder could not kill !

" And, lo ! the universal air seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—

Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes were looking down in blame :

I took the dead man by the hand, and call'd him by his name !

" Oh, boy ! it made me quake to see such sense within the skin !

But when I touch'd the lifeless clay, the blood gushed out again !

For every clot, a burning spot was scorching in my brain !

" My head was like an ardent coal, my heart as solid ice ;

My wretched, wretched soul, I knew, was at the Devil's price :

A dozen times I groan'd : the dead had never groan'd but twice !

" And now, from forth the frowning sky, from the Heaven's topmost
height,

I heard a voice—the awful voice of the blood-avenging Sprite :

' These guilty men ! take up thy dead and hide it from my sight ! '

" I took the dreary body up, and cast it in a stream,—

A glaucous water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme.—

My gentle boy, remember this is nothing but a dream !—

" Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge, and vanish'd in the pool ;

Anon I cleansed my bloody hands, and wash'd my forehead cool,

And sat among the wretches young, that evening, in the school !

"Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls, and mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer, nor join in evening hymn:
Like a Devil of the pit I seem'd, 'mid holy Cherubim!

"And Peace went with them, one and all, and each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain that lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round, with fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony, in anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close, but stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her the keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony, from weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint, that rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first fierce impulse unto crime;

"One stern, tyrannic thought that made all other thoughts its slave!
Stronger and stronger every pulse did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go, and see the Dead Man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up as soon as light was in the sky,
And sought the black accurs'd pool with a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed, for the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook the dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight, I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again under the horrid thing!

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase, I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that morn I read in school, but my thought was other-where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done, in secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves, and still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face, and first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one that earth refused to keep!
Or land, or sea, though he should be ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite, till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave, and trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—the world shall see his bones!

Oh, look! that horrid, horrid dream besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain, the human life I take!
And my red right hand grows raging hot, like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay will wave or mould allow;
The horrid Thing pursues my soul,—it stands before me now!"...
The fearful Boy look'd up, and saw huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep the urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, through the cold and heavy
mist;

And Eugene Aram walk'd between, with gyves upon his wrist.

LXXVIII.—THE SLAVE WHO SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S. MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

'Twas in the days of slavery—ere yet the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had waked the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their heart's
desire.

On roofs and glittering turrets that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown,
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city—the spire of St. Michael's—rise.

The gently-gathering shadows shut out the waning light ;
The children prayed at their bedsides as they were wont each night ;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet ;
Men stared in each other's faces, through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread ;
While the Fire King's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their glaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city was driven the surging crowd,
Where, yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of St. Michael's stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it, there rose a sudden wail—
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" the whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;

Far out on the lurid harbour they watched it from the ships—
A bal-ful gleam, that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand
For the love of the perilled city plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the Mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard ;
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word !

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky ?
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye ?
Will he dare it—the hero undaunted—that terrible sickening height ?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight ?

But see ! he has stepped on the railing—he climbs with his feet and his hands,

And firm, on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him he stands !—

Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous breath—

And then falls on the multitude, gazing, a hush like the stillness of death !

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire :
He stops ! Will he fall ? Lo, for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track :

And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black !

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air :
At the church-door Mayor and Council wait with their feet on the stair ;

And the eager throngs behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them as they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save,—
And the face of the unknown hero was the sable face of a Slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd :
“Ye may keep your gold !—I scorn it ! but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a Man ?”

He stepped but a short step backward, and from all the women and
men

There were wild cheers for answer ; and the Mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran :—

And the Slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door—a
MAN !

LXXIX.—THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.—(*Adaptation*) BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells !—Each one its Creed in
music tells, in tones that float upon the air as soft as song, as pure
as prayer ! And I will put in simple rhyme the language of each
golden chime : my happy heart with rapture swells, responsive to
the bells—sweet bells !

“In deeds of love, excel ! excel !” chimed out, from ivied towers,
a bell ; “Oh ! heed the Church—not based on sands,—emblem of one
not built with hands : its forms and sacred rites revere ! Come,
worship here ! Come worship here ! In rituals and faith excel !”—
chimed out the “Episcopalian” bell !

“Oh ! heed the ancient landmarks well !” in solemn tones exclaimed
a bell. “No progress made by mortal man can change the just
eternal plan : with God there can be nothing new ; ignore the false,
embrace the true, while all is well !—is well !—is well !”—pealed
out the “Presbyterian” bell !

“Ye purifying waters, swell !” in mellow tones rang out a bell.
“Though trust alone in Christ can save, man must be plunged
beneath the wave, to show the world unfaltering faith in what the
sacred Scripture saith : oh, swell ! ye rising waters, swell !”—pealed
out the clear-toned “Baptist” bell.

“Not faith alone, but works as well, must test the soul !” said a
soft bell. “Come here, and cast aside your load ; and work your way
along the road, with faith in God, and faith in man, and hope in
Christ—where hope began : do well ! do well ! do well ! do well !”—
rang out the friendly “Quaker” bell !

“Farewell ! farewell ! base world, farewell !” in touching tones
exclaimed a bell. “Life is a boon to mortals given, to fit the soul for
bliss in heaven ; do not invoke the avenging rod ; come here, and
learn the way to God ! Say to the world, ‘Farewell ! farewell !’”—
pealed forth the solemn “Cloister” bell !

“To all, the truth we tell ! we tell !” shouted, in ecstasies, a bell.
“Come, all ye weary wanderers, see ! our LORD has made salvation
free ! repent, believe, have faith !—and then be saved, and praise the
Lord ! Amen ! Salvation's free, we tell ! we tell !”—shouted the
“Methodistic” bell !

“In after-life there is no hell !” in raptures rang a hopeful bell.
“Look up to heaven this holy day, where angels wait to lead the

way : there are no fires, no fiends, to blight the future life : be just and right : No hell ! no hell ! no hell ! no hell !” Rang out the “Universalist” bell !

“The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well my cheerful voice,” pealed forth a bell. “No fetters here, to clog the soul ; no arbitrary forms control the free heart and progressive mind, that leave the dusky past behind. Speed well ! speed well ! speed well ! speed well !”—pealed out the “Independent” bell !

“No rigid creeds to doom to hell !” in solemn joy rang out a bell. “Great men have stamped their fervent zeal upon all hearts, which truly feel that loyalty to God will be the fealty that makes men free ! God’s praise alone still tell ! still tell !” rang out the “Unitarian” bell !

“All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell close by the Cross !” exclaimed a bell. “Lean o’er the battlements of bliss, and deign to bless a world like this : let mortals kneel before this shrine—adore the water and the wine ! All hail, ye saints ! the chorus swell !”—chimed out the grand old “Catholic” bell !

“Ye workers all, who toil so well to save the race !” said a sweet bell, “with varied badge, and banner, come,—each brave heart beating like a drum ; be royal men of noble deeds, for love is holier than creeds ; in faith, hope, charity, excel !”—sang forth each creed—rang forth each bell !

LXXX.—THE OLD GRENADIER’S STORY.—

G. W. THORNBURY.

’Twas the day beside the Pyramids, it seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber’s Foot stood firm in squares, returning blow for blow,
The Mamelukes were tossing their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child’s voice say, “My men, teach me the way to die !”

’Twas a little Drummer, with his side torn terribly with shot ;
But still he feebly beat his drum, as though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes’ wild horse burst, with a scream and cry,
He said, “O men of the Forty-third, teach me the way to die !”

“My mother has got other sons, with stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood, for France to pour out free as wine ;
Yet still life’s sweet,” the brave lad moaned, “fair are this earth
and sky ;

Then, comrades of the Forty-third, teach me the way to die !”

O never saw I sight like that ! the serjeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow with a wet and bloody rag ;
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel, but never made reply,
Until he robbed out once again, “Teach me the way to die !”

Then, with a shout that flew to God, they strode into the fray :
I saw their red plumes join and wave, then slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—bade the poor boy good bye,
And said, “We men of the Forty-third teach you the way to die !”

I never saw so sad a look as the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon in cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook, and heaven answered : I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, “The Forty-third teach me the way to die !”

Then, with a musket for a crutch, he leaped into the fight ;
I, with a bullet in my arm, had neither strength nor might ;
But, proudly beating on his drum, a fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, “The Forty-third taught me the way to die !”

They found him on the morrow, stretched on a heap of dead;
 His hand was in the Grenadier's, who at his bidding bled.
 They hung a medal round his neck, and closed his dauntless eye;
 On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third taught him the way to die!"

'Tis many years from then till now—the grave gapes at my feet—
 Yet when I think of such a boy I feel my old heart beat;
 And from my sleep I sometimes wake, hearing a feeble cry,
 And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third, teach me the way to die!"

LXXXI.—"BORRIOBOOLA-GHA."—O. GOODRICH.

A STRANGER preached last Sunday, and crowds of people came
 To hear a two-hours' sermon on a theme I scarce can name;
 'Twas all about some heathens, thousands of miles afar,
 Who lived in a land of darkness, called "Borrioboola-Gha."

So well their wants he pictured, that, when the plates were passed,
 Each listener felt his pockets, and goodly sums were cast;
 For all must lend a shoulder to push the rolling car
 That carries light and comfort to "Borrioboola-Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows lay heavy on my soul,
 And deep in meditation I took my morning stroll,
 Till something caught my mantle with eager grasp and wild,
 And, looking down in wonder, I saw a little child—

A pale and puny creature, in rags and dirt forlorn:
 "What do you want?" I asked her, impatient to be gone.
 With trembling voice she answered, "We live just down the street,
 And mother she's a dyin', and we've nothin' left to eat."

Down in a dark damp cellar, with mould o'er all the walls,
 Through whose half-buried windows God's sunshine never falls—
 Where cold, and want, and hunger crouched near her as she lay,
 I found that poor child's mother gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table, a bed of mouldy straw,
 A hearth all dark and cheerless,—but these I scarcely saw
 For the mournful sight before me—so sad and sickening, oh!
 I had never, never pictured a scene so full of woe.

The famished and the naked, the babes that pined for bread,
 The squalid group that huddled around the dying bed—
 All this distress and sorrow should be in lands afar:
 Was I suddenly transplanted to "Borrioboola-Gha?"

Ah! no; the poor and wretched were close beside my door,
 And I had passed them heedless a thousand times before.
 Alas! for the cold and hungry that met me every day,
 While all my tears were given to the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians in distant lands, we know;
 Our Lord commands His servants through all the world to go,
 "Not only to the heathen!" This was the charge to them:
 "Go preach the Word, beginning first at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian! God has promised whoe'er to such has given
 A cup of pure cold water, shall find reward in heaven.
 Would you secure the blessing? You need not seek it far;
 Go find, in yonder hovel, a "Borrioboola-Gha."

LXXXII.—BINGEN ON THE RHINE.—HON. MRS. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said : " I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and, when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And, midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, —
And one came from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take what'er they would—but kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread ;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too,—and not afraid to die.
And, if a comrade, seek her love, I ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

" There's another—not a sister ;—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye :
Too innocent for coquetry ; too fond for idle scorning ;—
Oh, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still ;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk ;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine . . .
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine ! "

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak :
His comrade bent to lift him, . . . but the spark of life had fled !
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land was dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

LXXXIII.—TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.—WILLIAM SAWYER.

TOWARDS the scaffold's guard she came: leaped her black eyes into flame; rose and fell her panting breast—there a Pardon closely pressed! She had heard her lover's doom,—traitor death and shameful tomb; heard the price upon his head,—“I will save him!” she had said. “Blue-eyed Annie loves him too; *she* will weep, but Ruth will *do*. Who should save him sore distress?—who but she who loves him best!”

To the scaffold now she came; on her lips there rose his name, rose, and yet in silence died. . .—Annie nestled by his side! Over Annie's face he bent—round her waist his fingers went, “Wife!” he called her—called *her* “wife!”—Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay, but she coldly turned away:—“He has sealed his traitor fate—I can love, and I can hate! Annie is his wife!” they said; “be she wife, then, to the dead: since the dying she will mate—I can love, and I can hate!” “What their sin? They do but love: let this thought thy bosom move!” Came the jealous answer straight, “I can love, and I can hate!” “Mercy!” still they cried. But she, “Who has mercy upon me? Who? My life is desolate—I can love, and I can hate!”

From the scaffold stairs she went, shouts the noon-day silence rent; all the air was quick with cries—“See the traitor! see, he dies!” Back she looked; with stifled scream saw the axe upswinging gleam: all her woman's anger died—“From the King!” she faintly cried. “From the King! His name—behold!” quick the parchment she unrolled. Paused the axe in upward swing, “He is pardoned!” “Live the King!”

Glad the cry, and loud, and long; all about the scaffold throng, there entwining, fold on fold, raven tresses—locks of gold. There, against Ruth's tortured breast Annie's tearful face is pressed, while the white lips murmuring move—“I can hate, but I can love!”

LXXXIV.—THE BUGLE SONG.—TENNYSON.

THE splendour falls on castle walls, and snowy summits old in story;
the long light shakes across the lakes, and the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying; blow, bugle—
answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear, and thinner, clearer, farther going;
oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar, the horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying; blow, bugle—
answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky! they faint on hill, on field, on river;
our echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying; and answer, echoes, answer!
dying, dying, dying.

LXXXV.—THE BARD.—THOMAS GRAY.

“RUIN seize thee, ruthless King! Confusion on thy banners wait;
though, fanned by Conquest's crimson wing, they mock the air with idle state!
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, nor even thy virtues—

tyrant!—shall avail to save thy secret soul from nightly fears, from Cambria's curse—from Cambria's tears." Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride of the first Edward, scattered wild disney, as, down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side, he wound, with toilsome march, his long array. Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance! "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood, robed in the sable garb of woe, with haggard eyes the Poet stood; (loose, his beard and hoary hair streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;) and, with a master's hand, and prophet's fire, struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. "Hark! how each giant oak, and desert cave, sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath! O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave, revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe:—vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day, to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue, that hushed the stormy main: brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed: Mountains, ye mourn in vain Modred, whose magic song made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head:—on dreary Arvon's shore they lie, smeared with gore, and ghastly pale: far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail: the famished eagle screams, and passes by. Dear, lost companions of my tuneful art! dear—as the light that visits these sad eyes! dear—as the ruddy drops that warm my heart! ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—No more I weep. They do not sleep. On yonder cliffs,—a grisly band,—I see them sit! they linger yet, avengers of their native land: with me in dreadful harmony they join, and weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,—the winding-sheet of Edward's race: give ample room, and verge enough, the characters of hell to trace: mark the year, and mark the night, when Severn shall re-echo with affright the shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring—shrieks of an agonizing king! She-wolf of France—with unrelenting fangs that tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,—from thee be born, who, o'er thy country, hangs, the scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait! Amazement in his van, with Flight combined; and Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude, behind.

"Mighty victor! mighty lord! low on his funeral couch he lies! No pitying heart, no eye, afford a tear to grace his obsequies. Is the Sable Warrior fled? Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead! The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born? Gone to salute the rising Morn. Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows, while, proudly riding o'er the azure realm, in gallant trim the gilded vessel goes—Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm: regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, that, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl, the rich repast prepare! Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:—close by the royal chair, fell Thirst and Famine scowl a baleful smile upon their baffled guest. Heard ye the din of battle bray, lance to lance, and horse to horse? Long years of havoc urge their destined course, and through the kindred squadrons mow their way! Ye towers of Julius—London's lasting shame!—with many a foul and midnight murder fed, reverse his consort's faith, his father's fame, and spare the meek harper's holy head. Above, below, the rose of snow, twined with the blessing fog, we spread; the bristled bear, in infant gore, wallows beneath the thorny shade. Now, B others, bending o'er the accursed loom, stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, ho! to sudden fate (Weave we the woof. The thread is

spun.)—half of thy heart we consecrate. (The web is wove. The work is done!)—Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn, leave me, unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn : in yon bright track, that fires the western skies, they melt—they vanish from my eyes. But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ! Visions of glory, spare my aching sight ! ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul ! No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail : all hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue ! hail !

"Girt with many a Baron bold, sublime their starry fronts they rear : and gorgeous dames, and statesmen old, in bearded majesty appear. In the midst a form divine ! her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ; her lion-port, her awe-commanding face, attempered sweet to virgin grace ! What strings symphonious tremble in the air ! what strains of vocal transports round her play ! Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ! they breathe a soul to animate thy clay. Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings, waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

"The verse adorn again fierce War, and faithful Love, and Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed ; in buskined measures, move pale Grief and pleasing Pain, with Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. A voice, as of the cherub-choir, gales from blooming Eden bear ; and distant warblings lessen on my ear, that lost in long futurity expire. —Fond, impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud, raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ? To-morrow he repairs the golden flood, and warms the nations with redoubled ray. Enough for me : with joy I see the different doom our fates assign ! Be thine Despair and sceptred Care ; to triumph, and to die, are mine !" —He spoke ; and, headlong, from the mountain's height, deep in the roaring tide he plunged—to endless night.

LXXXVI.—ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.—ALEXANDER POPE.

DESCEND ! ye Nine ! descend and sing ; the breathing instruments inspire ; wake into voice each silent string, and sweep the sounding lyre ! In a sadly pleasing strain let the warbling lute complain ; let the loud trumpets sound, till the roofs all around the shrill echoes rebound : while, in more lengthen'd notes and slow, the deep, majestic, solemn organs blow. Hark ! the numbers soft and clear, gently steal upon the ear ; now louder, and yet louder rise, and fill with spreading sounds the skies ! Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes ; in broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ; till, by degrees, remote and small, the strains decay and melt away, in a dying, dying fall !

By Music, minds an equal temper know, nor swell too high nor sink too low. If in the breast tumultuous joys arise, Music her soft, assuasive voice applies : or, when the soul is press'd with cares, exalts her in enlivening airs. Warriors she fires with animated sounds ; pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds : Melancholy lifts her head, Morpheus rouses from his bed, Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes, listening Envy drops her snakes ; intestine War no more our passions wage, and giddy Factions hear away their rage. But when our country's cause provokes to arms, how martial music every bosom warms ! So when the first bold vessel dared the seas, high on the stern the Thracian raised his strain, while Argo saw her kindred trees descend from Pelion to the main : transported demigods stood round, and men grew heroes at the sound, inflamed with glory's charms : each chief his sevenfold shield displayed, and half unsheath'd the shining blade : and seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound, "To arms ! to arms ! to arms !"

But when through all the infernal bounds, which flaming Phlegethon

surrounds, Love, strong as Death, the poet led to the pale nations of the dead, what sounds were heard ! what scenes appear'd, o'er all the dreary coasts ! Dreadful gleams, dismal screams, fires that glow, shrieks of woe, sullen moans, hollow groans, and cries of tortured ghosts ! But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ! and see ! the tortured ghosts respire ! see, shady forms advance ! Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still ; Ixion rests upon his wheel, and the pale Spectres dance ! The Furies sink upon their iron beds, and snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads. " By the streams that ever flow, by the fragrant winds that blow o'er the Elysian flowers ; by those happy souls who dwell in yellow meads of asphodel, or amaranthine bowers : by the heroes' arm'd shades glittering though the gloomy glades ; by the youths that died for love, wandering in the myrtle grove, restore, restore Eurydice to life ! oh, take the husband, or return the wife ! "

He sang, and hell consented to hear the Poet's prayer : stern Proserpine relented, and gave him back the fair. Thus Song could prevail o'er Death and o'er Hell ; a conquest how hard and how glorious ! Though Fate had fast bound her with Styx nine times round her, yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes : again she falls, again she dies ! she dies ! How wilt thou now the Fatal Sisters move ? no crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love. Now under hanging mountains, beside the falls of fountains, or where Hebrus wanders, rolling in meanders, —all alone, unheard, unknown, he makes his moan ; and calls her ghost, for ever, ever, ever, lost ! Now with Furies surround'd, despairing, confounded, he trembles, he glows, amidst Rhodopé's snows ! See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ! hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—Ah, see, he dies ! Yet even in death " Eurydice ! " he sung :—" Eurydice ! " still trembled on his tongue :—" Eurydice ! " the woods—" Eurydice ! " the floods—" Eurydice ! " the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm, and fate's severest rage disarm : music can soften pain to ease, and make despair and madness please : our joys below it can improve, and antedate the bliss above. This the divine Cecilia found, and to her Maker's praise confined the sound. When the full organ joins the tuneful quire, the immortal Powers incline their ear ; borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire, while solemn airs improve the sacred fire ; and angels lean from heaven to hear. Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;—to bright Cecilia greater power is given : his numbers rais'd a shade from Hell, hers lift the soul to Heaven.

LXXXVII.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—JOHN DRYDEN.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won by Philip's warlike son ;—aloft, in awful state, the god-like hero sat on his imperial throne. His valiant peers were placed around, their brows with roses and with myrtles bound : so should desert in arms be crowned. The lovely Thais, by his side sat, like a blooming Eastern bride, in flower of youth and beauty's pride. Happy, happy, happy pair ! None but the brave, none but the brave, none but the brave,—deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high amid the tuneful choir—with flying fingers touch'd the lyre ; the trembling notes ascend the sky, and heavenly joys inspire. . . . The song began from Jove, who left his blissful seat above—such is the power of mighty Love !—A dragon's fiery form belied the god : sublime on radiant spheres he rode, when he to fair Olympia press'd, and stamp'd an image of himself—a sovereign of the world !—The listening crowds admire the lofty sound :

"A present deity!" they shout around; "A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound! With ravished ears the monarch hears, assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet Musician sung; of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!—"The jolly god in triumph comes! sound the trumpets! beat the drums! Flushed with a purple grace he shows his honest face! Now, give the hautboys breath!—he comes! he comes! Bacchus, ever fair and young, drinking joys did first ordain! Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; drinking is the soldier's pleasure; rich the treasure; sweet the pleasure; sweet is pleasure, after pain!" —Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain—fought all his battles o'er again—and thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew—the slain!

The Master saw the madness rise, his glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; and, while he heaven and earth defied,—changed his hand, and checked his pride. He chose a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse; he sang—"Darius, great, and good! by too severe a fate, fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen, fallen from his high estate—and weltering in his blood! Deserted, at his utmost need, by those his former bounty fed, on the bare earth, exposed, he lies, with not a friend to close his eyes!"—With downcast look the joyless Victor sat, revolving, in his altered soul, the various turns of fate below; and, now and then, a sigh he stole, and tears began to flow!

The mighty Master smiled, to see that Love was in the next degree; 'twas but a kindred sound to move; for Pity melts the mind to Love. Softly sweet, in Lydian measures, soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. "War," he sung, "is toil and trouble: honour, but an empty bubble; never ending, still beginning; fighting still, and still destroying. If the world be worth thy winning, think, oh! think it worth enjoying! Lovely Thais sits beside thee, take the good the gods provide thee!" —The many rend the skies with loud applause. So Love was crowned; but Music won the cause. The Prince, unable to conceal his pain, gazed on the fair who caused his care; and sighed and looked,—sighed and looked,—sighed and looked,—and sighed again: at length, with love and wine at once oppressed, the vanquished victor sank upon her breast.

"Now, strike the golden lyre again! a louder yet, and yet a louder strain! break his bands of sleep asunder, and rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!" Hark, hark!—The horrid sound has raised up his head, as awaked from the dead; and, amazed, he stares around! "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries: "See the Furies arise! see the snakes that they rear, how they hiss in their hair, and the sparkles that flash from their eyes! Behold a ghastly band, each a torch in his hand! these are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain, and, unburied, remain inglorious on the plain! Give the vengeance, due to the valiant crew! Behold! how they toss their torches on high, how they point to the Persian abodes, and glittering temples of their hostile gods!"—The princes applaud with a furious joy; and the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy; Thais led the way to light him to his prey; and, like another Helen,—fired another Troy!

LXXXVIII.—THE PASSIONS.—WILLIAM COLLINS.

WHEN Music, (heavenly maid!) was young, ere yet in earliest Greece she sung, the Passions oft, to hear her shell, thronged around her magic cell; exulting,—trembling;—raging,—fainting;—possessed, beyond the Muse's painting. By turns, they felt the glowing mind disturbed,—delighted,—raised,—refined; till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,

filled with fury, rapt, inspired, from the supporting myrtles round they snatched her instruments of sound ; and as they oft had heard, apart, sweet lessons of her forceful art, each—for madness ruled the hour—would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear—his hand, its skill to try, amid the chords bewildered laid—and back recoiled—he knew not why :—even at the sound himself had made !

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire ; in lightnings owned his secret stings ; with one rude clash he struck the lyre, and swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair :—low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ; a solemn, strange, and mingled air ; 'twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair, what was thy delighted measure ? Still it whispered promised pleasure, and bade the lovely scenes at distance "Hail !" Still would her touch the strain prolong ; and, from the rocks, the woods, the vale, she called on Echo, still, through all her song ; and, where her sweetest theme she chose, a soft, responsive voice was heard at every close !—and Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair !

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown, Revenge impatient rose : he threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ; and with a withering look, the war-denouncing trumpet took, and blew a blast—so loud and dread, were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe : and ever and anon, he beat the doubling drum, with furious heat. And though sometimes, each dreary pause between, dejected Pity, at his side, her soul-subduing voice applied, yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien ; while each strained ball of sight—seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ; sad proof of thy distressful state ! Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ; and now, it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired, pale Melancholy sat retired ; and from her wild, sequestered seat, in notes by distance made more sweet, poured, through the mellow horn, her pensive soul : and, dashing soft, from rocks around, bubbling runnels joined the sound. Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ; or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,—round a holy calm diffusing, love of peace and lonely musing,—in hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone, when Cheerfulness—a nymph of healthiest hue,—her bow across her shoulder flung, her buskins gemmed with morning dew,—blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung : the hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known. The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen, Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys were seen peeping from forth their alleys green : brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ; and Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial ; he, with vine crown advancing, first to the lively pipe his hand addressed ; but soon he saw the brisk awakening viol, whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best. They would have thought who heard the strain, they saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids, amid the festal-sounding shades to some unwearied minstrel dancing : while, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings, Love framed, with Mirth, a gay, fantastic round :—loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound, —and he, amidst his frolic play, as if he would the charming air repay, shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

SELECTIONS FROM MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

I.—THE INTRODUCTION.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden,—till one greater Man restore us, and regain the blissful seat,—sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire that shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed, in the beginning how the heavens and earth rose out of Chaos; or, if Sion hill delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God: I thence invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,—that, with no middle flight, intends to soar above the Aonian mount, while it pursues things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer, before all temples, the upright heart and pure, instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss, and mad'st it pregnant. What is in me dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support; that, to the height of this great argument, I may assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men.

II.—SPEECH OF SATAN IN HELL.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime—said then the lost Archangel,—this the seat that we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom, for that celestial light? Be it so, since He who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid what shall be right: farthest from Him is best: whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme above his equals. Farewell, happy fields, where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail, infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new possessor;—one who brings a mind not to be changed by place or time. The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven! What matter where, if I be still the same, and what I should be—all but less, than He whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least we shall be free; the Almighty hath not built here for his envy, will not drive us hence; here we may reign secure; and, in my choice, to reign is worth ambition, though in Hell: better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven. But wherefore let we then our faithful friends, the associates and co-partners of our loss, lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool? and call them not to share with us their part in this unhappy mansion? or, once more, with rallied arms, to try what may be yet regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?

III.—SPEECH OF SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

PRINCES, Potentates, Warriors! the flower of Heaven, once yours; now lost, if such astonishment as this can seize eternal Spirits: or, have ye chosen this place, after the toil of battle to repose your wearied virtue, for the ease you find to slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven? Or, in this abject posture, have ye sworn to adore the Conqueror?—who now beholds Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood, with scattered arms and ensigns; till, anon, his swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern the advantage, and, descending, tread us down thus

where pain of unextinguishable fire must exercise us without hope of end—the vassals of His anger, when the scourge inexorable, and the torturing hour, calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus, we should be quite abolished, and expire. What fear we then? what doubt we, to incense His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged, will either quite consume us, and reduce to nothing this essential,—happier far than miserable to have eternal being!—or, if our substance be indeed divine, and cannot cease to be, we are at worst on this side nothing; and, by proof, we feel our power sufficient to disturb His heaven, and, with perpetual inroads, to alarm, though inaccessible, His fatal throne:—which, if not victory, is yet revenge!

VI.—SPEECH OF BELIAL DISSUADING FROM WAR.

I SHOULD be much for open war, O Peers, as not behind in hate, if what was urged main reason to persuade immediate war, did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast ominous conjecture on the whole success:—when he, who most excels in fact of arms, in what he counsels and in what excels mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair and utter dissolution; as the scope of all his aim, after some dire revenge. First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled with armed watch, that renders all access impregnable; oft on the bordering deep encamp their legions, or, with obscure wing, scout far and wide into the realm of night, scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way by force, and at our heels all hell should rise with blackest insurrection, to confound heaven's purest light; yet, our Great Enemy, all incorruptible, would on His throne sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould, incapable of stain, would soon expel her mischief, and purge off the baser fire, victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope is flat despair. We must exasperate the Almighty Victor to spend all His rage—and that must end us! that must be our cure, to be no more: sad cure! For, who would lose, though full of pain, this intellectual being? those thoughts that wander through eternity, to perish rather,—swallowed up and lost in the wide womb of uncreated night, devoid of sense and motion! And who knows, (let this be good,) whether our angry Foe can give it? or will ever? How He can is doubtful; that He never will is sure. Will He, so wise, let loose at once His ire,—belike through impotence, or unaware,—to give His enemies their wish; and end them in His anger, whom His anger saves to punish endless? "Wherefore cease we then?" say they who counsel war; "we are decreed, reserved, and destined to eternal woe: whatever doing, what can we suffer more? what can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst, thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms? What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck with Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought the deep to shelter us? this Hell then seemed a refuge from those wounds: or when we lay chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse. What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage, and plunge us in the flames? or, from above, should intermitted vengeance arm again his red right hand to plague us? What if all her stores were opened, and this firmament of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,—impending horrors threatening hideous, fall one day upon our heads! while we, perhaps, designing or exhorting glorious war, caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey of racking whirlwinds; and for ever sunk under you boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,—there to converse with everlasting groans, unrespite'd, unpitied, unreprieved, ages of hopeless end! This would be worse! War, therefore, open or concealed, alike my voice dissuades,

VII.—APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born ! or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam :—may I express thee unblamed ? since God is light, and never, but in unapproached light, dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee, bright effluence of bright essence increate ! Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream, whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun, before the heavens, thou wert ; and, at the voice of God, as with a mantle, didst invest the rising world of waters dark and deep, won from the void and formless infinite. Thee I revisit now with bolder wing, escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained in that obscure sojourn ; while, in my flight, through utter and through middle darkness borne, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre, I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;—taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down the dark descent, and up to re-ascend, though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe, and feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain to find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ; so thick a drop-serene hath quenched their orbs, or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more cease I to wander where the Muses haunt, —clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,—smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, that wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow, nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget those other two equal'd with me in fate,—so were I equal'd with them in renown !—blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides, and Tiresias, and Phineus—prophets old : then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move harmonious numbers :—as the wakeful bird sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid, tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year Seasons return ; but not to me returns Day, or the sweet approach of Even, or Morn, or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ; but cloud instead, and ever-during dark surrounds me—from the cheerful ways of men cut off ; and, for the book of knowledge fair, presented with a universal blank of Nature's works, to me expunged and ras'd, and wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. So much the rather thou, celestial Light, shine inward, and the mind through all her powers irradiate : there plant eyes ; all mist from thence purge and disperse,—that I may see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight !

VIII.—SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU ! that, with surpassing glory crowned, look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god of this new world !—at whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads !—to thee I call, but with no friendly voice, and add thy name, O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams, that bring to my remembrance from what state I fell ; how glorious once—above thy sphere—till pride and worse ambition, threw me down, warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King ! Ah ! wherefore ? He deserved no such return from me, whom He created what I was in that bright eminence ; and with His good upbraideth none ; nor was His service hard. What could be less than to afford Him praise, (the easiest recompence) and pay Him thanks, how due ! Yet, all His good proved ill in me, and wrought but malice ! lifted up so high, I vainly did dispute, and thought our stepfather would not set me highest ; and in a moment quitted the debt immense of endless gratitude, so burdensome—still paying, still to owe !

Forsooth what from Him I still received ; and understood not that a grateful mind by owing owes not, but still pays ; at once indebted and discharged, — why that burden then ? Oh ! had His powerful destiny ordained me some inferior angel, I had stood then happy ; no un-

bounded hope had raised ambition ! Yet why not ? some other power as great might have aspired ; and me, though mean, drawn to his part : but other powers as great fell not, but stand unshaken ; from within or from without, to all temptations armed. Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ? Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse—but Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all ? Be then His love accurs'd ! since, love or hate, (to me alike,) it deals eternal woe ! Nay, curs'd be thou ! since, against His, thy will chose freely, what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly infinite wrath, and infinite despair ? Which way I fly is hell ! myself am hell ! and in the lowest deep, a lower deep, still threatening to devour me, opens wide,—to which the hell I suffer seems a heaven ! Oh, then, at last relent ! Is there no place left for repentance ? none for pardon left ? None left—but by submission !—and that word disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame among the spirits beneath : whom I seduced with other promises, and other vaunts, than to submit, boasting I could subdue—the Omnipotent ! Ah me, they little know how dearly I abide that boast so vain : under what torments inwardly I groan, while they adore me on the throne of hell. With diadem and sceptre high advanced, the lower still I fall—only supreme in misery ! Such joy ambition finds !

But say I could repent, and could obtain, by act of grace, my former state ; how soon would height recal high thoughts ! how soon unsay what feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant vows made in pain, as violent and void ;—for never can true reconciliation grow, where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;—which would but lead me to a worse relapse and heavier fall : so should I purchase dear short intermission—bought with double smart ! This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far from granting, He—as I from begging, peace ! All hope excluded thus, behold,—instead of us, outcast ! exiled !—His new delight, Mankind, created, and for him this world. So, farewell hope ! and, with hope, farewell fear ! Farewell, remorse ! all good to me is lost ; Evil, be thou my Good ! by thee, at least divided empire with heaven's King I hold ; by thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign—as man ere long, and this new world, shall know !

IX.—EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad : Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird, they to their grassy couch, these to their nests, were slunk,—all but the wakeful nightingale : she, all night long, her amorous descant sung ; Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament with living sapphires : Hesperus, that led the starry host, rode brightest ; till the moon, rising in clouded majesty, at length (apparent queen !) unveil'd her peerless light, and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. When Adam thus to Eve :—" Fair Consort, the hour of night, and all things now retired to rest, mind us of like repose ; since God hath set labour and rest, as day and night, to men successive ; and the timely dew of sleep, now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines our eye-lids : other creatures all day long rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ; man hath his daily work of body or mind appointed,—which declares his dignity, and the regard of Heaven on all his ways ; while other animals inactive range, and of their doings God takes no account. To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east with first approach of light, we must be risen, and at our pleasant labour,—to reform yon flowery arbour, yonder alleys green—our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,—that mock our scant manuring, and require more hands than ours to lop their wanton

growth: those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, that lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth, ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease; meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest." To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned:—"My Author and Disposer! what thou bid'st unargued I obey; so God ordains; God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise. With thee conversing, I forget all time; all seasons, and their change, all please alike. Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet, with charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun, when first, on this delightful land, he spreads his orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth after soft showers; and sweet the coming on of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night, with this her solemn bird, and this fair moon, and these—the gems of heaven!—her starry train: but neither breath of morn, when she ascends with charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun on this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower, glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers; nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night, with this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon, or glittering starlight,—without thee, is sweet!

X.—MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good; Almighty! Thine this universal frame, thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then! unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens, to us invisible; or dimly seen in these Thy lowest works: yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine. Speak ye who best can tell,—ye sons of light,—Angels! for ye behold Him; and with songs and choral symphonies, day without night, circle His throne, rejoicing. Ye in heaven;—on earth, join, all ye Creatures, to extol Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end. Forest of stars! lost in the train of night,—if better thou belong not to the dawn,—sure pledge of day! that crown'st the smiling morn with thy bright circle,—praise Him in thy sphere, while day arises, that sweet hour of prime. Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul, acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise in thy eternal course; both when thou climb'st, and when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st. Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now thy'st with the fixed stars,—fixed in their orb, that flit—scand ye five other wandering fires, that move in mystic dance, not without song, resound His praise, who, out of darkness, called up light. Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth of Nature's womb; that, in quaternion, run perpetual circle, multiform; and mix and nourish all things;—let your harmonious change, vary to our great Maker still new praise. Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise from hill or steaming lake, dusky, or grey, till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,—in honour to the world's Great Author rise! whether to deck with cloud the uncoloured sky, or wet the thirny earth with falling showers,—raining or falling, still advance His praise. His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow, breathe soft, or loud! and wave your tops, ye pines! with every plant, in sign of worship, wave! Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow, melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise. Join voices, all ye living souls! Ye birds, that singing up to heaven gate ascend, bear on your wings, and in your notes, His praise. Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk the earth, and stateliy tread, or lowly creep; witness if I be silent, morn or even, to hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade, made vocal by my song, and taught His praise. Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still to give us only good; and if the night have gathered ought of evil or concealed, disperse it,—as now light dispels the dark.

MISCELLANEOUS DRAMATIC SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES.

I.—DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.—HOME.

MY name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain, whose constant cares were to increase his store, and keep his only son, myself, at home : for I had heard of battles, and I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord ; and Heaven soon granted what my sire denied. This moon, which rose last night round as my shield, had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light, a band of fierce barbarians, from the hills, rushed, like a torrent, down upon the vale, sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled for safety and for succour. I alone,—with bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,—hovered about the enemy, and marked the road he took ; then hastened to my friends ; whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men, I met advancing. The pursuit I led, till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe. We fought—and conquer'd ! Ere a sword was drawn, an arrow from my bow had pierced their chief, who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear. Returning home in triumph, I disdained the shepherd's slothful life ; and, having heard that our good king had summoned his bold peers to lead their warriors to the Carron side, I left my father's house, and took with me a chosen servant to conduct my steps—yon trembling coward, who forsook his master. Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers ; and, heaven-directed, came, this day, to do the happy deed that gilds my humble name.

II.—CATO ON IMMORTALITY.—ADDISON.

IT must be so !—Plato, thou reason'st well :
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing, after immortality ?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out—an Hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing—dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in, must be happy :
But when ? or where ? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[Laying his hand on his sword.]
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me,
This—in a moment, brings me to an end :
But this—informs me, I shall never die !

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years :
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

III.—ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.—SHERIDAN.

MY brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame !—
 Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire
 your hearts ?—No ! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the
 crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your
 generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a
 war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange
 frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule ;—we,
 for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer
 whom they fear, and obey a Power which they hate ;—we serve a
 monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Where'er they move
 in anger, desolation tracks their progress ! whenever they pause in
 amity, affliction mourns their friendship ! They boast they come but
 to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke
 of error :—Yes ; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who
 are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride !—They offer
 us their protection :—yes ! such protection as vultures give to lambs—
 covering and devouring them !—They call on us to barter all the good
 we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something
 better—which they promise ! Be our plain answer this ; the throne we
 honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave
 fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity
 with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell
 your invaders this : and tell them too, we seek no change ; and, least
 of all, such change as they would bring us.

IV.—THE SLAVE'S REMONSTRANCE.—J. S. KNOWLES.

THAT I were dead ! O, what is death compared to slavery ! Brutes
 may bear bondage—they were made for it, when Heaven set man
 above them ! but no mark, definite and indelible, it put upon one man
 to mark him from another, that he should live his slave. O heavy curse !
 To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes, passions, and
 conscience, like another man, and not have equal liberty to use them,
 but call his mood their master ! Why was I born with passion to be
 free—with faculties to use enlargement—with desires that cleave to
 high achievements—and with sympathies attracting me to objects fair
 and noble,—and yet with power over myself as little as any beast of
 burden ? Why should I live ? There are of brutes themselves that will
 not tame, so high in them is nature ; whom the spur and lash, instead
 of ening, only chafe into a prouder mettle ;—that will let you kill
 them, ere they will suffer you to master them. I am a man, and live !

V.—MASTER WALTER TO JULIA.—J. S. KNOWLES.

LISTEN to me—and silently, if not with patience.—How I watched
 thee from thy childhood, I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom
 —whose humble instrument I was—directed your non-age should be
 passed in privacy ; from your apt mind, that far outstripped your

years, fearing the taint of an infected world ;—for, in the rich ground, weeds once taking root, grow strong as flowers. He might be right or wrong : I thought him right ; and therefore did his bidding. Most certainly he loved you—so did I ; ay ! well as I had been myself your father ! I need not say how fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness,—that hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams, so soon fulfilment realized them all ! Enough. You came to womanhood : your heart, pure as the leaf of the consummate bud that's new unfolded by the smiling sun, and ne'er knew blight nor canker ! When a good woman is fitly mated, she grows doubly good, how good soe'er before ! I found the man I thought a match for thee ; and, soon as found, proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will, (occasion offering,) you should be married soon as you reached to womanhood.—You liked my choice—accepted him.—We came to town ; where, by important matter summoned thence, I left you an affianced bride !—Nay, check thy tears ! Let judgment now, not passion, be awake.—On my return, I found thee—what ? I'll not describe the thing I found thee then ! I'll not describe my pangs to see thee such a thing ! The engineer who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower it cost him years and years of toil to raise,—and, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves to roar and whistle now—but, in a night, beholds the tempests sporting in its place—may look aghast, as I did !—Resume thy seat. I pity thee ; perhaps not thee alone it fits to sue for pardon. But, to vindicate myself, I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee. What wast thou then with wounded pride ? I saw thy madness—knew, to thwart it were to chafe it—and humoured it to take that course, I thought, adopted, least 'twould rue ! I did it for the best.—But know'st thou not what with these nuptials comes ? Look back and think. I told thee of a thing. Hast thou forgot ?—Fathers, make straws your children ! Nature's nothing ! blood nothing ! Once in other veins it runs, it no more yearneth for the parent-flood, than doth the stream that from the source disparts. Talk not of love instinctive—what you call so is but the brat of custom ! Your own flesh by habit cleaves to you—without, hath no adhesion ! So ; you have forgot you have a father, and are here to meet him ! Remember, Julia, thou and I, to-day, must to thy father of thy training render a strict account. While honour's left to us, we have something ;—nothing, having all but that. Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia. Present thyself before thy bridegroom ! Show him thy heart, and to his honour leave it, to set thee free or hold thee bound. Thy father will be by !

VI.—TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.—J. S. KNOWLES.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again ! I hold to you the hands you first beheld, to show they still are free. Methinks I hear a spirit in your echoes answer me, and bid your tenant welcome to his home again.—O sacred forms, how proud you look ! how high you lift your heads into the sky ! how huge you are, how mighty, and how free ! Ye are the things that tower, that shine ; whose smile makes glad—whose frown is terrible ; whose forms, robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty, I'm with you once again !—I call to you with all my voice !—I hold my hands to you to show they still are free. I rush to you as though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak, I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow, o'er the abyss : his broad expanded wings lay calm and motionless upon the air, as if he floated there without their aid, by the sole act of his unlorded will, that buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively I bent my

bow : yet kept he rounding still his airy circle, as in the delight of measuring the ample range beneath, and round about ; absorbed, he heeded not the death that threatened him.—I could not shoot—'twas liberty !—I turned my bow aside, and let him soar away !

Heavens ! with what pride I used to walk these hills, and look up to my God, and think the land was free. Yes, it was free !—from end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—free as our torrents are that leap our rocks, and plough our valleys without asking leave ; or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow in very presence of the regal sun. How happy was I then ! I loved its very storms. Yes, I have often sat in my boat at night, when—midway o'er the lake—the stars went out, and down the mountain-gorge the wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed the thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled to see him shake his lightnings o'er my head, and think I had no master save his own.—On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft by the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along ; and while gust followed gust more furiously, as if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink, then I have thought of other lands, whose storms are summer flaws to those of mine, and just have wished me there ;—the thought that mine was free has checked that wish, and I have raised my head, and cried, in thralldom to that furious wind, Blow on ! this is the land of liberty !

VII.—LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.—J. H. PAYNE.

WOULD you know why I summoned you together ? Ask ye what brings me here ? Behold this dagger, clotted with gore ! Behold that frozen corpse ! See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death ! She was the mark and model of the time, the mould in which each female face was formed, the very shrine and sacristy of virtue ! Fairer than ever was a form created by youthful Fancy, when the blood strays wild, and never-resting thought is all on fire ! The worthiest of the worthy ! Not the nymph who met old Numa in his hallowed walks, and whispered in his ear her strains divine, can I conceive beyond her ;—the young choir of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful, amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds, which now spring rife from the luxurious compost spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily grew,—how from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants her father sheltered her, that not a leaf was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace, she bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections might have called back the torpid beast of age to long-forgotten rapture ; such a mind might have abashed the boldest libertine, and turned desire to reverential love and holiest affection ! Oh, my countrymen ! You all can witness when that she went forth it was a holiday in Rome ; old age forgot its crutch, labour its task,—all ran ; and mothers, turning to their daughters, cried, " There, there's Lucretia ! " Now, look ye where she lies ! That beautiful flower, that innocent sweet rose, torn up by ruthless violence—gone ! gone !—Say, would you seek instruction ? would you ask what ye should do ? Ask ye yon conscience-walls, which saw his poisoned brother—saw foul crimes committed there, and they will cry, *Revenge* !—Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove o'er her dead father's corpse, and it will cry, *Revenge* ! Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple with human blood, and they will cry, *Revenge* ! Go to the tomb where lie his murdered wife, and the poor queen who loved him as her son ; their unappeased ghosts will shriek, *Revenge* ! The temples of the gods, the all-avenging heavens, the gods themselves, will justify the cry, and swell the general sound, *Revenge* ! *Revenge* ! And we will be re-

vengeed, my countrymen ! Brutus shall lead you on ; Brutus, a name which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him than all the noblest titles earth can boast. . . . Now take the body up. Bear it before us to Tarquin's palace ; there we'll light our torches, and, in the blazing conflagration, rear a pile for these chaste relics, that shall send her soul amongst the stars. On ! Brutus leads you !

VIII.—BOBADIL'S MODE OF WARFARE.—BEN JONSON.

I WILL tell you, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself : but were I known to his majesty, and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ? Why, thus :—I would select nineteen more to myself ; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong, and able constitution ; I would choose them by an instinct, a character, that I have ; and I would teach these nineteen the Special Rules : as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbrocata, your Passada, your Montonto ; till they could all play very nearly, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong ; we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not, in their honour, refuse us ! Well, we would kill them ;—challenge twenty more, kill them ;—twenty more, kill them ;—twenty more, kill them too ;—and thus would we kill every man his twenty a-day ! That's twenty score ;—twenty score, that's two hundred ;—two hundred a-day, five days a thousand :—forty thousand ; . . . forty times five, five times forty, . . . two hundred days kills them all up, by computation ! And this I will venture my poor gentlemanlike carcass to perform,—provided there be no treason practised upon us,—by fair and discreet manhood ; that is, civilly, by the sword.

IX.—RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—MISS MITFORD.

FRIENDS, I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom :—we are slaves !
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave : not such, as swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame ;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
 In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day
 An honest man, my neighbour—there he stands—
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonour ? men, and wash not

The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you,—
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the Belov'd Disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son ! He left my side—
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
 The corse,—the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans ! rouse, ye slaves !
 Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die ! Have ye daughters fair ? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonoured : and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash ! Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her Seven Hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a King ! And once, again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus !—once again, I swear,
 The Eternal City shall be free ! her sons
 Shall walk with princes !

X.—CLAUDE MELNOTTE TO PAULINE.—LORD LYTTON.

PAULINE, by pride angels have fallen ere thy time : by pride—
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
 The evil spirit of a bitter love
 And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.
 From my first years my soul was filled with thee ;
 I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
 Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape ;
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of Man
 Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy,
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last
 I shall be—thine adorer ! Well : this love
 Vain, frantic,—guilty if thou wilt,—became
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope :
 I thought of tales that, by the winter hearth,
 Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from kings,
 Have stooped from their high sphere : how Love, like Death,
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
 Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
 In the rich palace of a fairy Future !—
 My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
 Out of the prison of my mean estate.
 And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
 Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
 From those twin-gaolers of the daring heart—
 Low Birth and Iron Fortune. Thy bright image,

Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men ! For thee I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of Sages ;
 For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace
 And every Muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
 And Passion taught me poesy ; of thee,
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of beauty !—Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes.
 Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not
 But still toiled on—hoped on ;—for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee !

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
 And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest :
 The name—appended by the burning heart,
 That longed to show its idol what bright things
 It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn !
 That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
 Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
 Made my whole soul a chaos,—in that hour
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool
 For their revenge ! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
 It turned and stung thee !

I will not tell of the throes—the struggles—
 The anguish—the remorse : no—let it pass !
 And let me come to such most poor atonement
 Yet in my power. Pauline !—Nay, do not fear me.
 Thou dost not know me, madam : at the altar
 My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired !
 Henceforth, no image of some marble Saint,
 Niche'd in cathedral aisles, is hallowed more
 From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
 The law shall do thee justice, and restore
 Thy right to bless another with thy love ;
 And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
 Him who so loved—so wronged thee, think, at least,
 Heaven left some remnant of the Angel still
 In that poor peasant's nature !

SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

[Several of the following passages from Shakespeare consist of portions of Dialogue adapted for delivery by a single speaker.]

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

I.—THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players : they have their exits and their entrances ; and one man, in his time, plays many parts : his acts being—Seven Ages. At first, the Infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. And then, the whining School-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face ; creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school. And then, the Lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a Soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ; jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ; seeking the bubble, reputation, even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the Justice, in fair round body with good capon lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances ;—and so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered Pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side ; his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice, turning again to childish treble, pipes and whistles in the sound. Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is—second childishness and mere oblivion ; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,—sans everything !

II.—THE EXILED DUKE TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile, hath not old custom made this life more sweet than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods more free from peril than the envious court ? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind ; which, when it bites and blows upon my body, even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—this is no flattery : these are counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am ! Sweet are the uses of adversity ; which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head ; and this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing. I would not change it. Happy is content, that can transmute the stubbornness of fortune into quiet and so sweet a style. — Come, shall we go and kill us venison ? — And yet it kills me, the poor dappled fools,—being native burghers of this desert city,—should, in their own confines, with forked heads, have their round haunches goaded. At this, indeed, the melancholy Jacques sorely grieves ; and, in that kind, swears I do more usurp than doth my brother that hath banish'd me. To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself did steal behind him, as he lay along under an oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that brawls along this wood ; to the which place a poor sequester'd stag, that from the hunter's aim had taken a hurt, did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord, the

wretched animal heav'd forth such groans that their discharge did stretch his leathern coat almost to bursting ; and the big round tears coursed one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool, much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques, stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, augmenting it with tears.—Jaques, of course, did promptly moralize this spectacle into a thousand biting similes. First, for his weeping in the needless stream : “ Poor deer,” quoth he, “ thou mak'st a testament as worldings do, giving thy sum of more to that which had too much.” Then, being alone, left and abandon'd of his velvet friends : “ 'Tis right,” quoth he ; “ thus misery doth part the flux of company.” Anon, a careless herd, full of the pasture, jumps along by him and never stays to greet him : “ Ay,” quoth Jaques, “ sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens : 'tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? ”—Thus most invectively he pierceth through the body of the country, city, court, yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, to fright the animals, and to kill them up in their assign'd and native dwelling place. And we did leave him in this contemplation, weeping, and commenting upon the sobbing deer.

III.—JAQUES ON THE FOOL, TOUCHSTONE.

A FOOL, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest, a motley fool :—a miserable world !—As I do live by food, I met a fool ; who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, and rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, in good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. “ Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I. “ No, sir,” quoth he ; “ call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune : ” and then he drew a dial from his poke : and looking on it with lack-lustre eye, says, very wisely, “ It is ten o'clock : thus may we see,” quoth he, “ how the world wags : 'tis but an hour ago, since it was nine : and after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ; and so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, and then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot—and thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear the motley fool thus moral on the time, my lungs began to crow like chanticleer, that fools should be so deep contemplative ; and I did laugh, sans intermission, an hour by his dial.—O noble fool ! a worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.—Oh, that I were a fool ; I am ambitious for a motley coat.—You'll give me one ? It is my only suit ; provided, that you weed your better judgments of all opinion that grows rank in them, that I am wise. I must have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom I please ; for so fools have. Invest me in my motley ; give me leave to speak my mind, and I will through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world, if they will patiently receive my medicine.

IV.—TOUCHSTONE ON QUARRELLING.

If any man doubt that I have been a courtier, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one—but that was ta'en up. When we met, we found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause ; that is, upon a lie seven times removed ; as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the “ retort courteous.” If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this

is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome;" and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct." I durst go no further than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords, and parted.—() sir, we quarrel, in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will nominate in order now the degrees of the lie. The first, the "retort courteous;" the second, the "quip modest;" the third, the "reply churlish;" the fourth, the "reproof valiant;" the fifth, the "countercheck quarrelsome;" the sixth, the "lie with circumstance;" the seventh, the "lie direct." All these you may avoid, but the "lie direct;" and you may avoid that too, with an "if." I know when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so!"—"Oh! ...did you so?" and they shook hands, and were sworn brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

V.—PORTIA'S DESCRIPTION OF HER SUITORS.

I WILL describe my princely suitors: and, according to my description, level at my affection. First, there is the Neapolitan prince. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his good parts, that he can shoe him himself; I am much afraid his father must have been a smith. Then, there is the County Palatine. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, An if you will not have me, choose: he hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had rather he married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. Then there is the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon. He was born human,—therefore let him pass for a man. As to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian. He is a proper man's picture; but alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere. The Scottish lord, his neighbour, hath a neighbourly charity in him: for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his enemy, and sealed under for mother. Then the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew.—I like him very wisely in the morning, when he is sober; and most wisely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; if the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. I will do nothing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spouse. There is not one among this parcel of wooers, Nerissa, but I hate on his very absence, and I pray Heaven grant them a fair departure.

VI.—LORENZO ON THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,

become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ; there's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim : such harmony is in immortal souls ; but, whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. We are never merry when we hear sweet music. The reason is, our spirits are attentive : for do but note a wild and wanton herd, or race of youthful and unhandled colts, fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud, which is the hot condition of their blood ; if they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, or any air of music touch their ears, you shall perceive them make a mutual stand, their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze, by the sweet power of music : therefore, the poet did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ; since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, but music for the time doth change its nature. The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ; the motions of his spirit are dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus : let no such man be trusted !

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

VII.—QUEEN MAB.

O, THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson as he lies asleep—
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

VIII.—ROMEO ON SEEING JULIET.

HE jests at scars that never felt a wound.—But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks! It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief, that thou, her maid, art far more fair than she. Be not her maid, since she is envious; her vestal livery is but sick and green, and none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—It is my lady! O, it is my love! O that she knew she were!—She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that? Her eye discourses! I will answer it!—I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks: two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, having some business, do entreat her eyes to twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head?—the brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, as daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven would through the airy region stream so bright, that birds would sing, and think it were not night. See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!—She speaks:—O speak again, bright angel! for thou art as glorious to this night, being o'er my head, as is a winged messenger of heaven unto the white-upturned wondering eyes of mortals that fall back to gaze on him, when he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, and sails upon the bosom of the air.

FROM "KING JOHN."

IX.—CONSTANCE ON AN IGNOBLE PEACE.

A WICKED day, and not a holyday!—What hath this day deserved, what hath it done, that it in golden letters should be set among the high tales, in the calendar? Nay, rather turn this day out of the week; this day of shame, oppression, perjury. But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck; no bargains break, that are not this day made: this day, all things begun come to ill end; yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change! You have beguiled me with a counterfeit, resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tried, proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn; you came in arms to spill mine enemy's blood, but now in arms you strengthen it with yours. The grappling vigour and rough frown of war is cold in amity and painted peace, and our oppression hath made up this league: arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings! a widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! Let not the hours of this ungodly day wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings! War! war! no peace! peace is to men war. O Lynceus! O Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil; thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward; thou little valiant, great in villany! thou ever strong upon the stronger side! thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight but when her humorous ladyship is by to teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too, and sooth'st up greediness. What a fool art thou! A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear, upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave, hast thou not spoke like this to me on my side? being sworn my soldier? bidding me depend upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foe? Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, and hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.

X.—KING JOHN INSTIGATING HUBERT.

COME hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert, we owe thee much; within this wall of flesh there is a soul counts thee her creditor, and with ad-

vantage means to pay thy love: and, my good friend, thy voluntary oath lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—but I will fit it with some better time. By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed to say what good respect I have of thee. Thou hast no cause to thank me, Hubert, yet: but thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow, yet it shall come for me to do thee good. I had a thing to say,—but let it go: the sun is in the heaven, and the proud day, attended with the pleasures of the world, is all too wanton, and too full of gawds, to give me audience:—if the midnight bell did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth sound "One" unto the drowsy race of night; if this same were a church-yard where we stand, and thou possessed with a thousand wrongs; or if that surly spirit, melancholy, had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick; (which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins, making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes, and strain their cheeks to idle merriment, a passion hateful to my purposes;) or if that thou couldst see me without eyes, hear me without thine ears, and make reply without a tongue, using conceit alone, without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words; then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day, I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts: but ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well; and by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well. Do not I know, thou dost? Good Hubert—Hubert—Hubert—throw thine eye on you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend, he is a very serpent in my way: and, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread, he lies before me: dost thou understand me? Thou art his keeper.—Death!—A grave!—Enough. I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee; well, I'll not say what I intend for thee: Remember!

XI.—PRINCE ARTHUR TO HUBERT.

GOOD morrow, Hubert! You are sad to-day. Methinks, nobody should be sad but I! yet I remember, when I was in France, young gentlemen would be as sad as night, only for wantonness. By my christendom, so I were out of prison, and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long; and so I would be here, but that I doubt my uncle practises more harm to me: he is afraid of me, and I of him. Is it my fault that I am Geoffrey's son? No, indeed, is't not: and I would to Heaven, I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day: in sooth, I would you were a little sick, that I might sit all night and watch with you: I warrant, I love you more than you do me.—

Oh, me, this paper! Gentle Hubert! What? must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes? Have you the heart? When your head did but ache, I knit my handkerchief about your brows, (the best I had, a princess wrought it me,) and I did never ask it you again: and with my hand at midnight held your head; and, like the watchful minutes to the hour, still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time: saying, What lack you? and Where lies your grief? or, What good love may I perform for you? Many a poor man's son would have lain still, and ne'er have spoke a loving word to you; but you at your sick service had a prince. Nay, you may think my love was crafty love, and call it cunning; do so if you will: if Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill, why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes? These eyes, that never did, nor never shall, so much as frown on you?—You have sworn to do it? and with hot irons must you burn them out? Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it! the iron of itself, though heat red-hot, approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears, and quench his fiery indignation, even in the matter of mine innocence. Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron? Oh, if an angel should have come

to me, and told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes, I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.—

O save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out, even with the fierce looks of these bloody men . . . For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound ! Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away, and I will sit as quiet as a lamb ; I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, nor look upon the iron angrily : thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you, whatever torment you do put me to.—Now, they are gone. Is there no remedy ? O heaven !—that there were but a mote in yours, a grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair, any annoyance in that precious sense ! then, feeling what small things are boisterous there, your vile intent must needs seem horrible. O Hubert, do you bid me hold my tongue ? Alas, the utterance of a brace of tongues must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes : let me not hold my tongue : let me not, Hubert ! Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, so I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ; though to no use, but still to look on you !—Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold, and would not harm me. If you revive it, you will make it blush, and glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.....O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while you were disguised. O Heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

FROM "KING RICHARD THE SECOND."

XII.—THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE IN DEFENCE OF THE KING.

Worst in this royal presence may I speak, yet best becoming me to speak the truth. I would that any in this noble presence were enough noble to be upright judge of noble Richard ; then true nobleness would teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong. What subject can give sentence on a king ? And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ? Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear, although apparent guilt be seen in them ; and shall the figure of Heaven's Majesty, his captain, steward, deputy elect, anointed, crowned, planted many years, be judged by subject and inferior breath, and he himself not present ? O, forbid it heaven, that, in a Christian climate, souls refined should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed ! I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, stirred up by Heaven, thus boldly for his king. My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king, is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king ; and if you crown him, let me prophesy—the blood of English shall manure the ground, and future ages groan for this foul act ; peace shall go deep with Turks and infidels, and, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ; disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny, shall here inhabit, and this land be called the field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls. O ! if you rear this house against this house, it will the widest division prove that ever fell upon this cursed earth ! Prevent,—resist it,—let it not be say,—lest children's children cry against you—woe !

FROM "KING RICHARD III."

XIII.—GLOSTER MEDITATING CLARENCE'S DEATH.

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York ; and all the clouds that lower'd upon our house, in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ; our banished arms hung up for monuments ; our stern alarms charmed to merry meetings ; our dreadful marches to delightful measures. Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ; and

now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds, to fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—he capers nimbly in a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks, nor made to court an amorous looking-glass,—I that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty, to strut before a wanton ambling nymph,—I that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion, cheated of feature by dissembling Nature, deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time into this breathing world, scarce half made up, and that so lamely and unfashionable, that dogs bark at me, as I halt by them: why I, in this weak piping time of peace, have no delight to pass away the time, unless to spy my shadow in the sun, and descant on mine own deformity. And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover, to entertain these fair well-spoken days, I am determin'd to prove a villain, and hate the idle pleasures of these days. Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous, by drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams, to set my brother Clarence and the king in deadly hate the one against the other: and, if king Edward be as true and just, as I am subtle, false, and treacherous, this day should Clarence closely be mew'd up; about a prophecy, that says—that G of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, and his physicians fear him mightily. He cannot live, I hope; and must not die, till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven. I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, with lies well steel'd with weighty arguments; and, if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live; which done, Heaven take king Edward to his mercy, and leave the world for me to bustle in! for then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter. What though I kill'd her husband and her father? the readiest way to make the wench amends, is to become her husband, and her father: the which will I; not all so much for love, as for another secret close intent, by marrying her, which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: Clarence still breathes,—Edward still lives and reigns; when they are gone, then must I count my gains.

XIV.—GLO'STER ON HIS AMBITIOUS PROJECTS.

THE Lady Grey is Edward's chosen queen!—Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, that from his loins no hopeful branch may spring, to cross me from the golden time I look for! And yet, between my soul's desire and me, is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, and all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies, to take their rooms ere I can place myself: a cold premeditation for my purpose! Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty! like one that stands upon a promontory, and spies a far-off shore where he would tread, wishing his foot were equal with his eye; and chides the sea that sunders him from thence, saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way: so do I wish the crown, being so far off: and so I chide the means that keep me from it; and so I say I'll cut the causes off—flattering me with impossibilities!—My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much, unless my hand and strength could equal them. Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard; what other pleasure can the world afford? I'll deck my body in gay ornaments, and witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. O miserable thought! and more unlikely than to accomplish twenty golden crowns! Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb: and, for I should not deal in her soft laws, she did corrupt frail Nature with a bribe, to shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub; to make an envious mountain on my back, where sits deformity to mock my body; to shape my legs of an unequal size; to disproportion me in every part: and am I then a man to be belov'd? O monstrous fault,

to harbour such a thought ! Then, since this earth affords no joy to me, but to command, to check, to overbear such as are of better person than myself, I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ; and, while I live, account this world but loss,—until my misshaped trunk that bears this head, be round impaled with a glorious crown ! And yet I know not how to get the crown, for many lives stand between me and home. Oh, from this torment I will free myself, or hew my way out with a bloody axe....Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ; and cry “content,” to that which grieves my heart ; and wet my cheeks with artificial tears, and frame my face to all occasions. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ? Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

XV.—CLARENCE'S DREAM.

OH, I have passed a miserable night, so full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams, that, as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ; so full of dismal terror was the time. Methought that I had broken from the Tower, and was embarked to cross to Burgundy,—and in my company my brother Glo'ster ; who from my cabin tempted me to walk upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England, and cited up a thousand heavy times during the wars of York and Lancaster, that had befallen us. As we paced along upon the giddy footing of the hatches, methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling, struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard, into the tumbling billows of the main. Oh, Heaven ! methought what pain it was to drown ! What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears ! What sights of ugly Death within mine eyes ! I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ; a thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ; wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels : some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, as 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, that wooed the slimy bottom of the deep, and mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by. And often did I strive to yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood kept in my soul, and would not let it forth to find the empty, vast, and wandering air ; but smothered it within my panting bulk, which almost burst to belch it in the sea. Yet 'waked I not with this sore agony.—Ah no ; my dream was lengthened after life : O then began the tempest of my soul ! I passed, methought, the melancholy flood, with that grim ferryman whom poets write of, unto the kingdom of perpetual night. The first that there did greet my stranger-soul, was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick, who cried aloud,—“What scourge for perjury can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?” and so he vaned. Then came wandering by a shadow like an angel, with bright hair dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,—“Clarence's come, false, fleeing, perjured Clarence, that stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury : seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !”—With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends environed me, and howled in mine ears such hellish cries, that, with the very noise, I, trembling, waked ; and for a season after could not believe but that I was in hell : such terrible impression made my dream !

XVI.—RICHMOND ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.
Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,

Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropped
 Its ripened hopes of fair posterity,
 Is now even in the centre of the isle.
 Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him—
 Then, let us on, my friends, and boldly face him !
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As mild behaviour and humanity ;
 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment !
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be—this body on the earth's cold face ;
 But if we thrive, the glory of the action
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 The words—" St. George, Richmond, and Victory !"

FROM "KING HENRY THE FOURTH."

XVII.—HENRY IV. ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects are at this hour asleep !—
 O gentle Sleep ! Nature's soft nurse ! how have I frightened thee, that
 thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down, and steep my senses in for-
 getfulness ? Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, upon uneasy
 pallets stretching thee, and hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy
 slumber ; than in the perfumed chambers of the great, under the canopies
 of costly state, and lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ? O thou
 dull god ! why liest thou with the vile in loathsome beds, and leav'st
 the kingly couch a watch-case to a common 'larum-bell ? Wilt thou,
 upon the high and giddy mast, seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock
 his brains in cradle of the rude imperious surge ; and, in the visitation
 of the winds, which take the ruffian billows by the top, curling their
 monstrous heads, and hanging them with deafening clamours in the
 slippery shrouds, that, with the hurly, Death itself awakes :—canst
 thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose to the wet sea-boy in an hour
 so rude, and, in the calmest and the stillest night, with all appliances
 and means to boot, deny it to a king ? Then happy, low-lie-down !
 uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

XVIII.—THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE TO KING HENRY V.

I AM assured, if I be measured rightly, your majesty hath no just cause
 to hate me. In the indignities I laid upon you, I then did use the
 person of your father ; the image of his power lay then in me : and in
 the administration of his law, while I was busy for the commonwealth,
 your highness pleased to forget my place, the majesty and power of
 law and justice, the image of the king whom I presented, and struck
 me in my very seat of judgment : whereon, as an offender to your
 father, I gave bold way to my authority, and did commit you. If the deed
 were ill, be you contented, wearing now the garland, to have a son set
 your decrees at nought ; to pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 to trip the course of law, and blunt the sword that guards the peace
 and safety of your person ; nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal
 image, and mock your workings in a second body : question your
 royal thoughts, make the case yours ; be now the father, and propose

a son ; hear your own dignity so much profaned, see your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, behold yourself so by a son disdained ; and then imagine me taking your part, and, in your power, soft silencing your son ! After this cold consideration, sentence me ; and, as you are a king, speak in your state what I have done that misbecame my place, my person, or my liege's sovereignty.

FROM "KING HENRY THE FIFTH."

XIX.—HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ; or close the wall up with our English dead ! In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility ; but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger ; stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage ; then, lend the eye a terrible aspect ; let it pry through the portage of the head, like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it—as fearfully as doth a galled rock o'erhang and jutty his confounded base, swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.—Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide, hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit to his full height ! Now on, you noblest English, whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof ; fathers, that, like so many Alexanders, have, in these parts, from morn till even fought, and sheathed their swords for lack of argument ! I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start. The game's a-foot ; follow your spirit ; and upon this charge, cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George !

XX.—HENRY V. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

WHAT'S he that wishes men from England ? you, cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin : if we are marked to die, we are enough to do our country loss ; and if to live, the fewer men the greater share of honour. I pray thee, cousin, wish not one man more. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold : nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ; it yourns me not, if men my garments wear ; such outward things dwell not in my desires ! But, if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive. No faith, my coz, wish not a man from England : I would not lose so great an honour, as one man more, methinks, would share from me, for the best hope I have ! O, do not wish one more ; rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host, that he who hath no stomach to this fight, may straight depart : his passport shall be made, and crowns for convoy put into his purse ; we would not die in that man's company, that fears his fellowship to die with us. This day is called the feast of Crispin : he that outlives this day and comes safe home, will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, and rouse him at the name of Crispin : he that shall live this day, and see old age, will yearly on the vigil feast his friends, and say,—“ To-morrow is Saint Crispin :” then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars, and say,—“ These wounds I had on Crispin's day.” Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget, but they'll remember, with advantages, what feats they did that day. Then shall our names, familiar in their mouths as household words, Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter, Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloucester, be in their flowing cups freshly remembered : this story shall the good man teach his son ; and Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by from this day to the ending of the world, but we in it shall be remembered ; we few, we happy few, we band of brothers ; for he to-day that sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother ! be he ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition : and

gentlemen in England, now a-bed, shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ! and hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks that fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day. All things are ready if our minds be so. You know your places : God be with you all !

XXI.—HENRY V. ON ROYAL CEREMONY.

UPON the king ! let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins, lay on the king ?—we must bear all. O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness, subjected to the breath of every fool, whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing ! What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, that private men enjoy ? And what have kings, that privates have not too, save ceremony, save general ceremony ? And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony ? what kind of god art thou, that sufferest more of mortal griefs than do thy worshipers ? What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ? O Ceremony, show me but thy worth ! What is the soul of adoration ! Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, creating awe and fear in other men ?—wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, than they in fearing. What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, but poisoned flattery ? O, be sick, great Greatness, and bid thy Ceremony give thee cure ! Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out with titles blown from adulation ? will it give place to flexure and low bending ? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream, that play'st so subtly with a king's repose ; I am a king that find thee ; and I know 'tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, the sword, the mace, the crown imperial, the inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl, the farcéd title running 'fore the king, the throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp that beats upon the high shore of this world,—no, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony, not all these, laid in bed majestical, can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, who, with a body filled, and vacant mind, gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ; never sees horrid Night, the child of hell ; but, like a lackey, from the rise to set, sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn, doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse ; and follows so the ever-running year, with profitable labour, to his grave ; and, but for Ceremony, such a wretch, winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep, had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country's peace, enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots what watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, whose hours the peasant best advantages.

FROM "KING HENRY THE SIXTH."

XXII.—HENRY VI. ON THE ANXIETIES OF ROYALTY.

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day or night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forced by the tide to combat with the wind :
 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
 Forced to retire by fury of the wind.
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind :
 Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast.

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
 So is the equal poise of the fell war.
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.—
 To whom God will, there be the victory !
 For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?
 O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now ;
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours shall finish about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times :
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,—
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,—
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates ;
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couch'd in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

FROM "KING HENRY THE EIGHTH."

XXIII. THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM BEFORE HIS
EXECUTION.

ALL good people, you that thus far have come to pity me, hear what I
 have to say, and then go home, and lose me. I have this day received
 a traitor's judgment, and by that name must die ; yet, Heaven bear wit-
 ness, and if I have a conscience, let it sink me, even as the axe falls, if
 I be not faithful ! The Law I bear no malice for my death,—it has done,
 upon the premises, but justice ; but those that sought it, I could wish
 more Christians ; be what they will, I heartily forgive them ; yet let
 them look they glory not in much of, nor build their evils on the graves
 of great men ; for then my endless blood must cry against them.
 For further life in this world I never hope, nor will I sue, although the
 king have mercy more than I dare make faults. You fear that loved
 me, and dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,—his noble friends

and fellows, whom to leave is only bitter to him, only dying,—go with me, like good angels, to my end ; and, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, and lift my soul to heaven.—Commend me to his grace ; and, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him, you met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers yet are the king's : and, till my soul forsake me, shall cry for blessings on him : may he live longer than I have time to tell his years ! Ever below'd, and loving, may his rule be ; and, when old time shall lead him to his end, goodness and he fill up one monument ! All good people, pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell ! And when you would say something that is sad, speak how I fell :—I have done. Lead on ! Farewell !

XXIV.—QUEEN CATHERINE TO HENRY VIII. AND
CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SIR, I desire you do me right and justice ; and to bestow your pity on me : for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, born out of your dominions ; having here no judge indifferent, nor no more assurance of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, in what have I offended you ? what cause hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, that thus you should proceed to put me off, and take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, at all times to your will conformable : ever in fear to kindle your dislike, yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry, as I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour I ever contradicted your desire, or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends have I not strove to love, although I knew he were mine enemy ? what friend of mine that had to him derived your anger, did I continue in my liking ; nay, gave notice he was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind that I have been your wife in this obedience, upward of twenty years : if, in the course and process of this time, you can report, and prove it too, against mine honour aught, my bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, turn me away ; and let the foulest contempt shut door upon me, and so give me up to the sharpest kind of justice.—Now to you, Lord Cardinal, I speak. I do believe, induced by potent circumstances, that you are mine enemy ! and make my challenge, you shall not be my judge ; for it is you have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd ; you sign your place and calling, in full seeming, with meekness and humility : but your heart is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune and his highness' favours, gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted where powers are your retainers ; and your words, domestics to you, serve your will as't please yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, you tender more your person's honour than your high profession spiritual : that again I do refuse you for my judge : and here, before you all, appeal unto the Pope, to bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, and to be judged by him. Let me pass on : I will not tarry : no, nor ever more, upon this business, my appearance make in any of their courts.

XXV.—CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

WHAT means this sudden anger in the king ? how have I reap'd it ? He parted frowning from me, giving me this paper. I must read it, for I fear the story of his anger.—It is so ; this paper has undone me ! —'tis the account of all that world of wealth I have drawn together for mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom, and fee my friends in Rome. O negligence, fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil

made me put this main secret in the packet I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this? no new device to beat this from his brains? I know, 'twill stir him strongly;...yet I know a way, if it take right, in spite of fortune will bring me off again.—What's this—"To the Pope?" the letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to his holiness! Nay then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness: and from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting. I shall fall like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man see me more. The king commands to render up the great seal presently. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honours thick upon him: the third day, comes a frost, a killing frost; and,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root, and then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, these many summers in a sea of glory; but far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride at length broke under me; and now has left me, weary, and old with service, to the mercy of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate you! I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours! There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to, that sweet aspect of princes and his ruin, more pangs and fears than wars or women have: and when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to hope again.

XXVI.—CARDINAL WOLSEY TO HIS SECRETARY

Why, how now, Cromwell? What, amaz'd at my misfortunes? speechless? Nay, if you weep for me, I'm fallen indeed.—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear in all my miseries; but thou hast forced me out of thy honest truth to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell; and,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be, and sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee; say Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory, and sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; a sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it. Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by't? Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee; corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not; let all the ends thou aim'st at be, thy country's, thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king; and,—...pry thee, lead me in: there take an inventory of all I have; to the last penny 'tis the king's; my robe, and my integrity to Heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell, had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, He would not in this age have left me naked to mine enemies. But I have patience. Now, farewell the hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

FROM "CORIOLANUS."

XXVII.—MENENIUS TO THE TRIBUNES.

THE augurer tells me we shall have news to-night: not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius—but as the wolf loves the lamb, to devour him! You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that

you two have not in abundance? Do you know how you are censured in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you? You talk of pride!—Will you not be angry? Why 'tis no great matter: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud! You talk of pride: oh! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make an interior survey of your good selves! oh! that you could! for then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome. You say,—I am known well enough too! I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: what I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: meeting two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lyeurguses) if the drink you gave me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves: you are a pair of strange ones! When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

XXVIII.—MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN MOB.

WHEREFORE rejoice? that Cæsar comes in triumph?—What conquests brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, to grace, in captive bonds, his chariot wheels? You blocks! you stones! you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!—Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft have you climbed up to walls and battlements, to towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, your infants in your arms; and there have sat the livelong day, with patient expectation, to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot but appear, have you not made a universal shout, that Tiber trembled underneath her banks, to hear the replication of your sounds made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way that comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, pray to the gods to intermit the plagues that needs must light on this ingratitude!

XXIX.—CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS.

WELL, Honour is the subject of my story.—I cannot tell what you, and other men, think of this life; but, for my single self, I had as lief

not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself. I was born free as Cæsar; so were you; we both have fed as well; and we can both endure the winter's cold as well as he. For, once, upon a raw and gusty day, the troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Cæsar says to me,—“Darest thou, Cassius, now leap in with me, into this angry flood, and swim to yonder point?”—Upon the word, accoutred as I was, I plunged in, and bade him follow; so, indeed, he did. The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, throwing it aside, and stemming it, with hearts of controversy. But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar cried,—“Help me, Cassius, or I sink.” I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder the old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber, did I—the tired Cæsar; and this man—is now become a god; and Cassius is a wretched creature, and must bend his body, if Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain, and, when the fit was on him, I did mark how he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake; his coward lips did from their colour fly; and that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world, did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan! ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans mark him, and write his speeches in their books, alas! it cried—“Give me some drink, Titinius!”—as a sick girl.

Ye gods! it doth amaze me, a man of such a feeble temper should so get the start of the majestic world, and bear the palm alone. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world, like a Colossus; and we, petty men, walk under his huge legs, and peep about, to find ourselves dishonourable graves. Men, at some time, are masters of their fates: the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings. Brutus—and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together; yours is as fair a name; sound them; it doth become the mouth as well: weigh them; it is as heavy: conjure with them; Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as Cæsar!

Now in the name of all the gods at once, upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed; Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods. When went there by an age, since the great flood, but it was famed with more than with one man? When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome, that her wide walls encompassed but one man? O! you and I have heard our fathers say, there was a Brutus once, that would have brooked the infernal devil to keep his state in Rome, as easily as a king!

XXX.—MARK ANTONY OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

O MIGHTY Cæsar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well. I know not, gentlemen, what you intend: who else must be let blood, who else is rank? if I myself, there is no hour so fit as Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument of half that worth, as these your swords, made rich with the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you hear me hard, now, whilst your purpled hands do rock and smoke, fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die; no place will please me so, no mean of death, as here by Cæsar,—and by you cut off, the choice and master spirits of this age....O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and gentle with these butchers! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of time. Wee to the hand that shed this

costly blood ! Over thy wounds now I do prophesy,—which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips, to beg the voice and utterance of my tongue :—A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ; domestic fury, and fierce civil strife, shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; blood and destruction shall be so in use, and dreadful objects so familiar, that mothers shall but smile, when they behold their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ; all pity choked with custom of fell deeds : and Cæsar's spirit, ringing for revenge, with Atë by his side come hot from hell, shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice, cry “ Havoc ! ” and let slip the dogs of war ; that this foul deed shall smell above the earth with carrion men, groaning for burial.

XXXI.—BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers !—hear me, for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him ! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition !—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman ? if any, speak ! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? if any, speak ! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? if any, speak ! for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None ? then none have I offended !—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ?

With this I depart ;—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

XXXII.—MARK ANTONY ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen ! lend me your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones :

So let it be with Cæsar !—The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it !

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me—

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious :
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I, thrice, presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once ? not without cause !
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
 O Judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;
 And I must pause till it come back to me !—
 But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
 And none so poor as do him reverence !
 O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men !—
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men !
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
 I found it in his closet—'tis his will !
 Let but the Commons hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue !—
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle ? I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on :
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
 That day he overcame the Nervii !—
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through !—
 See ! what a rent the envious Casca made !—
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed !
 And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !—
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;—
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel !
 Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !—
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all ;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
 Which all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell!
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!—
 Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
 Kind souls!—what! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
 Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors!—

Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
 They that have done this deed are honourable!—
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you!
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That loves his friend;—and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:—
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor, poor, dumb mouths!—
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

FROM "HAMLET."

XXXIII.—HAMLET ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

OH! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself
 into a dew! or that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst
 self-slaughter!—O God! O God! how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded
 garden, that grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess
 it merely. That it should come to this! But two months dead!—nay,
 not so much, not two: so excellent a king; that was, to this, Hyperion
 to a Satyr: so loving to my mother, that he might not beteen the
 winds of heaven visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! must
 I remember? why, she would hang on him, as if increase of appetite
 had grown by what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—let me not
 think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!—a little month: or ere
 those shoes were old with which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she,—O Heaven! a beast, that
 wants discourse of reason, would have mourn'd longer,—married my
 uncle, my father's brother; but no more like my father, than I to
 Hercules!—within a month,—ere yet the salt of most unrighteous
 tears had left the flushing in her galled eyes, she married;—O most
 wicked speed! . . . It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.—But break,
 my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

XXXIV.—POLONIUS TO HIS SON LAERTES.

YET here, Laertes! aboard, aboard,—for shame! The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, and you are staid for.—There,—my blessing with you! And these few precepts in thy memory look thou character. —Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportion'd thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel; but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice: take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not express'd in fancy: rich, not gaudy; for the apparel oft proclaims the man. Neither a borrower nor a lender be: for loan oft loses both itself and friend; and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all, —to thine ownself be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

XXXV.—HAMLET ON THE EMOTION OF THE PLAYER.

Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, but in a fiction, in a dream of passion, could force his soul so to his own conceit, that, from her working, all his visage wann'd; tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, a broken voice, and his whole function suiting with forms to his conceit? And all for nothing! for Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her? What would he do, had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have? He would drown the stage with tears, and choke the general ear with horrid speech; make mad the guilty, and appal the free, confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed, the very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, and can say nothing. Am I a coward? who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? twerks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat, as deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha! why, I should take it: for it cannot be but I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall to make oppression bitter; or, ere this, I should have fatted all the region kites with this slave's offal! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! —Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, that I, the son of a dear father murdered, prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, must, like a fool, unpack my heart with words, and fall a-cursing, like a very drab, a scullion! I'll upon't! foh! About my brains! —Ha! ha! I have heard, that guilty creatures, sitting at a play, have by the very cunning of the scene been struck so to the soul, that presently they have proclaim'd their malefactions; for murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ. I'll have these players play something like the murder of my father, before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks; I'll test him to the quick; if he do blush, —I know my course! The spirit that I have seen may be a devil; and the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps, out of my weakness, and my melancholy, (as he is very potent with such spirits,) abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds more relative than this. —The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

XXXVI.—HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYER.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand—thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.—Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely,—that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

XXXVII.—HAMLET ON A FUTURE STATE.

To be, or not to be?—that is the question :—
 Whether 'tis nobler, in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die?—to sleep,—
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ;—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd !...To die—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ? perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause ! There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after Death—
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of !
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

XXXVIII.—SOLILOQUY OF KING CLAUDIUS.

OH ! my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven !
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't ;
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not :
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent :
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin—
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heaven
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down ?—Then I'll look up,
My fault is past.—But oh ! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ?—"Forgive me my foul murder !"—
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder—
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above—
There is no shuffling : there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? What rests ?
Try what repentance can :—what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh, wretched state ! oh, bosom black as death !
Oh, limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels !—Make assay :
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well.

FROM "MACBETH."

XXXIX.—LADY MACBETH MEDITATING THE MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.

GLAMIS thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be what thou art promised :
—yet do I fear thy nature ; it is too full of the milk of human kind-
ness, to catch the nearest way ; thou wouldst be great ; art not with-
out ambition, but without the illness should attend it. What thou
wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false, and
yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which
craves, "Thou thou must do, if thou have it : " and that which rather

thou dost fear to do, than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear, and chastise with the valour of my tongue all that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysical aid doth seek to have thee crown'd withal.—The king comes here to-night!—Great news. The raven himself's not hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here; and fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood, stop up the access and passage to remorse; that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between the effect and it! come to my woman's breasts, and take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, wherever, in your sightless substances, you wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick Night, and pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell! that my keen knife see not the wound it makes; nor heaven peep through the blankness of the dark, to cry, "Hold, hold!"

XL.—MACBETH BEFORE THE MURDER.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well:
 It were done quickly, if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success!—that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here!—
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed Justice
 Commends the ingredlents of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides this, Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast; or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps its selle,
 And falls!

XLI.—MACBETH TO THE DAGGER VISION.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
 I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind,—a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw !
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
 And such an instrument I was to use !
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest :—I see thee still !
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before !—There's no such thing :
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered Murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about ;
 And take the present horror from the time
 Which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives :
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*]
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ! for it is a knell
 That summons thee—to heaven or to hell !

XLII.—MACBETH PLANNING THE MURDER OF BANQUO.

To be thus is nothing ; but to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ; and, to that dauntless temper of his mind, he hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour to act in safety. There is none but he whose being I do fear ; and under him my Genius is rebeld, as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the Sisters, when first they put the name of king upon me, and bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like, they hailed him father to a line of kings : upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, and put a barren sceptre in my grip, thence to be wrench'd with an unfeeling hand, no son of mine succeeding. If it be so, for Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ; for them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd : put rancours in the vessel of my peace, only for them ; and mine eternal jewel given to the common enemy of man to make them kings—the seed of Banquo kings ! Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list, and champion me to the outcome !

XLIII.—MACBETH INSTIGATING HIS HIRELINGS TO THE MURDER OF BANQUO.

WELL then, now have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know, that it was he, in the time past, which held you so under fortune ; which, you thought, had been our innocent self : this I made good to you in our last conference ; pass'd in probation with you how you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the instruments ; who wrought with them ; and all things else, that night, to half a soul, and a notion craz'd, say, 'Twas did Banquo. I made thee known to you. I did so ; and went further, which is now our point of second meeting. Do you find your patience so predominant in your nature, that you can let this go ? Are

you so gospel'd, to pray for this good man and for his issue, whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, and beggar'd yours for ever? You are men, you say? Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; as hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'cleped all by the name of dogs: the valued file distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the house-keeper, the hunter—every one according to the gift which bounteous Nature hath in him closed; whereby he does receive particular addition, from the bill that writes them all alike: and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file, and not in the worst rank of manhood, say it; and I will put that business in your bosoms, whose execution takes your enemy off; grapples you to the heart and love of us, who wear our health but sickly in his life, which in his death were perfect. Both of you know, Banquo was your enemy? So is he mine: and in such bloody distance, that every minute of his being thrusts against my nearest of life: and though I could, with bare-faced power, sweep him from my sight, and bid my will avouch it, yet I must not; for certain friends that are both his and mine, whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall whom I myself struck down: and thence it is, that I to your assistance do make love; masking the business from the common eye, for sundry weighty reasons.—Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most, I will advise you where to plant yourselves. Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, the moment, on't! for't must be done to-night, and something from the palace; always thought, that I require a clearness. And with him, (to leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,) Fleance his son, that keeps him company,—whose absence is no less material to me than is his father's,—must embrace the fate of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; I'll come to you anon. Abide within.... It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight, if it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

XLIV.—MACBETH ON SEEING THE GHOST OF BANQUO.

PR'YTHEE, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—If charnel-houses and our graves must send those that we bury back, our monuments shall be the maws of kites.—If I stand here I saw him.—Blood hath been shed ere now i' the olden time, ere human statute purged the gentle weal; ay, and since too, murders have been performed too terrible for the ear: the times have been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end: but now, they rise again, with twenty mortal murders on their crowns, and push us from our stools: this is more strange than such a murder is.—I do forget: do not muse at me, my most worthy friends. I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing to those that know me. Come, love and health to all; then I'll sit down:—give me some wine, fill full:—I drink to the general joy of the whole table, and to our dear friend, Banquo, whom we miss; would he were here! to all and him we thirst, and all to all.—Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with! What man dare, I dare: approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, the arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; take any shape, but that! and my firm nerves shall never tremble: or, be alive again, and dare me to the desert with thy sword; if trembling I inhibit thee, protest me the baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal—mockery—hence!—Why, so:—being gone, I am a man again.

FROM "OTHELLO."

XLV.—OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
 For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter with.
 Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have passed.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances;
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history.—
 These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
 She swore, 'In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.—
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

XLVI.—CASSIO ON HIS DISMISSAL BY OTHELLO.

REPUTATION, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. What ! Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—Devil ! I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts ! And now it hath pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath : one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. I will ask Othello for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange !—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

FROM “KING LEAR.”

XLVII.—KING LEAR ON HIS DAUGHTER GONERIL.

HEAR, Nature, hear ; dear Goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful ! Into her womb convey sterility ! Dry up in her the organs of increase : that from her derogate body never spring a babe to honour her ! If she must teem, create her child of spleen ; that it may live, and be a thwart, disnatured torment to her ! Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ! with cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ; turn all her mother's pains and benefits to laughter and contempt ; that she may feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child !...I am ashamed that thou hast power to shake my manhood thus : that these hot tears, which break from me perforce, should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee ! The untented woundings of a father's curse pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes, beweept this cause again, I'll pluck you out, and cast you, with the waters that ye lose, to temper clay.—Ha ! is it come to this ? Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter, who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ; when she shall hear this of thee, with her nails she'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find that I'll resume the shape which thou dost think I have east off for ever ; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

XLVIII.—LEAR TO HIS DAUGHTERS GONERIL AND REGAN.

I PR'YTHEE, daughter, do not make me mad ; I will not trouble thee, my child : farewell : we'll no more meet, no more see one another ; —but yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter : or, rather a disease that's in my flesh, which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, in my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee : let shame come when it will, I do not call it ; I do not bid the thunder-beaver shoot, nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove : mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure : I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan, I and my hundred knights. ...I gave you all—made you my guardians, my depositaries ; but kept a reservation to retain an hundred knights. What, must I come to you with five-and-twenty, Regan ! said you so ! No more with you ?—Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd, when others are more wicked ; not being the worst, stands in some rank of praise :—Goneril !...I'll go with thee ; thy fifty yet doth double five-and-

twenty.—“What need I five-and-twenty? what need one?” Oh! reason not the need: our basest beggars are in the poorest thing superfluous; allow not nature more than nature needs, man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady; if only to go warm were gorgeous, why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st, which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—you heavens, give me that patience, patience I need! You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, as full of grief as age: wretched in both! If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts against their father, fool me not so much to bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger! O let not woman's weapons, water-drops, stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hays, I will have such revenges on you both, that all the world shall—*I* will do such things,—what they are, yet I know not; but they shall be the terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep; no, I'll not weep:—I have full cause of weeping; but this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, or ere I'll weep:—O Gods, I shall go mad!

XLIX.—KING LEAR SHUT OUT BY HIS DAUGHTERS.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! You cataracts and hurricanes, spout till you have drench'd our steeples! Your sulphurous and thought-executing fires, 'vant-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts, singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder, strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world! crack Nature's moulds, all germens spill at once that make ingrateful man! Rumble thy fill! Spit, fire! spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children: you owe me no obedience; why then, let fall your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave; a poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:—but yet I call you servile ministers, that have with two pernicious daughters join'd your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head so old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul: . . .

Let the great gods that keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, find out their enemies now. Trouble, thou wretch, that hast within thee undivulged crimes, unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand; thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue that art incestuous; no more to place; shake, that under covert and convenient seeming hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts, give your concealing confinement, and cry these dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man, more sinned against than sinning.... My wits begin to turn.—Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? Art cold? I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange, that can make vile things precious. Come, bring us to this hovel.

FROM “MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.”

L.—BENEDICK'S RIDICULE OF LOVE.

I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now he'll hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten miles a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turned orthographer; his

words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair . . . shall be of what colour it please heaven.

FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

II.—THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE lunatic, the lover, and the poet, are of imagination all compact. One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; that is the madman;—the lover, all as frantic, sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;—the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; and, as Imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives, to airy nothings, a local habitation and a name.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

LII.—PROSPERO'S ABJURATION OF MAGIC.

OUR revels now are ended: these our actors, as I foretold you, were all spirits, and are melted into air, into thin air: and, like the baseless fabric of this vision, the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself,—yea, all which it inherit,—shall dissolve; and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. * * * Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves; and ye that, on the sands, with printless foot, do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him when he comes back; you demi-puppets, that, by moonshine, do the green-sour ringlets make, whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice to hear the solemn curfew;—by whose aid, (weak masters though ye be,) I have bedimmed the noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds, and, 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault, set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak with his own bolt; the strong-based promontory have I made shake, and, by the spurs, plucked up the pine and cedar; graves, at my command, have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth, by my so potent art:—But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have required some heavenly music, to work mine end upon their senses that this airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, bury it certain fathoms in the earth, and, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book.

MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES AND DRAMATIC SCENES.

I.—THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.—DOWSLEY.

[Two Speakers: the King and the Miller.]

KING [*alone*.] No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect: I cannot see better, or walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his councillors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed, but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but, when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north, and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.—[*The report of a gun is heard.*—]Hark! some villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

MILLER [*enters*.] I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there

KING. No rogue, I assure you.

MILLER. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

KING. Not I, indeed.

MILLER. You lie, I believe.

KING. Lie! lie! How strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style! [*aside*.] Upon my word I don't.

MILLER. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, haven't you?

KING. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might be near.

MILLER. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

KING. Name!

MILLER. Name! yes, name. Why you have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

KING. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

MILLER. May be so, honest man; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer. I think; so, if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make hold—to take you along with me, if you please.

KING. With you! what authority have you to take me!

MILLER. The king's authority; if I must give you an account, sir, I am John Cockle the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way, that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

KING. I must when—to my own authority.—[*aside*.] Very well, sir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

MILLER. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

KING. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down, with him, to hunt in this forest; and the chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

MILLER. This does not sound well. If you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse?

KING. I have tired my horse so much that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

MILLER. If I thought I might believe this now——

KING. I am not used to lie, honest man.

MILLER. What! do you live at court, and not lie? ha! ha! ha! that's a likely story indeed.

KING. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble; [*giving a purse*] and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

MILLER. Ay! now I am convinced that you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath! here, take it again, and take this along with it,—John Cockle is no courtier; he can do what he ought—without a bribe!

KING. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own; and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

MILLER. Thee! and thou! prythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

KING. Sir, I beg your pardon.

MILLER. Nay, I am not angry, friend: only I don't love to be too familiar with anybody, before I know whether or not he deserves it.

KING. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

MILLER. You may do—what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through thick wood; but, if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you will be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I shall go with you myself.

KING. And cannot you go with me to-night?

MILLER. Huh! I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king.

KING. Then I must go with you, I think.

II.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—CAMPBELL.

[Two Speakers: the Wizard and Lochiel.]

WIZARD. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day when the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array. For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight, and the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight: they rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown; woe, woe to the riders that trample them down! Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain, and their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain!—But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war, what speed to the desert flies frantic and far? 'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin! whose bride shall await, like a love lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate. A steed comes at morning no rider is there; but its bridle is red with the sign of despair. Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led! Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead: for a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer! or

if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, draw, dotard ! around thy old wavering sight, this mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ? Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn ! Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth from his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ? Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode companionless, bearing destruction abroad ; but down let him stoop from his havoc on high ; ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh. Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ? 'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven from his eyry that beacons the darkness of heaven. Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might, whose banners arise on the battlements' height, heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn : return to thy dwelling—all lonely—return ! for, the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood, and a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood !

LOCHIEL. False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan, their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one ; they are true, to the last of their blood and their breath : and like reapers descend to the harvest of death. Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock ; let him dash his proud foam, like a wave—on the rock ! But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause, when Albin her claymore indignantly draws ; when her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd, Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud, all plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD. — Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ! for, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal, but man cannot cover what God would reveal : 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, and coming events cast their shadows before. I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring with the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king !—Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath, behold where he lies on his desolate path ! Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight : rise ! rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !—'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors : Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ! But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? where ? For the red eye of battle is shut in despair. Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn, like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?—Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ; the war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier—his death-bell is tolling ! O mercy ! dispel yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell ! Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs, and his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims ! Accurs'd be the fagots that blaze at his feet, where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat, with the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL. — Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale : for never shall Albin a destiny meet, so black with dishonour, so foul with repeat. Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore, like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore, Lochiel, untainted by flight or by shame, while the loading of life in his bosom remains, shall victor exult, or in death be laid low, with his back to the field, and his face to the foe ! and, leaving in battle no blot on his name, look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame !

III.—FROM THE ILIAD OF HOMER.—POPE.

[Two Speakers : Hector and Andromache.]

AND. Too daring prince !—Ah ! whither dost thou run ? Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son ! And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be ? A widow I, a helpless orphan he ! For, sure, such courage length of life denies ; and thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

HEC. Andromache ! my soul's far better part ! why with untimely sorrow heaves thy heart ? No hostile hand can antedate my doom, till Fate condemn me to the silent tomb.

AND. Greece in her single heroes strove in vain : now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain. Oh ! grant me, Gods ! ere Hector meets his doom, all I can ask of Heaven—an early tomb ! So shall my days in one sad tenor run, and end with sorrows as they first begun. No parent now remains my griefs to share, no father's aid, no mother's tender care ; yet, while my Hector still survives, I see my father, mother, brethren, all in thee ! Alas ! my parents, brethren, kindred, all—once more will perish, if my Hector fall. Thy wife, thy infant, in thy dangers share—Oh ! prove a husband's and a parent's care !

HEC. My early youth was bred to warlike pains ; my soul impels me to the martial plains. Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne, to save my father's honours and my own.

AND. That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy : thou from this tower defend the important post ; there Agamemnon points his dreadful host ! Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given, or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven. Let others in the field their arms employ ; but stay, my Hector, here, and guard his Troy !

HEC. How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned, and Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground, attain the lustre of my former name, should Hector basely quit the field of fame ! No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home ; there guide the spindle and direct the loom. Me glory summons to the martial scene ; the field of combat is the sphere for men. [*Andromache retires.*]

HEC. [*alone.*] Yet come it will ; the day decreed by fates ! (how my heart trembles while my tongue relates !) the day, when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend, must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end. And yet, no dire presage so wounds my mind, my mother's death, the ruin of my kind, not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore, nor all my brothers gasping on the shore, as thine, Andromache !—Thy griefs I dread ! I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !—May I lie cold before that dreadful day, pressed with a load of monumental clay ! thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep, shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

IV.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "CATILINE."—CROLY.

[Four Speakers : Cicero, Catiline, Cethegus, and Consul ; also Senators, Lictors, and Conspirators.]

CICERO. Fathers and Senators—no need for further proof of this rebellion.—Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men, of treasons manifold ;—that Catiline this day received despatches from the rebels—that he has leagued with deputies from Gaul to seize the province ; nay, has levied troops, and raised his rebel standard ;—that but now a meeting of conspirators was held under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths, pledged round the body of a murdered slave.—To these he has no answer.

CATILINE. Conscript Fathers ! I do not rise to waste the night in words ; let that plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade : but here I stand for right, for Roman right ; though none it seems dare stand to take their share with me. Let him show proofs...Ay, cluster there, cling to your master ; judges—Romans—slaves ! His charge is false ;—I dare him to his proofs. You have my answer now ! I must be gone.

CIC. Bring back the armour of the Gaulish king ; which, as I told you, was this evening seized within his house.—You know them, Catiline ?

CAT. The axe and helmet of the Allobroges ! [*aside.*] Know them ! What crimination's there ? what tongue lives in that helm to charge me ? Cicero—go search my house ; you may find twenty such, all fairly struck from brows of barbarous kings, when you and yours were plotting here in Rome. I say, go search my house. And is this all ? I scorn to tell you by what chance they came.—Where have I levied troops—tampered with slaves—bribed fool or villain to embark his neck in this rebellion ? Let my actions speak.

CIC. Deeds shall convince you ! Has the traitor done ?

CAT. But this I will avow, that I have scorned, and still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong. Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword, or lays the bloody scourge upon my back, can't wrong me half so much as he who shuts the gates of honour on me—turning out the Roman from his birthright : and for what ?—to fling your offices to every slave—vipers that creep, where man disdains to climb ; and having wound their loathsome track to the top of this huge mouldering monument of Rome, hang hissing at the noble man below.

CIC. This is his answer ! Must I bring more proofs ? Fathers, you know there lives not one of us but is in peril of his midnight sword. Lists of proscription have been handed round, in which your personal properties are made your murderer's hire. Bring in the prisoners.

[*Cethegus and Conspirators are brought in by the Lictors, who deliver papers to Cicero.*]

CAT. Cethegus ! [*aside.*]

CIC. Fathers ! those stains to their high name and blood came to my house to murder me ; and came suborned by him.

CAT. Oethegus ! did you say this ?

CETHEGUS. Not I. I went to kill a prating, proud plebeian, whom those fools palmed on the consulship.

CIC. And sent by whom ?

CETHEGUS. By none.—By nothing but my zeal to purge the senate of yourself, most learned Cicero !

CIC. Fathers of Rome ! If man can be convinced by proof as clear as daylight, there it stands ! These men have been arrested at the gates bearing dispatches to raise war in Gaul. Look on these letters ! Here's a deep-laid plot to wreck the province ; a solemn league, made with all form and often assistance. The time is desperate.—All the slaves are up ;—Rome shakes ! The heavens alone can tell how near our graves we stand even here !—the name of Catiline is foremost in the league. He was their king.—Tried and convicted traitor, go from Rome !

CAT. Come, concerted lictors ! from your thrones ; fling down your sceptres—take the rod and axe, and make the murder as you make the law.

CIC. Give up the record of his banishment.

[*To a Lictor. The Lictor gives a paper to the consul, who reads.*]

"Lucius Sergius Catiline, by the decree of the Senate, you are declared a traitor, an enemy, and an alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth."

CAT. Banished from Rome ! What's "banished," but set free from daily contact of the thing I loathe ? "Tried and convicted traitor !" Who says this ? Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ? Banished ?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain ; I held some slack all these years ; but now my sword's my own. Smile on, my hands ! I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes, strong provocations, bitter, bleeding wrongs, I have within my head's hot cells, shut up, to leave you in your bay-douglies. But here I stand, and scold you : here I fling heated and full defiance in your face. Your Consul's no coward—for this all thank't. He dares not touch a hair of Catiline !

CONSUL. Lictors, now drive the traitor from the temple !

CAT. "Traitor !"—I go—but I return. This—trial !Here I devote your Senate ! I've had wrongs to stir a fever in the blood of age, or make the infant's sinews strong as steel. This day's the birth of sorrows ! This hour's work will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords ! for there henceforth shall sit, for household gods, shapes hot from Tartarus—all shames and crimes ;—wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ; Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ; naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe, making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ; till Anarchy come down on you like night, and Massacre seal Rome's eternal grave !

CONSUL. Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome !

CAT. It shall be so !—When Catiline comes again, your grandeur shall be base, and clowns shall sit in scorn upon those chairs ;—your palaces shall see the soldier's revels, and your wealth shall go to deck his menial, or his horse. Then Cicero, and his tools, shall pay me blood !—and such of you as cannot find the grace to die with swords in your right hands, shall feel the life—life worse than death—of trampled slaves !

CIC. Expel him, lictors ! Clear the senate house !

CAT. I go,—but not to leap the gulf alone : I go ;—but when I come again,—'twill be the burst of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back in swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well ! You build my funeral pile ; but your best blood shall quench its flames.—Back, slaves [*to the lictors.*] I will return !

V.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "CATO."—ADDISON.

[Three Speakers : Cato, Sempronius, Lucius ; also Senators.]

CATO. Fathers, we once again are met in council : Cæsar's approach has summoned us together, and Rome attends her fate from our resolves. How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ? Success still follows him, and backs his crimes. 'Tis time we should decree what course to take. Fathers, pronounce your thoughts : are they still fixed to hold it out and fight it to the last ? or, are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought by time and ill success to a submission ? Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS. My voice is still for war. Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate which of the two to choose, slavery or death ? No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords, and, at the head of our remaining troops, attack the foe, break through the thick array of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him. Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest, may reach his heart, and free the world from bondage. Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help ; rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens, or share their fate ! The corpse of half her senate manure the fields of Thessaly, while we sit here deliberating, in cold debate, if we should sacrifice our lives to honour, or wear them out in servitude and chains. Rouse up, for shame ! our brothers of Pharsalia point at their wounds, and cry aloud—"To battle !" Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow, and Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.

CATO. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason : true fortitude is seen in great exploits that justice warrants, and that wisdom guides : all else is towering frenzy and distraction. Are not the lives of those who draw the sword in Rome's defence entrusted to our care ? Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter, might not the impartial world with reason say,—we lavished at our death the blood of thousands, to grace

our fall, and make our ruin glorious? Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace. Already have our quarrels filled the world with widows and with orphans: Seythia mourns our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome: 'tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind. It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers, the gods declare against us, and repel our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle—prompted by blind revenge and wild despair—were to refuse the award of Providence, and not to rest in Heaven's determination. Already have we shown our love to Rome: now let us show submission to the gods. We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves, but free the commonwealth; when this end fails, arms have no further use: our country's cause, that drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands, and bids us not delight in Roman blood unprofitably shed: what men could do is done already: Heaven and earth will witness, if Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

CATO. Let us appear nor rash, nor diffident: immoderate valour swells into a fault: and fear, admitted into public councils, betrays like treason. Let us shun them both. . . . Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us; within our walls are troops inured to toil in Africa's heats, and seasoned to the sun; Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us, ready to rise at its young prince's call. While there is hope, do not distrust the gods: but wait at least till Cæsar's near approach force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late to sue for chains, and own a conqueror. Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time? No, let us draw her term of freedom out in its full length, and spin it to the last. So shall we gain still one day's liberty: and let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment, a day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity in bondage!

VI.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS."—HOME.

[Three Speakers: Norval, Glenalvon, and Lord Randolph.]

GLEN. His port I love: he's in a proper mood to chide the thunder, if at him it roared. [*aside.*] Has Norval seen the troops?

NORV. The setting sun with yellow radiance lighted all the vale: and, as the warriors moved, each polished helm, corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams. The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,—of more than mortal size, towering, they seemed a host angelic, clad in burning arms.

GLEN. Then talk'st it well! no leader of our host in sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war!

NORV. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name, my speech will be less ardent. Novelty now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration vents itself freely; since no part is mine of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

GLEN. You wrong yourself, brave sir! your martial deeds have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval! Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth above his veterans of famous service. Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you:—give them all honour, even not to command; else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power, which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

NORV. Sir! I have been accustomed, all my days, to hear and speak the plain and simple truth; and though I have been told that there are men who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn, yet in such language I am little skilled: therefore, I thank Glenalvon for his

counsel, although it sounded harshly ! Why remind me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power with such contemptuous terms ?

GLEN. I did not mean to gall your pride, which now I see is great.

NORV. My pride !

GLEN. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper. Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake, I will not leave you to its rash direction. If thus you swell and frown at high-born men, will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

NORV. A shepherd's scorn ?

GLEN. Yes ; if you presume to bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes ; as if you took the measure of their minds, and said in secret, " You're no match for me ! " what will become of you ?

NORV. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

GLEN. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

NORV. Didst thou not hear ?

GLEN. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe had not been questioned thus ; but such as thou—

NORV. Whom dost thou think me ?

GLEN.Norval.

NORV. So I am—and who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

GLEN. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy ; at best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

NORV. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

GLEN. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and grossly false is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

NORV. If I were chained, unarmed, or bed-ridden, perhaps I should revile ; but, as I am, I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval is of a race—who strive not but with deeds ! Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour, and make thee sink too soon beneath my sword, I'd tell thee—what thou art ! I know thee well !

GLEN. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command ten thousand slaves like thee ?

NORV. Villain, no more ! Draw and defend thy life. I did design to have defied thee in another cause : but Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee. Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs !

[Both draw their swords. Lord Randolph advances.]

LORD RAND. Hold ! I command you both ! The man that stirs makes me his foe.

NORV. Another voice than thine that threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

GLEN. Hear him, my lord ; he's wondrous condescending ! Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval !

NORV. [Sheathes his sword.] Now you may scoff in safety !

LORD RAND. Speak not thus taunting each other, but unfold to me the cause of quarrel ; then I judge betwixt you.

NORV. My good lord, though I revere you much, my cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment. I blush to speak—I will not, cannot speak—the opprobrious words that I from him have borne. To the liege lord of my dear native land I owe a subject's homage ; but, even him and his high arbitration I'd reject. Within my bosom reposes another lord—Honour ! sole judge and umpire of itself. If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph, revoke your favours, and let Norval go hence as he came ; alone—but not dishonoured !

LORD RAND. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice ; the ancient foe of Caledonia's land now waves his banner o'er her frightened fields : suspend your purpose till your country's arms repel the bold invader ; then decide the private quarrel.

GLEN. I agree to this.

NORV. And I.

[*Lord Randolph retires.*]

GLEN. Norval, let not our variance mar the social hour, nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph. Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate, shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow; nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

NORV. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment; when we contend again, our strife is mortal.

VII.—FROM “VENICE PRESERVED.”—OTWAY.

[Two Speakers:—Priuli and Jaffier.]

PRIULI. No more; I'll hear no more! Begone, and leave me!

JAFFIER. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall! My Lord, my Lord! I'm not that abject wretch you think me. Patience! where's the distance throws me back so far, but I may boldly speak in right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

PRI. Have you not wronged me?

JAF. Could my nature e'er have brooked injustice, or the doing wrong, I need not now thus low have bent myself, to gain a hearing from a cruel father. Wronged you!

PRI. Yes, wronged me! In the nicest point, the honour of my house—you've done me wrong. You may remember (for I now will speak, and urge its baseness), when you first came home from travel, with such hopes as made you looked on, by all men's eyes, a youth of expectation, pleased with your growing virtue, I received you, courted, and sought to raise you to your merits: my house, my table, nay, my fortune, too, my very self, was yours;—you might have used me to your best service. Like an open friend, I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine; when, in requital of my best endeavours, you treacherously practised to undo me—o'erpowered the weakness of my age's darling, my only child, and stole her from my bosom. O, Belvidera!

JAF. 'Tis to me you owe her: childless you had been else, and in the grave your name extinct,—no more Priuli heard of. You may remember, scarce five years are past, since, in your brigantine, you sailed to see the Adriatic wedded by our Duke; and I was with you. Your unskilful pilot dashed us upon a rock, when to your boat you made for safety; entered first yourself;—the affrighted Belvidera following next, as she stood trembling on the vessel's side, was, by a wave, washed off into the deep; when instantly I plunged into the sea, and, buffeting the billows to her rescue, redeemed her life with half the loss of mine. Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her; and with the other dashed the saucy waves, that thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize. I brought her,—gave her to your despairing arms; indeed, you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me; till for her life she paid me with herself.

PRI. You stole her from me!—like a thief you stole her, at dead of night! that cursed hour you chose to rattle me of all my heart held dear. May all your joys, in her prove false, like mine! A sterile fortune, and a barren home, attend you both! continual discord make your days and nights bitter and envious still! may the hard hand of a vexatious need oppress and grind you—till, at last, you find the curse of disobedience all your portion!

JAF. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain;—Heaven has already crowned our ontcast lot with a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty; may he live to prove more gentle than his grandfather, and happier than his father!

PRI. Rather live to bait thee for his bread, and din your ears with

hungry cries ; whilst his unhappy mother sits down and weeps in bitterness of want !

JAF. You talk as if 'twould please you.

PRI. 'Twould, by Heaven !

JAF. Would I were in my grave !

PRI. And she too with thee ! for, living here, you're but my curse'd remembrancers I once was happy !

JAF. You use me thus, because you know my soul is fond of Belvidera ! You perceive my life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me. Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs as you upbraid me with, what hinders me but I might send her back to you with contumely, and court my fortune where she would be kinder ?

PRI. You dare not do't !

JAF. Indeed, my lord, I dare not. My heart, that awes me, is too much my master. Three years are passed since first our vows were plighted, during which time, the world must bear me witness, I've treated Belvidera as your daughter,—the daughter of a Senator of Venice ;—distinction, place, attendance, and observance, due to her birth, she always has commanded. Out of my little fortune I've done this ; because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature) the world might see I loved her for herself, not as the heiress of the great Priuli !

PRI. No more !

JAF. Yes, all....and then adieu for ever ! There's not a wretch that lives on common charity but's happier than I ; for I have known the luscious sweets of plenty—every night have slept with soft content about my head, and never waked but to a joyful morning ; yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening !

PRI. Home, and be humble ! Study to retrench ; discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall, those pageants of thy folly ; reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife to humble weeds, fit for thy little state ; then to some suburb cottage both retire ; drudge to feed loathsome life ! Hence, hence, and starve ! Home, home, I say !

VIII.—FROM THE PLAY OF THE "IRON CHEST."—COLMAN.

[Two Speakers : Sir Edward Mortimer and Wilford.]

SIR E. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say for aiming at your life ?—Do you not scorn me, despise me for it ?

WILF. I ! Oh, Sir !

SIR E. You must ; for I am singled from the herd of men, a vile, heartbroken wretch !

WILF. Indeed, indeed, Sir, you deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love, the poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude, all follow you :—and I—I owe you all ! I am most bound to bless you.

SIR E. Mark me, Wilford :—I know the value of the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer, respect from the respected ; I feel, to merit these and to obtain them, is to taste, here below, that thrilling cordial which the remunerating Angel draws from the eternal fountain of delight, to pour on blessed souls that enter Heaven. I feel this :—I !—How must my nature, then, revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand in human blood ?—and yet, it seems, this day I sought your life.—Oh ! I have suffered madness ! None know my tortures,—pangs !—But I can end them : end them as far as appertains to thee.—I have resolved it.—Fearful struggles tear me : but I have pondered on't,—and I must trust thee.

WILF. Your confidence shall not be broken.

SIR E. You must swear.

WILF. Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath, then—

SIR E. Listen. May all the ills that wait on frail humanity be doubled on your head, if you disclose my fatal secret! May your body turn most lazarus-like and loathsome; and your mind more loathsome than your body! May those fiends who strangle babes for very wantonness, shrink back and shudder at your monstrous crimes, and, sinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth! and the sharp terrors of a guilty mind poison your aged days! while all your nights, as on the earth you lay your houseless head, out-horror horror! May you quit the world abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next—your life a burden, and your death a fear!

WILF. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

SIR E. Hope this may fall upon thee:—swear thou lopest it, by every attribute which heaven or earth can lend to bind and strengthen conjuration, if thou betray'st me.

WILF. [*After a pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that bind a man, divine or human,—never to divulge!

SIR E. Remember, you have sought this secret: yes, extorted it. I have not thrust it on you. 'Tis big with danger to you; and to me, while I prepare to speak, torment unutterable! Know, Wilford, that—O, torture!

WILF. Dearest sir! collect yourself. This shakes you horribly: you had this trembling, it is scarce a week, at Madam Helen's.

SIR E. There it is—her uncle—

WILF. Her uncle!

SIR E. He is. She knows it not:—none know it.—You are the first ordained to hear me say, I am—his murderer.

WILF. O horror!

SIR E. His assassin.

WILF. What! you that—mur—the murderer—I am choked!

SIR E. Honour, thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar sit war and homicide; O! to what madness will insult drive thy votaries! In truth, in the world's name, there does not breathe a man, whose brutal nature I more strive to struggle with long forbearance, kindness, courtesy, than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me, stained me—dishonour and shame—the world he led on, and saw this new savage strike me down, rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro, on the beach, like cargo. Desperation, in every fibre of my frame, cried Vengeance! I left the room which he had quitted; chance, (curses on the chance!) while holding with my weapon, I met me against him, duckling, in the street—*I stable I ran to the heart—and my oppressor rolled lifeless, at my foot.*

WILF. Oh! mercy on me! How could this deed be covered?

SIR E. Would you think it?—*Learn the impost when I save the blow, butchered by fellow creature at the dark, I had not good men's love.* But my disgrace, and my opponent's death thus linked with it, demanded notice of the magistracy. They summoned me, as friend would summon friend, to acts of impost on communication. We met—and 'twas resolved, to still myself, to put me on my trial. No answer, no evidence appeared, to meet it on—'twas meant to clear my name.—How clear it then? How cover it?—you say.—Why, by a lie—*gild's offspring, and its guard.* I taught this lie, which truth once made her throne, to force a lie, there was due to utter it;—rounded it, such as a Scaph's song from Sarcus's mouth; so well composed, that the *of them* could not disturbed good Justice in her judgement, by shouting "*I innocence!*" ere I had finished. The court entered me; and the giddy rabble bore me, in triumph, home. Ay!—look upon me—I know thy sight aches at me.

WILF. Heaven forgive you ! It may be wrong—indeed I pity you.

SIR E. I disdain all pity.—I ask no consolation. Idle boy ! think'st thou that this compulsive confidence was given to move thy pity ?—Love of fame, (for still I cling to it) has urged me, thus to quash thy curious mischief in its birth. Hurt honour, in an evil, cursèd hour, drove me to murder—lying ;—'twould again ! My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all, are bartered for a name. I will maintain it !—Should Slander whisper o'er my sepulchre, and my soul's agency survive in death, I could embody it with heaven's lightning, and the hot shaft of my insulted spirit should strike the blaster of my memory dead, in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill thee ; thy rashness and discernment threatened danger ! to check them there was no way left but this—save one—your death :—you shall not be my victim.

WILF. My death ! What, take my life ?—my life ! to prop this empty honour ?

SIR E. Empty ? Grovelling fool !

WILF. I am your servant, Sir, child of your bounty, and know my obligation. I have been too curious, haply : 'tis the fault of youth—I ne'er meant injury : if it would serve you, I would lay down my life : I'd give it freely : could you then have the heart to rob me of it ? You could not—should not.

SIR E. How ?

WILF. You dare not.

SIR E. Dare not !

WILF. Some hours ago, you durst not. Passion moved you—reflection interposed, and held your arm. But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it, my innocence would give me strength to struggle, and wrest the murderous weapon from your hand. How would you look to find a peasant boy return the knife you levelled at his heart ; and ask you which in heaven would show the best—a rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

IX.—FROM THE PLAY OF "WILLIAM TELL."—KNOWLES.

[Four Speakers : Tell, Albert, (his son,) Gesler, Sarnem, and Attendant.]

SAR. [*To Tell.*] Behold the governor. Down, slave, upon thy knees, and beg for mercy.

GES. Does he hear ?

SAR. He does, but braves thy power. Down, slave, and ask for life.

GES. [*To Tell.*] Why speak'st thou not ?

TELL. For wonder ! Yes, for wonder—that thou seem'st a man.

GES. What should I seem ?

TELL. A monster !

GES. Ha ! Beware !—think on thy chains.

TELL. Think on my chains ! How came they on me ?

GES. Dar'st thou question me ? Beware my vengeance.

TELL. Can it more than kill ?

GES. Enough ; it may do that.

TELL. No, not enough :—it cannot take away the grace of life—the comeliness of look that virtue gives—its port erect, with consciousness of truth—its rich attire of honourable deeds—its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues :—it cannot lay its hand on these, no more than it can pluck his brightness from the sun, or with polluted finger tarnish it.

GES. But it may make thee writhe.

TELL. It may, and I may say, " Go on !" though it should make me groan again.

GES. Whence com'st thou ?

TELL. From the mountains ; there they watch no more the avalanche.

GES. Why so ?

TELL. Because they look for thee ! The hurricane comes unawares upon them : from its bed the torrent breaks and finds them in its track——

GES. What then ?

TELL. They thank kind Providence it is not thou !—Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked. There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but the thought of thee doth wither to a curse—as something they must lose, and had far better lack.

GES. 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills—that never smile, though wanton summer tempt them e'er so much.

TELL. But they do sometimes smile.

GES. Ah !—when is that ?

TELL. When they do pray for vengeance ! and the true hands are lifted up to Heaven, on every hill, for justice on thee !

GES. [*To Sarnem.*] Lead in his son. Now will I take exquisite vengeance. [*To Tell.*] I would see thee make a trial of thy skill with that same bow. 'Tis said thy arrows never miss.

TELL. What is the trial ?

GES. Thou look'st upon thy boy as though instinctively thou guessedst it.

TELL. Look upon my boy ! What mean you ? Look upon my boy as though I guessed it !—Guessed at the trial thou wouldst have me make !—Guessed it instinctively ! Thou dost not mean !—no, no !—Thou wouldst not have me make a trial of my skill upon my child ? Impossible ! I do not guess thy meaning.

GES. I'd see thee hit an apple on his head, three hundred paces off.

TELL. Great Heaven !

GES. On this condition I will spare his life and thine.

TELL. Ferocious monster ! make a father murder his own child !—'Tis beyond horror ! 'Tis too much for flesh and blood to bear !

GES. Dost thou consent ?

TELL. My hands are free from blood, and have no gust for it, that they should drink my child's. I'll not murder my boy for Gesler !

Boy. You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure to hit the apple. Will you not save me, father ?

TELL. Lead me forth—I'll make the trial.

Boy. Father——

TELL. Speak not to me ;—let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb, and so should all things be.—Earth should be dumb, and heaven, unless its thunder muttered at the deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.—Give me my bow and quiver.

GES. When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence the distance—three hundred paces.

TELL. Will he do it fairly ?

GES. What is't to thee, fairly or not ?

TELL. O, nothing ! a little thing ! a very little thing ! I only shoot at my child ! [*Sarnem prepares to measure.*] Villain, stop ! You measure gainst the sun.

GES. And what of that ? What matter whether to or from the sun ?

TELL. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine upon the mark, and not on him that shoots :—I will not shoot against the sun.

GES. Give him his way.

[*Sarnem paces and goes out.*]

TELL. I should like to see the apple I must hit.

GES. There, take that.

TELL. You've picked the smallest one.

GES. I know I have. Thy skill will be the greater if thou hittest it.

TELL. True!—true! I did not think of that. I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one had given me a chance to save my boy.—Give me my bow and quiver.

GES. [*To an attendant.*] Give him a single arrow.

TELL. [*Looks at it, and breaks it.*] Let me see my quiver. It is not one arrow in a dozen I would use to shoot with at a dove, much less a dove like that.

GES. Show him the quiver.

[*Sarnem takes the apple and leads out the boy to place them; meanwhile Tell conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow.*]

TELL. Is the boy ready? Keep silence now for Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses, that, if his life's in peril from my hand, 'tis only for the chance of saving it. For mercy's sake, keep motionless and silent! [*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. Sarnem enters with the apple on the arrow's point.*]

SAR. The boy is safe—no hair of him is touched!

TELL. Thank Heaven! [*As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.*]

GES. Unequall'd archer! Ha! why this concealed?

TELL. To kill THEE, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

X.—FROM THE COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS."—SHERIDAN.

[*Four Speakers: Sir Anthony Absolute, Captain Absolute, Fag, and Boy.*]

FAG. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you.—Shall I show him into the parlour?

ABS. Ay—you may. But stay; who is it, Fag?

FAG. Your father, sir.

ABS. You puppy! why didn't you show him up directly? [*Exit Fag.*] Now for a parental lecture.—[*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.*]
Sir, I am delighted to see you here, looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

SIR ANTH. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, eh?

ABS. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

SIR ANTH. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

ABS. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty.

SIR ANTH. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, with what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

ABS. Sir, you are very good.

SIR ANTH. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

ABS. Sir, your kindness overpowers me;—I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR ANTH. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

ABS. My wife, sir!

SIR ANTH. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

ABS. A wife, sir, did you say?

SIR ANTH. Ay, a wife—did I not mention her before?

ABS. Not a word of her, sir.

SIR ANTH. I mustn't forget her, though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage ;—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

ABS. Sir ! you amaze me !

SIR ANTH. Why, what's the matter with the fool ? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

ABS. I was, sir ;—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

SIR ANTH. Why, what difference does that make ? Tut, tut, sir ! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

ABS. Pray, sir, who is the lady ?

SIR ANTH. What's that to you, sir ?—Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

ABS. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of !

SIR ANTH. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

ABS. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, once for all, that on this point I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTH. Hark'ee, Jack ;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool ; but take care—you know I am compliance itself when I am not thwarted ;—no one more easily led, when I have my own way ;—but don't put me in a frenzy.

ABS. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTH. Now, hang me ! if ever I call you Jack again while I live !

ABS. Nay, sir, but hear me.

SIR ANTH. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word ! not one word !—so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack, if you don't—

ABS. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness !

SIR ANTH. Zounds ! sirrah ! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose : she shall have a hump on each shoulder ; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent ; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum ; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah !—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.—None of your sneering, puppy ! No grinning, jackanapes !

ABS. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

SIR ANTH. 'Tis false, sir ! I know you are laughing in your sleeve : I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah !

ABS. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

SIR ANTH. None of your passion, sir ! none of your violence, if you please !—It won't do with me, I promise you.

ABS. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

SIR ANTH. I know you are in a passion in your heart ; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog ! but it won't do.

ABS. Nay, sir, upon my word—

SIR ANTH. So you will fly out ! can't you be cool like me ? What good can passion do ?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, conceited, reprobate !—There, you sneer again ! don't provoke me !—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog !—you play upon the meekness of my disposition !—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last !—But mark ! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this : if you then agree, without

any condition, to do everything that I choose, why—I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission! I'll disown you! I'll disinherit you! and, hang me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*]

ABS. Mild, gentle, considerate father!—I dare not trust him with the truth, that I am already engaged.

FAG. [*Enters.*] Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's boy stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane, bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, curses us all for a puppy triumvirate.

ABS. Cease your impertinence, sir.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way! [*Pushes him aside and exits.*]

FAG. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; and he vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest——

BOY. [*Enters.*] Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

FAG. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!

BOY. Quick, Mr. Fag!

FAG. Quick! you impudent jackanapes? Am I to be commanded by you, too? you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[*Exit kicking and beating him.*]

XI.—FROM "THE HEIR AT LAW."—COLMAN.

[Three Speakers: Doctor Pangloss, Dick Dowlas, and Waiter.]

PAN. Let the chariot turn about. Doctor Pangloss in a lord's chariot! "Curru portatur eodem." Juvenal.—Hem! Waiter!

WAIT. Sir.

PAN. Have you any gentlemen here, who arrived this morning?

WAIT. There's one in the house now, sir.

PAN. Is he juvenile?

WAIT. No, sir; he's Derbyshire.

PAN. He! he! he! Of what appearance is the gentleman?

WAIT. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

PAN. "I hold him rich al had he not a sherte." Chaucer.—Hem! Denominated the Honourable Mr. Dowlas?

WAIT. Honourable!—He left his name plain Dowlas, at the bar, sir.

PAN. Plain Dowlas, did he? That will do. "For all the rest is leather and prunella." Pope.—Hem! Tell Mr. Dowlas, a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

WAIT. This is his room, sir. He has but just stepped into our parcel warehouse; he'll be with you directly. [*Exit.*]

PAN. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! Propitious Goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker in Milk Alley! Little did I think—"good easy man!" Shakespeare.—Hem!—of the riches and literary dignity which now——

DICK. [*Entering.*] Well, where is the man that wants to see me? —[*Seeing Pangloss.*] Oh! you are he, I suppose.

PAN. I am the man, young gentleman. "Homo sum." Terence.—Hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you is Peter

Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL.D., signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A double S—the Roman initials for an Associate of the Society of Arts.

DICK. Sir, I am your most obedient Richard Dowlas, to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined DR., signifying Debtor; to which are added LS.D.,—the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence! But what are your commands with me, doctor?

PAN. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you from your father.

DICK. Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop!

PAN. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one, for the future! 'Twere better to keep that "*alta mente repostum*." Virgil.—Hem!

DICK. Why, what's the matter?—Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear.

PAN. No, not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appeared in the Gazette.

DICK. Not broke, but gazetted! Why, zounds—

PAN. Check your passions—learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Scornes threw a—hem!—threw a tea-pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato—

DICK. Hang Plato!—what of my father?

PAN. Don't curse Plato: the bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. "*Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedisissent*..."—Cicero.—Hem!

DICK. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart! Come to the point.

PAN. In due time. But calm your choler. "*Ira furor brevis est*..." Horace.—Hem!—Read this. [*Producing a letter.*]

DICK. [*Reading.*] "Dear Dick,—This comes to inform you that I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same."—Ah, that's the old beginning.—"It was my lot last week to be made"—Ay, a bankrupt, I suppose!—"To be made a"—What?—"To be made a [*spelling*] P. E. A. R."—A peer! to be made a peer! What does he mean by that?

PAN. A peer—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose: but reversal of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

DICK. A peer! what, my father? I'm elated!—Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! But let me see. [*Reading.*] "A peer of the realm.—Lawyer Froot got me my title"—That—oh, title!—and an estate of fifteen thousand per annum, by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without heir."—'Tis an odd reason, by-the-by, to be next of kin to a nobleman, because he died bald!

PAN. His lordship means heir—heir to his estate. We shall meliorate his style speedily. "Reform it altogether." Shakespeare.—Hem!

DICK. [*Reading.*] "I send my carrot"—Carrot!

PAN. He! he! he! Chariot, his lordship means. "Chariot—a little coach." Johnson.—Hem!

DICK. "With Doctor Pangloss in it. Respect him, for he's an LL.D., and, moreover, an A double S." [*They bow.*]—and I have made him your tutor. Come with the Doctor to my house in Hanover Square, —Hanover Square!—"I remain, your affectionate father to command, —Duberly."

PAN. That's his lordship's title.

DICK. Waiter !—[*Enter Waiter.*]—Pop my clothes and linen into the carriage ; they are in that bundle.

PAN. Waiter, put all the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's clothes and linen into his father's Lord Duberly's chariot.

WAIT. Where are they all, sir ?

PAN. All wrapped up in the Honourable Mr Dowlas's pocket-handkerchief.

DICK. Now let us be off.

PAN. I come, most worthy pupil.

XII.—FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."—SHERIDAN.

[Two Speakers : Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.]

SIR P. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect ? 'Tis now above six months since my Lady Teazle made me "the happiest of men," and I have been the most miserable dog ever since ! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells were done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon ; and had lost every satisfaction in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. And yet I chose with caution a girl bred wholly in the country, who had never known luxury beyond one silk gown, or dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now, she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the town, with as good a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor-square. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance—paragraped in the newspapers—she dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours. And yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this—but I am determined never to let her know it.—No, no, no ! Oh, here she comes. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I won't bear it.

LADY T. Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please ; but I know I ought to have my own way in everything ; and what's more, I will.

SIR P. What, madam ! is there no respect due to the authority of a husband ?

LADY T. Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion does as she is bid after her marriage ? Though I was bred in the country, I'm no stranger to that. If you wanted me to be obedient, you should have adopted me, and not married me—I'm sure you are old enough.

SIR P. Ay, there it is !—Oons, madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance ?

LADY T. I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of quality ought to be.

SIR P. 'Slife, madam, I'll have no more sums squandered away upon such unmeaning luxuries : you have as many flowers in your dressing-room as would turn the Pantheon into a green-house, or make a fête champetre at a masquerade.

LADY T. O, Sir Peter, how can you be so angry at my little elegant expenses ?

SIR P. Had you any of those little elegant expenses when you married me ?

LADY T. Very true, indeed ; and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again !

SIR P. Very well, very well, madam ! You have entirely forgot what your situation was when I first saw you.

LADY T. No, no, I have not ; a very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never would have married you.

SIR P. You forget the humble state I took you from—the daughter of a poor country squire. When I came to your father's, I found you sitting at your tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

LADY T. Yes, I remember very well ;—my daily occupations were, to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

SIR P. Oh ! I am so glad to find you have so good a recollection.

LADY T. My evening employments were to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up ; play at Pope Joan with the curate ; read a sermon to my aunt Deborah ; or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinet, and thrum my father to sleep after a fox-chace.

SIR P. Then you were glad to take a ride out behind the butler upon the old docked coach-horse.

LADY T. No, no, I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR P. I say you did. This *was* your situation.—Now madam, you must have your coach, vis-a-vis, and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair ; and in summer, two white cats, to draw you to Kensington-gardens : and, instead of our living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality—in short, I have made you my wife.

LADY T. Well ! and there is but one thing more you can now add to the obligation ; and that is—

SIR P. To make you my widow, I suppose ?

LADY T. Hem !—

SIR P. Very well, madam ; very well ; I am much obliged to you for the hint.

LADY T. Why, then, will you force me to say shocking things to you ? But now we have finished our morning conversation, I want you to be in a monstrous good humour ; come, do be good-humoured, and let me have two hundred pounds.

SIR P. What ! can't I be in a good humour without paying for it ?—but look always thus, and you shall want for nothing. (*Pulls out a pocket-book.*) There, there are two hundred pounds for you. (*Going to kiss her.*) Now seal my bond for payment.

LADY T. No ; my note of hand will do as well. (*Giving her hand.*)

SIR P. Well, well, I must be satisfied with that—You shan't much longer reproach me for not having made a proper settlement—I intend shortly to surprise you.

LADY T. Do you ? you can't think, Sir Peter, how good humour becomes you ; now you look just as you did before I married you.

SIR P. Do I indeed ?

LADY T. Don't you remember, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and asked me if I could like an old fellow, who would deny me nothing ?

SIR P. Ay ! and you were so attentive and obliging to me then !

LADY T. To be sure I was, and used to take your part against all my acquaintance ; and when my cousin Sophy used to laugh at me, for thinking of marrying a man old enough to be my father, and call you an ugly, stiff, formal old bachelor, I contradicted her, and said, I did not think you so ugly by any means, and that I dared say you would make a good sort of a husband.

SIR P. That was very kind of you.—Well, and you were not mistaken ; you have found it so, have you not ?—But shall we always live thus happy ?

LADY T. With all my heart—I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling—provided you will own you are tired first.

SIR P. With all my heart.

LADY T. Then we shall be as happy as the day is long, and never, never—never quarrel more.

SIR P. Never—never—never, never!—and let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

LADY T. Ay!

SIR P. But, my dear Lady Teazle!—my love!—indeed you must keep a strict watch over your temper—for, you know, my dear, that in all our disputes and quarrels, you always begin first.

LADY T. No, no,—Sir Peter, my dear, 'tis always you that begin.

SIR P. No, no,—no such thing.

LADY T. Have a care, this is not the way to live happy, if you fly out thus.

SIR P. Madam! I say 'tis you.

LADY P. I never saw such a man in my life—just what my cousin Sophy told me!

SIR P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, saucy, impertinent minx!

LADY T. You are a very great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations!

SIR P. But I am very well served for marrying you—a pert, forward, rural coquette; who had refused half the honest squires in the country.

LADY T. I am sure I was a great fool for marrying you—a stiff, cross, dangling old bachelor, who was unmarried at fifty because nobody would have him.

SIR P. You were very glad to have me—you never had such an offer.

LADY T. Oh, yes, I had—there was Sir Tivey Terrier, who everybody said would be a better match; for his estate was full as good as yours, and—he has broke his neck since we were married.

SIR P. Very well—very well, madam!—you're an ungrateful woman; and may plagues light on me, if I ever try to be friends with you again—you shall have a separate maintenance!

LADY T. By all means, a separate maintenance.

SIR P. Very well, madam!—Oh, very well! Ay, madam, and I'll have a divorce, madam. I'll make example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

LADY T. Well, Sir Peter, I see you are going to be in a passion, so I'll leave you; and when you are come properly to your temper, we shall be the happiest couple in the world, and never—never—quarrel more! Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit Lady Teazle.]

SIR P. So! I have got much by my intended expostulation.—What a charming air she has!—and how pleasingly she shows her contempt of my authority!—Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to tease her a little; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing to vex and plague me.

DIALOGUES

FROM THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

I.—FROM THE PLAY OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

[Three Speakers : Shylock, Bassanio, and Antonio.]

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats?—well!

BASSANIO. Ay, sir, for three months!

SHYLOCK. For three months?—well!

BASSANIO. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK. Antonio shall become bound!—well!

BASSANIO. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats—for three months—and Antonio bound!

BASSANIO. Your answer to that?

SHYLOCK. Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK. O, no, no, no, no! my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves—I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient.—Three thousand ducats! I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO. Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK. I will be assured, I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO. If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK. Yes, to smell pork! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

BASSANIO. This is signor Antonio.

[*Bassanio goes out.*]

SHYLOCK. How like a Jewish publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian; but more, for that, in low simplicity, he lends out money gratis, and brings down the rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him! He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, even those whose means are more than do converge, on me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, which he calls interest: cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!

[*Bassanio returns with Antonio.*]

BASSANIO. Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK. I am debating of my present store; and, by the near guess of my necessity, I cannot instantly raise up the gross of full three thousand ducats; what of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, will furnish me. But soft; how many months do you desire to pay me for this loan, good signor; your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, by taking, or by giving of excess, yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd how much you would?

SHYLOCK. Ay, ay : three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO. And for three months.

SHYLOCK. I had forgot,—three months : you told me so. Well then, your bond ;—and, let me see.—But hear you ; methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow upon advantage?

ANTONIO. I do never use it.

SHYLOCK. (*Musing*)—Three thousand ducats !—'Tis a good round sum. Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate.

ANTONIO. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

SHYLOCK. Signor Antonio ! many a time and oft, on the Rialto, you have rated me about my moneys, and my usances : still have I borne it with a patient shrug ; for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misbeliever ! cut-throat ! dog ! and spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,—and all for use of that which is mine own ! Well, then, it now appears you need my help ; go to, then : you come to me, and you say, "Shylock, we would have moneys !" You say so ! you, that did void your rheum upon my beard, and foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur over your threshold ! Moneys is your suit ! What should I say to you ? Should I not say, "Hath a dog money ? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats ?"—or shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key, with bated breath, and whispering humbleness, say this,—"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ; you spurned me such a day ; another time you called me—dog : and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much moneys."

ANTONIO. I am as like to call thee so again, to spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not as to thy friend ; (for when did friendship take a breed, for barren metal, of his friend ?) but lend it rather to thine enemy ; who if he break, thou may'st with better face exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK. Why, look you, how you storm ! I would be friends with you, and have your love—forget the shames that you have stained me with—supply your present wants, and take no doit of usance for my moneys ; and you'll not hear me ! This is kind I offer ?

ANTONIO. This were kindness.

SHYLOCK. This kindness will I show ;—go with me to a notary ; seal me there your single bond ; and, in a merry sport, if you repay me not on such a day, in such a place, such sum, or sums, as are expressed in the condition, let the forfeit be nominated for an equal pound of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO. Content, in faith : I'll seal to such a bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ; I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ; within these two months—that's a month before this bond expires,—I do expect return of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. (*Aside*) O father Abraham, what these Christians are ! whose own hard dealing teaches them to suspect the thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this ;—if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture ? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, profitable neither, as flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say, to buy his favour I extend this friendship ; if he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ; and, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's; give him direction for this merry bond:—and I will go and purse the ducats straight; see to my house, left in the fearful guard of an unthrifty knave; and presently I will be with you.

ANTONIO. Hie thee, gentle Jew. (*Exit Shylock.*) This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

BASSANIO. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO. Come on. In this there can be no dismay; my ships come home a month before the day.

II.—FROM THE PLAY OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

[Six Speakers: The Duke of Venice, Antonio the Merchant, Shylock, Bassanio, Gratiano, and the Lady Portia.]

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer a stony adversary, an inhuman wretch incapable of pity, void and empty from any dram of mercy.—Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

GRATIANO. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord. [*Enter Shylock.*]

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face. Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, that thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice to the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange than is thy strange apparent cruelty: and, where thou now exact'st the penalty, (which is, a pound of this poor merchant's flesh) thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, but, touched with human gentleness and love, forgive a moiety of the principal: glancing an eye of pity on his losses, that have of late so luddled on his back. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; and, by our holy Sabbath, have I sworn to have the due and forfeit of my bond! If you deny it, let the danger light upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have a weight of carrion flesh, than to receive three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that; but say, it is my humour: is it answered? What if my house be troubled with a rat, and I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats to have it baned? what, are you answer'd yet?

BASSANIO. 'Tis no answer, thou unfeeling man, to excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASSANIO. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK. What! wouldst thou have a score of such three times?

ANTONIO. I pray you, think you question with a Jew: you may as well go stand upon the beach, and bid the main flood bate his usual height; you may as well use question with the wolf, why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; you may as well forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops, and to make no noise, when they are felled with the gusts of heaven; you may as well do anything more hard, as seek to alter that (than which what's harder?) his Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you, make no more offers, use no further means; but, with all brief and plain conveniency, let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

SHYLOCK. If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts

and every part a ducat, I would not draw them—I would have my bond!

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHYLOCK. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it! If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court, unless Bellario, a learned doctor whom I have sent for to determine this, come here to-day.

BASSANIO. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet! the Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO. I am a tainted wether of the flock, meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. You cannot better be employed, Bassanio, than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

[*Shylock meanwhile kneels and whets his knife.*]

BASSANIO. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRATIANO. O, be thou foiled, inexorable dog! and for thy life let justice be accused. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, to hold opinion with Pythagoras, that souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter, even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet; and, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam, infused itself in thee; for thy desires are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous!

SHYLOCK. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond, thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

DUKE. O here, I take it, is the doctor come.—(*Enter Portia dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*)—You are welcome: take your place.—Are you acquainted with the difference that holds this present question in the court?

PORTIA. I am informèd throughly of the cause. Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio, and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA. Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; yet, in such rule that the Venetian law cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.

PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion *must* I? tell me that.

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes: 'tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the thronèd monarch better than his crown: his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but Mercy is above this sceptred sway—it is enthronèd in the hearts of kings—it is an attribute to God himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this,—that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy: and that same prayer doth teach

us all to render the deeds of mercy.—I have spoke thus much, to mitigate the justice of thy plea ; which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

SHYLOCK. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,—the penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

BASSANIO. Yes,—here I tender it for him in the court ; yea, thrice the sum : if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, on forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart ; if this will not suffice, it must appear that malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, west once the law to your authority ; to do a great right, do a little wrong ; and curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA. It must not be : there is no power in Venice can alter a decree established : 'twill be recorded for a precedent, and many an error, by the same example, will rush into the State : it cannot be.

SHYLOCK. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

PORTIA. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHYLOCK. An oath, an oath ; I have an oath in heaven. Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ? no, not for Venice.

PORTIA. Why, this bond is forfeit ; and lawfully by this the Jew may claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest the Merchant's heart.—Be merciful ; take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK. When it is paid according to the tenour. It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ; you know the law—your exposition hath been most sound : I charge you by the law, whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, proceed to judgment. By my truth I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me : I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO. Most heartily I do beseech the court to give me judgment.

PORTIA. Why, then, thus it is. You must prepare your bosom for his knife :—

SHYLOCK. Ay, his breast : so says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?—"nearest his heart ;" these are the very words.

PORTIA. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh ?

SHYLOCK. I have them ready.

PORTIA. Hark by some other name, Shylock, on your charge, to stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

PORTIA. It is not so expressed ; but what of that ? 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond. We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

PORTIA. A pound of that same Merchant's flesh is thine ; the court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK. Most rightful judge !

PORTIA. And you must cut the flesh from off his breast ; the law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come, prepare !

PORTIA. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—This bond doth not give him a jot of blood ; the words expressly are, "a pound of flesh ;" take then thy bond, take then thy pound of flesh ; but, in cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy goods and goods are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate unto the State of Venice.

GRATIANO. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned judge !

SHYLOCK. Is that the law ?

PORTIA. Thyself shalt see the act ; for, as thou urgest justice, be assured thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

GRATIANO. O, learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned judge !

SHYLOCK. I take his offer then :—pay the bond thrice, and let the Christian go.

BASSANIO. Here is the money.

PORTIA. Soft ; the Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste ;—he shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRATIANO. A second Daniel ! a Daniel, Jew ! Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

PORTIA. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK. Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

PORTIA. He hath refused it in the open court ; he shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRATIANO. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

PORTIA. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, to be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK. Why, then, the devil give him good of it ! I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA. Tarry, Jew : the law hath yet another hold on you. It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—If it be proved against an alien, that, by direct or indirect attempts, he seek the life of any citizen, the party 'gainst the which he doth contrive, shall seize one half his goods ; the other half comes to the privy coffer of the State ; and the offender's life lies in the mercy of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice. In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ; for it appears, by manifest proceeding, that, indirectly, and directly too, thou hast contrived against the very life of the defendant ; and thou hast incurred the danger formerly by me rehearsed. Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit, I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it.

SHYLOCK. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that : You take my house, when you do take the prop that doth sustain my house : you take my life, when you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

GRATIANO. A halter gratis : nothing else, I pray you.

ANTONIO. So please my lord the Duke and all the court, to quit the fine for one half of his goods ; I am content—so he will let me have the other half in use ;—to render it, upon his death, unto the gentleman that lately stole his daughter. Two things provided more, that, for this favour, he presently become a Christian ; the other, that he do record a gift, here in the court, of all he dies possessed, unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this ; or else I do recant the pardon that I late pronounced here.

PORTIA. Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ?

SHYLOCK. I am content. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ; I am not well ; send the deed after me, and I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRATIANO. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers ; had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,—to bring thee to the gallows, not the font !

III.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "HAMLET."

[Three Speakers : The Queen, Hamlet, and the Ghost.]

HAMLET. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come ! you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

HAMLET. What's the matter now ?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me ?

HAMLET. No, by the rood, not so : you are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ; and—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge : you go not, till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?

HAMLET. Leave wringing of your hands : Peace, sit you down, and let me wring your heart ; for so I shall, if it be made of penetrable stuff ; if wicked custom have not brazed it so, that it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me ?

HAMLET. Such an act, that blurs the grace and blush of modesty ; calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love, and sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows as false as dice's oaths : O, such a deed as from the body of contraction plucks the very soul ; and sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words ! Ah me ! that act !

QUEEN. Ah me, what act, that roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

HAMLET. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ; the counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See what a grace was seated on this brow ! Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command ; a station like the herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ; a combination and a form, indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man : this *was* your husband.—Look you now, what follows :—Here *is* your husband,—like a mildew'd ear, blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?—Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, and batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ? you cannot call it love : for, at your age, the hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment : And what judgment would steep from this to this ? O shame ! where is thy blush ?

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more ! thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ; and there I see such black and grain'd spots, as will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET. Nay, but to live in the rank sweat of an unrighteous life—

QUEEN. O, speak to me no more ! These words like daggers enter in mine ears ; no more, sweet Hamlet !

HAMLET. A murderer and a villain ; a slave, that is not twentieth part the tithes of your precedent lord ;—a vice of kings ; a cutpurse of the empire and the rule, that from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put in his pocket—

QUEEN. No more !

[Enter Ghost.]

HAMLET. A king of shreds and patches !—Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, you heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure ?

QUEEN. Alas ! he's mad.

HAMLET. Do you not come your tardy son to chide, that, lapsed in time and passion, lets go-by the important acting of your dread command. O, say !

GHOST. Do not forget : this visitation is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look, amazement on thy mother sits : O, step between her and her fighting soul ; conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :—speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET. How is it with you, lady ?

QUEEN. Alas, how is't with you, that you do bend your eye on vacancy, and with the incorporeal air do hold discourse ? O, gentle son ! upon the heat and flame of thy distemper, sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

HAMLET. On him ! on him !—Look you, how pale he glares ! His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones, would make them capable.—Do not look upon me : lest with this piteous action, you convert my stern effects : then what have I to do will want true colour : tears, perchance, for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this ?

HAMLET. Do you see nothing there ?

QUEEN. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

HAMLET. Nor did you nothing hear ?

QUEEN. No, nothing, but ourselves.

HAMLET. Why, look you there ! look how it steals away ! My father in his habit, as he lived ! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit Ghost.*]

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain : this bodiless creation, ecstasy is very cunning in.

HAMLET. Ecstasy ! My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, and makes as healthful music : it is not madness that I have utter'd : bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word : which madness would gambol from. Mother ! for love of grace, lay not that flattering unction to your soul, that not your trespass, but my madness, speaks : it will but skin and film the ulcerous place ; whiles rank corruption, mining all within, infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven : repent what's past ; avoid what is to come.

QUEEN. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET. O, throw away the worse part of it, and live the purer with the other half. Good night ! And, when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you. So again, good night ! . . . I must be cruel, only to be kind ! Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind !

IV.—FROM THE COMEDY OF “AS YOU LIKE IT.”

[Two Speakers : Orlando and Rosalind.]

ROSALIND. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. (*Aside*)—Hem ! Do you hear, forester ?

ORLANDO. Very well ; what would you ?

ROSALIND. I pray you...what is't o'clock ?

ORLANDO. You should ask me what time o' day ; there's no clock in the forest. .

ROSALIND. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORLANDO. And why not the swift foot of time ? Had not that been as proper ?

ROSALIND. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO. I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

ROSALIND. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

ORLANDO. Who ambles Time withal ?

ROSALIND. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain.

ORLANDO. Who doth he gallop withal ?

ROSALIND. With a thief to the gallows : for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO. Who stays it still withal ?

ROSALIND. With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

ORLANDO. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

ROSALIND. With you shepherdess, my sister ; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND. I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank my stars I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

ROSALIND. There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as halfpence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous, till its fellow fault came to match it.

ORLANDO. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of "Rosalind." If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO. I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which case of rushes, I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO. What were his marks ?

ROSALIND. A lean cheek ; which you have not :—a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not :—an unquestionable spirit ; which you have not :—a beard neglected ; which you have not : (but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue) then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you denoting a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather *point-dervie* in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein "Rosalind" is so admired?

ORLANDO. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he!

ROSALIND. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO. Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I—being but a moonish youth—grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical; apish, shallow, inconstant; full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything—as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him,—now loathe him; then entertain him,—then forswear him; now weep for him,—then spit at him;...that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO. I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

ORLANDO. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROSALIND. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

V.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "JULIUS CÆSAR."

[Two Speakers: Brutus and Cassius.]

CAS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this—you have condemned and noted Lucius Pella, for taking bribes here of the Sardians; wherein my letters (praying on his side, because I knew the man) were slighted of.

BRU. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet that every nice offence should bear its comment.

BRU. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm; to sell and mart your offices for gold, to undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speak this; or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, and chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

CAS. Chastisement!

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March, remember! Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touched his body, that did stab, and not for justice? What! shall one of us, that struck

the foremost man of all this world, but for supporting robbers,—shall we now contaminate our fingers with base bribes, and sell the mighty space of our large honours, for so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me! I'll not endure it; you forget yourself to hedge me in; I am a soldier, I; older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

BRU. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am!

BRU. I say, you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther!

BRU. Away, slight man!

CAS. Is't possible?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CAS. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

BRU. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break; go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour? By the gods! you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, when you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this?

BRU. You say you are a better soldier; let it appear so: make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better;—did I say better?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me!

BRU. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

CAS. I durst not?

BRU. No.

CAS. What! durst not tempt him?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for!

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.—There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty, that they pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not. I did send to you for certain sums of gold, which you denied me; for I can raise no money by vile means. I had rather coin my heart, and drop my blood for drachmæ, than to wring from the hard hands of peasants, these vile trash, by any indirection. I did send to you for gold to pay my legions, which you denied me; was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Caesar so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, to look such rascal-countenances from his friend, be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces!

CAS. I denied you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not—he was but a fool that brought my answer back.—Brutus has revolved my heart. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, but Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not?

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not,—though they do appear as huge as high Olympus!

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come! revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, for Cassius is a-weary of the world; hated by one he loves—braved by his brother—checked like a bondman—all his faults observed, set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote, to cast into my teeth—O, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger, and here my naked breast; within, a heart dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!—if that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth. I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know, when thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRU. Sheathe your dagger. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, that carries anger as the flint bears fire; which much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark—and straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, when grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus!

BRU. What's the matter?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me, when that rash humour, which my mother gave me, makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, when you are over-earnest with your Brutus, he'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

VI.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "CORIOLANUS."

[Two Speakers: Coriolanus and Aufidius.]

COR. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks, perceive you disapprove my conduct.

AUF. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour of loud reproaches, and the war of words; but—pride apart, and all that can pervert the light of steady reason—here, to make a candid, fair proposal.

COR. Speak, I hear thee.

AUF. I need not tell thee, that I have performed my utmost promise. Thou hast been protected; hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish; thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge completely sated; and, to crown thy fortune, at the same time, thy peace with Rome restored. Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman!—Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee still to protect the city thou hast saved; it still may be in danger from our arms! Retire: I will take care thou mayst with safety.

COR. With safety?—What!—and thinkest thou Coriolanus will stoop to thee for safety?—No! my safeguard is in myself, a bosom void of fear—O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness, to seize the very time my hands are fettered by the strong chain of former obligation; the safe, sure moment to insult me!—Gods! were I now free, as on that day I was when at Corioli I tamed thy pride—this had not been!

AUF. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not. O, for that time again! propitious gods, if you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that—for that dear purpose—I have now proposed thou shouldst return: I pray thee, Marcius, do it! and we shall meet again on nobler terms.

COR. Till I have cleared my honour in your council, and proved

before them all,—to thy confusion,—the falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy, as quit the station they've assigned me here.

AUF. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians?

COR. I do:—nay, more, expect their approbation,—their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace as thou durst never ask; a perfect union of their whole nation with imperial Rome, in all her privileges, all her rights: by the just gods, I will.—What wouldst thou more?

AUF. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—fire the curs'd forest, where these Roman wolves haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them; extirpate, from the bosom of this land, a false perfidious people, who, beneath the mask of freedom, are a combination against the liberty of human kind—the genuine seed of out-laws and of robbers.

COR. The seed of gods!—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster, 'tis not for such as thou, so often spared by her victorious sword,—to speak of Rome, but with respect and awful veneration.—Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions, there is more virtue in one single year of Roman story, than your Volscian annals can boast through all their creeping, dark duration!

AUF. I thank thy rage:—this full displays the traitor.

COR. Traitor!—How now?

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

COR. Marcius!

AUF. Ay, Marcius. Caius Marcius! Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name, Coriolanus, in Corioli? You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously he has betrayed your business, and given up, for certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—I say your city,—to his wife and mother; breaking his oath and resolution, like a twist of rotten silk; never admitting counsel o' the war; but, at his nurse's tears, he whined and roared away your victory, that pages blushed at him, and men of heart looked wondering at each other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

COR. Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart too great for what contains it.—Boy!—O slave! Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads, stain all your edges on me.—Boy!—False hound! If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there, that, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I fluttered your Volscians in Corioli; alone I did it:—Boy! . . . But let us part; lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed my cooler thought forbids.

AUF. I court the worst thy sword can do; while thou from me hast nothing to expect but sore destruction. Quit then this hostile camp; once more I tell thee, thou art not here one single hour in safety.

COR. O, that I had thee in the field, with six Aufidiuses, or more—thy tribe,—to use my lawful sword!—

VII.—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "MACBETH."

[Three Speakers: Macduff, Prince Malcolm, and Rosse.]

MACD. See, who comes here?

MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin!—Welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now. Kind Powers! betimes remove the means which make us strangers!

ROSSE. Sir, amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country, almost afraid to know itself!—it cannot be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,—but who knows nothing,—is once seen to smile; where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air, are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell is there scarce asked, for whom; and good men's lives expire before the flowers in their caps—dying, or ere they sicken.

MACD. Oh, relation too nice, and yet too true!

MAL. What is the newest grief?

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife?

ROSSE. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children?

ROSSE. Well too.

MACD. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

ROSSE. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings, which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour of many worthy fellows that were out,—which was to my belief witnessed the rather, for that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:—now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland would create soldiers, and make women fight to doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be't their comfort we're coming thither: gracious England hath lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; an older and a better soldier, none that Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. Would I could answer this comfort with the like! But I have words, that would be howled out in the desert air, where hearing should not catch them.

MACD. What concern they? the general cause? or is it a fee-grief, due to some single breast?

ROSSE. No mind that's honest but in it shares some woe; though the main part pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine, keep it not from me; quickly let me have it!

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, which shall possess them with the heaviest sound that ever yet they heard.

MACD. Ah! I guess at it!

ROSSE. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes savagely slaughtered!—to relate the manner, were, on the quarry of these murdered deer, to add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful powers! What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow; give sorrow words;—the grief, that does not speak whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. My children too?—

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence!—My wife killed too?

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted. Let's make us medicines of our great revenge to cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children—All my pretty ones? Did you see all? what, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—all? What! all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so! but I must also feel it as a man. I cannot but remember such things were, that were most precious to me! Did Heaven look on, and would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee! Naught that I am; not for their own demerits, but for mine, fell slaughter on their souls!

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword ; let grief convert to wrath : blunt not the heart ; enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, and braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heaven ! cut short all intermission : front to front, bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ; within my sword's length set him !—if he 'scape, then Heaven forgive him too !

VIII.—FROM THE PLAY OF "KING HENRY THE FOURTH."

[Three Speakers : Henry IV., Northumberland, and Hotspur.]

KING HENRY. My blood hath been too cold and temperate, unapt to stir at these indignities ; and you have found me ; for, accordingly, you tread upon my patience ! But be sure, I will, from henceforth, rather be myself, mighty, and to be feared ; than my condition, which has been smooth as oil, soft as young down,—and, therefore, lost that title of respect which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud !

NORTH. My good lord, those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,—which Harry Percy here, at Holmedon, took,—were, as he says, not with such strength denied, as is delivered to your majesty.

HOTSPUR. My liege, I did deny no prisoners. But I remember, when the fight was done, when I was dry with rage and extreme toil, breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, came there a certain lord ; neat, trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new-reaped, showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home : he was perfumed like a millner ; and, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held a pouncet-box, which, ever and anon, he gave his nose, and took't away again ;—and still he smiled and talked ; and as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,—he called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly, to bring a slowly, unhandsome corpse, betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many holiday and lady terms, he questioned me ; among the rest, demanded my prisoners, in your majesty's behalf. I, then, all smarting with my wounds,—being galled, to be so pestered with a popinjay—out of my grief and my impatience, answered, negligently—I know not what—he should or he should not ; for he made me mad, to see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, and talk so like a waiting gentlewoman ! of guns, and drums, and wounds—O, save the mark !—and telling me, "The sovereign'st thing on earth was spurned at, for an inward bruise ;" and that "It was great pity—so it was—this villainous saltpetre should be digged out of the bowels of the Earthless earth, which many a good tall fellow had destroyed so covetously ;" and, but for these vile guns, he would himself "have been a soldier !"—The bold, unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answered indirectly, as I said ; and, I beseech you, let not his report come in count for an accusation, betwixt my love and your high majesty.

NORTH. The circumstance considered, good my lord, whatever Harry Percy then had said,—to such a person, and in such a place, at such a time, with all the rest re-told,—may reasonably die ; and never rise to do him wrong, or any way impeach what then he said—so he unsay it now.

KING HENRY. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ; but with purpose and exception—that we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight his brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; who, on my truth, hath wilfully betrayed the lives of those that he did lead to fight against the great magician, bold Glendower. Shall our coffers, then, be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ? Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears, when they have lost and forfeited themselves ? No, on the barren mountains let him starve ; for I shall never hold that

man my friend, whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost, to ransom home revolted Mortimer !

HOTSPUR. Revolted Mortimer ! He never did fall off, my sovereign liege, but by the chance of war. To prove that true, needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds, those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took, when, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank, in single opposition, hand to hand, he did confound the best part of an hour, in changing hardiment with great Glendower ! Threetimes they breathed, and three times did they drink, upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ; who, then, affrighted with their bloody looks, ran fearfully among the trembling reeds, and hid his crisp head in the hollow bank, blood-stained with these valiant combatants. Never did base and rotten policy colour her working with such deadly wounds ; and never could the noble Mortimer, receive so many, and all willingly. Then let him not be slandered with revolt !

KING HENRY. Thou dost belie him, Percy ; thou beliest him ! He never did encounter with Glendower. Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth let me not hear you speak of Mortimer. Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, or you shall hear in such a kind from me as will displease you. My Lord Northumberland, we license your departure—with your son. Send us your prisoners, or...you'll hear of it !

IX.—FROM THE PLAY OF "KING HENRY THE FOURTH."

[Two Speakers : Prince Henry and Sir John Falstaff.]

PRINCE H. Welcome, Jack : where hast thou been ?

FALSTAFF. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! Marry, and amen ! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ?

PRINCE H. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun ! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

FALSTAFF. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too !—there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man ; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it : a villainous coward ! Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. A bad world I say !—I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still !

PRINCE H. How now, woolsack ! what mutter you ?

FALSTAFF. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects before me like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

PRINCE H. Why, what's the matter ?

FALSTAFF. Are you not a coward ? Answer me to that.

PRINCE H. Why, ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward ; but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders ; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends ? A plague

upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me—a cup of sack;—I'm a rogue if I have drunk to-day.

PRINCE H. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drank'st last.

FALSTAFF. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE H. What's the matter?

FALSTAFF. What's the matter! There be four of us have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

PRINCE H. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

FALSTAFF. Where is it! Taken from us it is: a hundred upon four of us.

PRINCE H. What! a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man! All would not do. A plague of all cowards!

PRINCE H. Speak, Jack; how was it?

FALSTAFF. Four of us set upon some dozen, and bound them—every man of them; and as we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, and unbound the rest; and then came in the others.

PRINCE H. What! fought ye with them all?

FALSTAFF. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three-and-fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE H. I pray, you have not murdered some of them?

FALSTAFF. Nay, that's past praying for! I have peppered two of them;—two, I am sure I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face—call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

PRINCE H. What! four? Thou said'st but two, even now,

FALSTAFF. Four, Hal; I told thee, four. These four came all about, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE H. Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

FALSTAFF. In buckram?

PRINCE H. Ay, four in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE H. Ay, and mark thee too.

FALSTAFF. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE H. So, two more already! (*aside*.)

FALSTAFF. Their points being broken, they began to give me ground; but I followed them close; came in, foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE H. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF. But, as bad luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for, it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE H. These lies are like the father that begets them—gross as a mountain, open, palatable. Why, thou clay-brained and knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech——

FALSTAFF. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE H. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green

when "it was so dark, thou couldst not see thy hand"? Come, tell us your reason. What say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF. What! upon compulsion? No! were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you upon compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I!

PRINCE H. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. Thou sanguine coward, thou bed-presser, thou horse back-breaker, thou huge hill of flesh——

FALSTAFF. Away! you starveling—you eel-skin—you dried neat's tongue—you stock-fish!—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard—you sheath—you bow-case—you vile standing tuck——

PRINCE H. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four. you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your mountain-sides away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole caust thou find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

FALSTAFF. Ha! ha! ha! I knew ye, as well as he that made you. Why, hear you, my master—was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules, but, beware instinct! the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter! I was a coward—on instinct! I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: myself for a valiant lion, and thee for a true prince. But I am glad you have the moneys. Clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE H. Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away!

FALSTAFF. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

HUMOROUS EXTRACTS FOR RECITATION.

I.—AN ORATOR'S FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.— ALEXANDER BELL.

THE virgin Member takes his honoured place, while beams of modest wisdom light his face: *multum in parvo* in the man you see; he represents—the People's majesty! Behold their choice! the pledged, 'midst many a cheer, to give free trade! free votes! free bread and beer! Blessed times!—He sits at last within the walls of famed St. Stephen's renovated halls! O, shades of Pitt and Fox! is he within the House of Commons? How his senses spin! Proud man! has he then caught the Speaker's eye? no, not just yet—but he will, by-and-by. I wonder if there are reporters here? Ay, that there are, and hard at work they appear. O, happy man! By the next post shall reach your loved constituents, the maiden speech! THE PRESS (great tell-tale!) will to all reveal, how you have—spoken for your Country's weal! In gaping wonder will the words be read, "The new M.P., Lord Noodle, rose and said."

This pillar of "the people" rises now, and towards the Speaker makes profoundest bow. Amused to so much honour, his weak knees bend with the weight of senate-dignities. He staggers—almost falls—stares—strokes his chin—clears out his throat, and ventures to begin. "Sir, I am sensible" (some titter near him)—"I am, Sir, sensible"—"Hear! hear!" (they cheer him.) Now bolder grown, for praise mistaking pother, teapots one arm, and spouts out with the other. "I am, Sir, sensible—I am, indeed—that, though—I should—want—words—I must proceed; and, for the first time in my life I think—I think—that no great orator—should shrink—and, therefore,—Mr. Speaker—I for one—will speak out freely. Sir—I've not yet done. Sir, in the name of those enlightened men who sent me here—to speak for them—why then, to do my duty—as I said before—to my constituency—I'LL SAY NO MORE."

II.—THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN.—JAMES SMITH.

SIR Hubble Bubble, Alderman, was dining once at the Grocers' Hall, and lying with eclipse and calipash, that tooth-omnivorous, his paunch, then after, on the fragrant bench, inflicting many a horrid gash; when, having swallowed six or seven pounds, he fell into a mood of such spine-beatitude, that he began to talk of heaven,—at all events, with mighty *humbum* he talked in rapture of astronomy. "Sir," he exclaimed, between his humpers, "Copernicus and Tycho Brahe, and all those chaps have had their day; they've written monstrous lies, sir, humpers! Move round the sun—it's talking treason; the Earth stands still—it stands—to reason. Round as a globe?—stuff—humbug—fiddle! It's a flat sphere, sir, like a table; and the sun o' things this sphere, and lights it like a chandelier." "But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun from east to west his course has run, how comes it then he shows his face next morning in his former place?" "O ho!—a pretty question, truly," replied the knight, with an unruly burst of laughter and delight—so much his triumph seemed to please him; "Why, blockhead, he goes back at night, and that's the reason no one sees him!"

III.—THE CHAMELEON.—MERRICK.

OFt has it been my lot to mark a proud, conceited, talking spark, with eyes that hardly served at most to guard their master 'gainst a post; yet round the world the blade has been, to see whatever could be seen; returning from his finished tour, grown ten times pertier than before: whatever word you chance to drop, the travelled fool your mouth will stop:—"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—so begs you'd pay a due submission, and acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,—as o'er Arabia's wilds they passed, and on their way in friendly chat, now talked of this and then of that, discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter, of the Chameleon's form and nature. "A stranger animal," cries one, "sure never lived beneath the sun: a lizard's body lean and long, a fish's head, a serpent's tongue, its foot with triple claw disjoined; and what a length of tail behind! how slow its pace! and then its hue—who ever saw so fine a blue?" "Hold there," the other quick replies, "'tis green! I saw it with these eyes, as late with open mouth it lay, and warmed it in the sunny ray; stretched at its ease the beast I viewed, and saw it eat the air for food." "I've seen it, sir, as well as you, and I again affirm it blue. At leisure I the beast surveyed, extended in the cooling shade." "'Tis green! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."—"Green?" cries the other in a fury,—“why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?" "Twere no great loss," the friend replies; "for, if they always serve you thus, you'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose, from words they almost came to blows: when luckily came by a third—to him the question they referred; and begged he'd tell 'em, if he knew, whether the thing was green or blue. "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease you pother, the creature's neither one nor t'other; I caught the animal last night, and viewed it o'er by candlelight—I marked it well—'twas black as jet—You stare—but sirs, I've got it yet, and can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do: I'll lay my life the thing is blue!" "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen the reptile, you'll pronounce him green." "Well then, at once to end the doubt," replies the man, "I'll turn him out; and when before your eyes I've set him, if you *don't* find him black, I'll eat him." He said; then full before their sight produced the beast, and lo—'twas white!

Both stared! the man looked wondrous wise! "White?" stammered Blue; "What! White?" Green cries, when he'd recovered power of tongue; for all were right, and all were wrong. Then, gazing at the creature's baffling hue, the *men* changed colour—they looked VERY BLUE!

IV.—THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.—BENTLEY BALLADS.

IN a small pretty village in Nottinghamshire, there formerly lived a respectable Squire, who excelled all his friends in amusements athletic, and whose manner of living was far from ascetic. A wife he had taken for better for worse, whose temper had proved an intolerant curse; but at length, to his great and unspeakable joy, she died when presenting a fine little boy. Strange fancies men have!—the father designed to watch o'er the dawn of his son's youthful mind—that, only approached by the masculine gender, no room should be left him for feelings more tender. "Had I ne'er seen a woman," he often would sigh, "what squire in the country so happy as I!"

The boy was intelligent, active, and bright, and took in his studies uncommon delight;—no juvenile follies distracted his mind—no visions

of bright eyes or damsels unkind ; and those fair demi-sisterly beings so gay, yclept " pretty cousins," ne'er popped in his way : till at length this remarkably singular son could number of years that had passed twenty-one. Now the father had settled, his promising son should his studies conclude when he reached twenty-one : and he went with a heart beating high with emotion, to launch the young man on life's turbulent ocean.

As they entered the town, a young maiden tripped by, with a cheek like a rose, and a light laughing eye. " Oh ! father, what's that ? " cried the youth with delight, as this vision of loveliness burst on his sight. " Oh that," cried the cautious and politic Squire, who did not the youth's ardent glances admire, " is only a thing called a Goose, my dear son—we shall see many more ere our visit is done." Blooming damsels now passed with their butter and cheese, whose beauty might even an anchorite please : " Merely geese ! " said the Squire : " don't mind them, my dear ; there are many things better worth looking at here."

As onward they passed, every step brought to view some spectacle equally curious and new ; and the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds at the rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry-go-rounds. And soon, when the tour of the town was completed, the father resolved that the boy should be treated ; so, pausing an instant he said, " My dear son, a new era to-day in your life has begun : now of all this bright scene and the gaieties in it, choose whatever you like—it is yours from this minute." " Choose whatever I like ? " cried the youthful recluse ; " O thank you, dear father, then give me a goose ! "

V.—THE RAZOR-SELLER.—DR. WOLCOT.

A FELLOW, in a market-town, most musical cried " Razors ! " up and down, and offered twelve for eighteen-pence ; which certainly seemed wondrous cheap, and, for the money, quite a heap, as every man should buy—with cash and sense. A country bumpkin the great offer heard : poor Hodge ! who suffered by a thick, black beard, that seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ; with cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid, and proudly to himself, in whispers, said, " This rascal stole the razors, I suppose : no matter, if the fellow be a knave, provided that the razors shave, it sartinly will be a monstrous prize." So, home the clown with his good fortune went, smiling,—in heart and soul content,—and quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub, Hodge now began with grinning pain to grab, just like a hedger cutting furze : 'twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—all were impostors ! " Ah ! " Hodge sighed, " I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse." In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces, he cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore ; brought blood, and danced, gaped, grinned, and made wry faces, and dashed each horrid razor on the floor. His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff, firm as a statesman, would not lose its ruff, so kept it—laughing at the steel and suds : Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws, vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws, on the vile cheat that sold the goods. " Razors ! a vile confounded dog ! not fit to scrape a hog ! "

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began :—" Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun, that people flay themselves out of their lives : you rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing, giving my roundel whiskers here a scrubbing, with razors just like oyster-knives. Smeah ! I tell you, you're a knave, to cry up razors that can't shave." " Friend," quoth the razor-merchant, " I'm no knave : as for the razors

that you bought, upon my word I never thought—ha, ha !—that they would shave.” “Not think they’d shave?” cried Hodge, with wondering eyes, and voice not much unlike an Indian yell; “what were they made for, then, you dog?” he cries. “Made?” quoth the fellow, with a smile—to sell.” How Hodge retired need not in terms be told: he felt that *he* had been completely “sold.”

VI.—THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.—ANON.

A PUPIL of the Æsculapian school was just prepared to quit his master’s rule; not that he knew his trade, as it appears, but that he then had learnt it seven years. Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated; all that he had to study still, was,—when a man was well or ill; and how, if sick, he should be treated.

One morn he thus addressed his master:—“Dear sir, my honoured father bids me say, if I could now and then a visit pay, he thinks, with you, to notice how you do, my business I might learn a little faster.” “The thought is happy,” the preceptor cries: “a better method he could scarce devise; so, Bob,” (his pupil’s name,) “it shall be so, and when I pay my visits, you shall go.”

To bring that hour, alas! time quickly fled; and now behold them at a patient’s bed. The master-doctor solemnly perused his victim’s face, and o’er his symptoms mused; looked wise, said nothing,—an unerring way when people nothing have to say;—then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane, and paused, and blinked, and smelt again, and briefly of his corps performed each motion; manœuvres that for Death’s platoon are meant,—a kind of a “make ready” and “present,” before the fell discharge of pill and potion. At length the patient’s wife he thus addressed:—“Madam, your husband’s danger’s great, and—what will never his complaint abate—the man’s been eating oysters, I perceive.” “O dear, Sir, you’re a wizard, I believe!” madam replied, and to the truth confessed. Skill so prodigious Bob as much admired; and home returning, of the Sage enquired, “How came these oysters, sir, into your head?” “Pshaw! my dear Bob, the thing was plain, sure that can ne’er distress thy brain; I saw the shells lie underneath the bed.”

So wise by such a lesson grown, next day Bob ventured forth alone, and to the self-same sufferer paid his court; but soon with haste and wonder out of breath, returned the stripling minister of death, and to his master made this dread report: “Why, sir, we ne’er can keep that patient under; such gluttony I never came across; the fellow must be dying, and no wonder, for, bless me, if he hasn’t ate a horse!” “A horse!” the elder man of physic cried, as if he meant his pupil to deride;—“how came so wild a notion in your head?” “How?—Think not, in my duty I was idle;—there’s no mistake;—I peeped beneath the bed, and there I saw—the saddle and the bridle!”—

Quick-witted Bob soon purchased his degree, and in large letters wrote himself “M.D.” Then if he was not wise, ’twas all the same; his “whims of genius” only raised his name. His very blunders most alarming, are hailed as proofs of wit quite charming! The ladies laughed—“Well, did you ever? The funny man!—He must be clever!” Thus raised to fame by their decision, Bob struts the ladies’ pet physician! So Doctor Saddlebridle’s wondrous knowledge all gentlemen endorsed, and every College; with signets of their praise his name quite glitters; he spreads a very peacock’s tail of letters:—A.B., of course, and F.R.S.,—M.R.C.L., and A.S.S.

VII.—THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.—GEORGE COLMAN.

A MAN in many a country town we know, professing openly with Death to wrestle; entering the field against the grimly foe, armed with a mortar and a pestle. Yet some affirm, no enemies they are; but meet just like prize-fighters in a fair, who first shake hands before they box, then give each other plaguy knocks, with all the love and kindness of a brother. So,—many a suffering patient saith,—though the Apothecary fights with Death, still they're sworn friends to one another.—

A member of this Æsculapian line, lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister, or draw a tooth out of your head, or chatter scandal by your bed, or spread a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country ran; in short, in reputation he was *solus*: all the old women called him "A fine man!"—his name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,—which oftentimes will genius fetter,—read works of fancy, it is said, and cultivated the *Belles Lettres*. And why should this be thought so odd? can't men have taste who cure a pithisic? Of poetry, though patron god, Apollo patronises physic. Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't, that his prescriptions he resolved to write in't. No opportunity he e'er let pass of writing the directions on his labels, in dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables, or rather like the lines in Hudibras. Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason? 'Tis simple honest dealing—not a crime: when patients swallow physic without reason, it is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door, some three miles from the town—it might be four; to whom one evening Bolus sent an article, in pharmacy that's called cathartical; and on the label of the stuff, he wrote this verse (which one would think was clear enough, and terse): "*When taken, to be well shaken.*"—Next morning, early, Bolus rose, and to the patient's house he goes upon his pad, which a vile trick of stumbling had: it was indeed a very sorry hack; but that's of course: for what's expected from a horse, with an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap, between a single and a double rap.—Knocks of this kind are given by gentlemen who teach to dance, by fiddlers, and by opera-singers: one loud, and then a little one behind, as if the knocker fell, by chance, out of their fingers.—The servant let him in with dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place—portending some disaster: John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master. "Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed?—him?—ha!—that's very odd! he took the draught?"—John gave a nod. "Well—how?—What then?—Speak out! you dance." "Why, then," says John, "we *shook* him once." "Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out. "We jolted him about." "What! shake a patient, man?—a shake won't do." "No, sir—and so we gave him two." "Two shakes!—odd! curse! 'twould make the patient worse." "It did so, sir—and so a third we tried." "Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master—died!"

VIII.—A WATERLOO BALLAD.—THOMAS HOOD.

To Waterloo, with sad ado, and many a sigh and groan,
Among the dead came Paddy Head, to look for Peter Stone,
"Oh, p'r'phee tell, good centinel, if I shall find him here;
I'm come to weep upon his corpse, my Ninety-second dear!

"Into our town a sergeant came, with ribbons all so fine
A-flaunting in his cap ; alas ! his bow enlisted mine.
They taught him how to turn his toes, and stand as stiff as starch ;
I thought that it was Love and May, but it was Love and March !

"A sorry march indeed to leave the friends he might have kep' ;
No march of intellect it was, but quite a foolish step.
Oh, prithee tell, good sentinel, if hereabout he lies :
I want a corpse with reddish hair, and very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the sentinel appeared to deeply strike :

"Walk in," he said, "among the dead, and pick out which you like."
And soon she picked out Peter Stone, half turned into a corpse ;
A cannon was his bolster, and his mattress was a horse.

"Oh, Peter Stone ! Oh, Peter Stone ! sure here has been a skirmage ;
What have they done to your poor breast, that used to hold my image ?"
"Oh, Patty Head ! Oh, Patty Head ! you've come to my last kissing,
Before I'm set in the *Gazette* as wounded, dead, and missing.

"Alas ! a splinter of a shell right in my stomach sticks ;
French mortars don't agree so well with stomachs—as French bricks !
This very night a merry dance at Brussels was to be :
Instead of opening a ball, a ball has opened me.

"Its billet every bullet has, and well it does fulfil it ;
I wish mine hadn't come so straight, but been a crooked billet.
And then there came a cuirassier, and cut me on the chest :
He had no pity in his heart, for he had steeled his breast.

"Next thing, a lancer with his lance begun to thrust away ;
I call'd for quarter—but, alas ! it was not quarter-day :
He ran his spear right through my arm, just here above the joint ;
O Patty dear ! it was no joke, although it had a point.

"With loss of blood I fainted off, as dead as women do ;
But soon, by charging over me, the Cold-stream brought me too.
With kicks, and cuts, and balls, and blows, I throb and ache all over ;
I'm quite convinced the field of Mars is not a field of clover.

"O, why did I a soldier turn for paltry gain and pelf !
I might have been a butcher in business for myself.
O why did I the bounty take !" (and here he gasped for breath),
"My shilling's worth of *list* is nailed upon the door of death.

"Without a coffin I shall lie, and sleep my sleep eternal ;
Not even a shell,—my only chance of being made a kernel.
Oh, Patty dear, our wedding bells shall never ring at Chester ;
Here must I lie in honour's bed, that is not worth a fester.

"Farewell, my regimental mates, with whom I used to dress ;
My corps is changed, and I am now in quite another mess.
Farewell, my Patty dear ; I have no dying consolation,
Except, when I am dead, you'll go and see the illumination."

But Peter didn't die just then ; fate was, like him, a jester :
His Patty's *Head* he changed to *Stone*, and lived—to die at Chester.

IX.—TOBY TOSSPOT.—GEORGE COLMAN.

ALAS ! what pity 'tis that regularity, like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity. But there are swilling wights in London town, termed—jolly dogs,—choice spirits—*alias*, swine ; who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down, making their throats a thoroughfare for wine. These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on, dozing with headaches

till the afternoon, lose half men's regular estate of sun, by borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossopot hight,—was coming from the Bedford, late at night; and being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine, although he had a tolerable notion of aiming at progressive motion, 'twasn't direct—'twas serpentine. He worked with sinuosities along, like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork; not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a fork. At length, with near four bottles in his pate, he saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate; when reading, "Please to ring the bell;" and being civil beyond measure, "Ring it!" says Toby, "very well; I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure." Toby, the kindest soul in all the town, gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down. He waited full two minutes—no one came; he waited full two minutes more; and then, says Toby, "If he's deaf I'm not to blame; I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright, who, quick as lightning, popping up his head, sat on his head's antipodes, in bed, pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright. At length, he, wisely, to himself doth say,—calming his fears,—“Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;” when peal the second rattled in his ears. Shove jumped into the middle of the floor; and, trembling at each breath of air that stirred, he groped down stairs, and opened the street-door, while Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant, and saw he was a strapper stout and tall; then put this question:—"Pray, sir, what d'ye want?" Says Toby,—"I want nothing, sir, at all." "Want nothing!—Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow, as if you'd jerk it off the wire." Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—“I pulled it, sir, at your desire.” “At mine!”—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well; high time for bed, sir: I was hastening to it; but if you write up—*Please to ring the bell*, common politeness makes me stop and do it."

X.—RUSTIC LOGIC.—ANONYMOUS.

HODGE, a poor honest country lout, not over-stocked with learning, Chanced on a summer's eve to meet the Vicar, home returning.

"Ah; Master Hodge," the Vicar cried, "what, still as wise as ever? The people in the village say that you are wondrous clever."

"Why, Measter Parson, as to that I beg you'll right conceive me;

I do na brag, but yet I know a thing or two, believe me."

"We'll try your skill," the Parson cried, "for learning what digestion:

And this you'll prove or right or wrong, by solving me a question.

Noah, of old, three babes had, or grown up children rather:—

Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called;—now who was Japhet's father?"

"Rat it!" cried Hodge, and scratched his head; "that does my wits belabour:

But howsomde'er, I'll homeward run, and ax old Giles my neighbour."

To Giles he went, and put the case with circumspect intention:

"Then fool!" cried Giles, "I'll make it clear to thy dull comprehension.

Three children has Tom Long, the smith, or cattle-doctor rather;

Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are called; now who is Harry's father?"

"Adzooks, I have it!" Hodge replied, "right well I know your lingo;

Who's Harry's father?—stop—here goes,—why, Tom Long Smith, by jingo!"

Away he ran to find the ~~parson~~ ^{parson}, with all his might and main;

Who, with good humour, instant put the question once again,

"Noah, of old, three babies had, or grown-up children rather ; Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called : now, who was Japhet's father ?"

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cried, "I'll answer like a proctor : Who's Japhet's father ? now I know ; why, Long Tom Smith, the Doctor !"

XI.—MODERN LOGIC.—ANONYMOUS.

AN Eton stripling training for the Law,—a dunce at Syntax, but a dab at *taw*,—one happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf his cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf, with all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome, to spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.

Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do's ?" inquiries of old friends, and College news :—"Well, Tom, my lad, what saw you worth discerning ? and how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning ?" "Oh, Logic, Sir,—but not the worn-out rules of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools ! 'Tis wit and wranglers' logic ;—thus d'ye see, I'll prove to you as clear as A, B, C, that an eel-pie's a pigeon :—to deny it, were to swear black's white."—"Indeed ! let's try it." "An eel-pie is a pie of fish ?"—"Well—agreed."—"A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie ?"—"Proceed." "A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus, 'tis done, for every John-pie is a Pi-geon !" "Bravo !" Sir Peter cries—"Logic for ever ! it beats my grandmother—and she was clever ! But hold, my boy—it surely would be hard that wit and learning should have no reward. To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross, then I'll give you, Tom,—a high-bred horse." "A horse !" cries Tom ; "blood, pedigree, and paces ! Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races !"

He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow, to think the night must pass before the morrow ; dreamed of his boots, cap, spurs, and leather breeches, of leaping five-barred gates, and crossing ditches ! left his warm bed an hour before the lark, dragged his old Uncle fasting through the park :—Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross, to find out something like the expected horse, but no such animal the meadows cropped : at length, beneath a tree Sir Peter stopped—took a bough—shook it—and down fell a fine large chestnut in its prickly shell.—"There, Tom—take that."—"Well, Sir, and what beside ?" "Why, since you're booted, saddle it, and ride." "Ride ! what ?—A chestnut !" "Ay, come, get across ; I tell you, Tom, that chestnut is a *horse*, and all the horse you'll get !—for I can show as clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools ! all maxims but the wranglers' I disown, and stick to one sound argument—*your own*. Since you have proved to me, I don't deny, that a pie-John is the same as a John-pie—what follows then, but as a thing of course, that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse ?" Tom scampered home in dudgeon,—sought his room—looked himself in to fret, and stamp, and fume ; if Logic failed to make a horse, alas ! he felt that it indeed had made—an *Ass* !

XII.—FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.—THOMAS HOOD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold, and used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball shot off his legs, so he laid down his arms.
Now, as they bore him off the field, said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg, and the Forty-second foot !"—
The army surgeons made him limbs : said he, "They're only pegs !
But there's as wooden members quite, as represent my legs !"
Now Ben long loved a pretty maid, whose name was Nelly Gray ;
And he went to pay her his *devours*, when he'd devoured his pay,

But when he called on Nelly Gray, she made him quite a scoff ;
 And when she saw his wooden legs, began to take them off !
 " Oh, Nelly Grey ! oh, Nelly Grey ! is this your love so warm ?
 The love that loves a scarlet coat, should be more *uniform* ! "
 Said she, " I loved a soldier once, for he was blithe and brave :
 But I will never have a man, with both legs in the grave.
 Before you had those timber toes, your love I did allow :
 But then, you know, you stand upon *another footing* now ! "
 " Oh, Nelly Grey ! oh, Nelly Grey ! for all your jeering speeches,
 At duty's call I left my legs in Badajos's *breaches* ! "
 " Why then, " said she, " you've lost the feat of legs in war's alarms ;
 And now you cannot wear your shoes upon your feat of arms. "
 " Oh, false and fickle Nelly Grey, I know why you refuse :
 Though I've no feet, some other man is standing in your shoes !
 I wish I ne'er had seen your face, but now, a long farewell !
 For you will be my death :—alas ! you will not be my *Nail*. "
 Now when he went from Nelly Gray his heart so heavy got
 And life was such a burthen grown, it made him take a knot.
 So round his melancholy neck a rope he did entwine :
 And, for the second time in life, enlisted in the line !
 One end he tied around a beam, and then removed his pegs ;
 And, as his legs were off, of course he soon was off his legs.
 And there he hung till he was dead as any nail in town :
 For, though distress had cut him up, it could not cut him down.
 A dozen men sat on his corpse to find out why he died ;
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads, with a *stake* in his inside !

XIII.—THE WIDOW'S CHOICE.—BON GAULTIER BALLADS.

WHEN folks with headstrong passion blind, to play the fool make up their mind, they're sure to come with phrases nice, and modest air, for your advice ; but as a truth unfailing make it, they ask, but never mean to take it : 'tis not advice they want, in fact, but confirmation in their act. Now mark what did, in such a case, a worthy priest who knew the race.

A dame more buxom, blithe, and free, than Mrs. Plump, you'll rarely see ; so smart her dress, so trim her shape, ne'er hostess offered juice of grape, could for her trade wish better sign ; her looks gave flavour to the wine. A smile for all, a welcome glad,—a jovial, coaxing way she had ; and, what was more her fate than blame,—a nine months' widow was our dame. But toil was hard, for trade was good, and gallants sometimes will be rude. " And what can a lone woman do ? the nights are long and eerie too. John Flagon there's a likely man, none better draws or taps a can ; he's just the man, I think, to suit, if I could bring my courage to't. " With thoughts like these, her mind is crossed : the dame, they say, who doubts is lost. " But then the risk ? I'll beg a slice of our good parish-priest's advice. "

Pranked in her best, with looks demure, she seeks his reverence, to be sure ;—asks if he thinks she ought to wed.—" With such a bus'ness on my head, I'm worried off my legs with care, and need some help to keep things square. I've thought of John, sir, truth to tell ! he's steady, knows his business well. What do you think ? " When thus he met her : " Oh, take him, ma'am, you can't do better ! " " But then the danger, my good pastor, if of the man I make the master,—There is no trusting to these men. " " Well, well, my dear, don't have him then ! " " But help I must have, there's the curse. I may go farther and fare worse. " " Why, take him then ! " " But if he should turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good ;—in drink and riot waste my all, and rout me out of

house and hall?" "Don't have him then! But I've a plan to clear your doubts, if any can. The bells a peal are ringing,—hark! Go now, and what they tell you, mark. If they say 'yes!' wed and be blest—if 'no,' why—do as you think best." The bells rung out a triple-bob: oh, how the widow's heart did throb to hear them bang their burden on,—“Marry John, marry John, dear John!”

The bells were not long hanging idle: a week—and they rang for her bridal. But, woe the while, they might as well have rung the poor dame's parting knell. The rosy dimples left her cheek, she lost her beauties plump and sleek; John Flagon oftener kicked than kissed, and backed his orders with his fist; proving, by deeds as well as words, that servants make the worst of lords.

She seeks the Priest, her ire to wreak, and speaks as angry women speak, with tiger looks, and bosom swelling, storming that e'er she took his telling. To all, his calm reply was this:—"You must have read the bells amiss. If they have led you wrong in aught, your wish, I fear, inspired the thought. Just go and mark well what they say." And off she trudged upon her way.

Now sure enough their chime went on—"Don't have John, don't have John, knave John!" "Too true, alas! there's not a doubt; what could my ears have been about?" She had forgot, that, as we think, the bell is ever sure to clink. Be you more wise, and ponder well, nor be misled by beau or bell(e).

XIV.—ASK MAMMA!—A. MELVILLE BELL.

A BACHELOR Squire of no great possession, long come to what should have been years of discretion, determined to change his old habits of life, and comfort his days by taking a wife. He had long been the sport of the girls of the place,—they liked his good, simple, quiet, cheery, fat face; and wherever he went to a tea-drinking party, the flirts were in raptures—our friend was so hearty! They'd fasten a cord near the foot of the door, and bring down the jolly old beau on the floor: they'd pull off his wig while he floundered about, and hide it, and laugh till he hunted it out: they would tie his coat-tails to the back of his seat, and scream with delight when he rose to his feet: they would send him at Christmas a box full of bricks, and play on his temper all manner of tricks. One evening they pressed him to play on the flute, and he blew in his eyes a rare scatter of soot! He took it so calmly, and laughed while he spoke, that they hugged him to pardon their nasty "black joke." One really appeared so sincere in her sorrow, that he vowed to himself he would *ask* her to-morrow,—and not one of the girls but would envy her lot, if this jolly old bachelor's offer she got; for they never had dreamed of his playing the beau, or doubtless they would not have treated him so.

However, next day, to fair Fanny's amazement, she saw him approach as she stood at the casement; and he very soon gave her to know his desire, that she should become the dear wife of the squire. "La! now, Mr. Friendly, what would they all say?"—but she thought that not one of *them* all would say nay:—she was flustered, with pleasure, and coyness, and pride, to be thus unexpectedly sued for a bride. She did not refuse him, but yet did not like to say, "Yes," all at once—the not iron to strike: so, to give the proposal the greater eclat, she said, "Dear Mr. Friendly,—you'd best ask mamma!" "Good morning then, Fanny, I'll do what you say: as she's out, I shall call in the course of the day." Fanny blushed as she gave him her hand for good-bye, and she did not know which to do first,—laugh or cry; to wed such a dear darling man, nothing loth, for variety's sake, in her joy, she did

both! "O what will mamma say, and all the young girls?" she thought as she played with her beautiful curls. "I wish I had said yes at once,—'twas too bad not to ease his dear mind—O, I wish that I had! I wish he had asked me to give him a kiss,—but he can't be in doubt of my feeling,—that's bliss! O, I wish that mamma would come home for the news—such a good, dear, kind soul, she will never refuse! There's the bell—ere she is....O, mamma!"—"Child, preserve us! What ails you, dear Fanny? What makes you so nervous?" "I really can't tell you just now,—by and bye Mr. Friendly will call—and he'll tell you—not I." "Mr. Friendly, my child! what about him, I pray?" "O, mamma,—he's to call—in the course of the day. He was here just this moment, and shortly you'll see he'll make you as happy as he has made me.—I declare he has seen you come home,—that's his ring: I will leave you and him now to settle the thing."

Fanny left in a flutter: her mother—the gipsy—she'd made her as giddy as though she'd been tipsy! Mr. Friendly came in, and the widow and he were soon as delighted as Fanny could be: he asked the dear *widow* to change her estate;—she consented at once, and a kiss sealed her fate. Fanny came trembling in—overloaded with pleasure—but soon she was puzzled in as great a measure. "Dear Fanny," said Friendly, "I've done what you said;"—but what he *had* done never entered her head—"I have asked your mamma, and she's given her consent." Fanny flew to his arms to express her content. He kissed her, and said,—as he kissed her mamma,—"I'm so glad, my dear Fan, that you like your Papa!" Poor Fanny now found out the state of the case, and she blubbered outright, with a pitiful face: it was all she could do, under heavy constraint, to preserve herself conscious, and keep off a faint! She determined, next time she'd a chance, you may guess, not to say, "Ask mamma," but at once to say "Yes!"

XV.—THE CONFESSION.—R. H. BARHAM.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, alas! there's somewhat on my breast:

The live-long day I sigh, and e'en at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my needful rest, though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me,—the weary weight of woe!
'Tis not the lack of money, I've enough of worldly gear;
My lands are broad and fair to see, my friends are kind and dear;
Yes, they are true and faithful all, they mourn to see my grief;
But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand can give my heart relief!
'Tis not my love is false, either—'tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around, I know her constant mind.
O, no, 'tis not her coldness that chills my labouring breast;
'Tis—that confounded—cucumber I ate—and can't digest!

XVI.—THE HUSBAND'S PETITION.—BOB GAULTIER BALLADS.

COME hither, my heart's darling, come sit upon my knee,
And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee.
I feel a bitter craving—a dark and deep desire,
That glows beneath my bosom, like coals of kindled fire.
Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, though madly thus I speak,
I feel thy arms about me, thy tresses on my cheek:
I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with mine,
—I know my soul's emotion is doubly felt by thine.
And deem not that a shadow hath fallen across my love:
No, sweet, my love is shadowless, as yonder heaven above!

O, then, do not deny me my first and fond request :
 I pray thee, by the memory of all we cherish best,
 By that great vow which bound thee for ever to my side,
 And by the ring that made thee my darling and my bride !
 Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the task :—
 Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask !

XVII.—THE MAIDEN'S REQUEST.—SAMUEL LOVER.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door : so he called upon Lucy—'twas past ten o'clock ; like a spruce *single* man, with a smart *double* knock. Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at, will run like a *puss* when she hears a *rat-tat* ; so Lucy ran up, and in two seconds more, had questioned the stranger, and answered the door. The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe ; for the moment will come when such comers must go ; so she sighed, and she whispered—poor innocent thing—"The next time you come, love, pray come with a *ring*."

XVIII.—THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.—WOODWORTH.

A GAY gallant once wooed a fair, of virtue, wealth, and graces rare, but vainly had preferred his claim—the maiden owned no answering flame : at length, by doubt and anguish torn, suspense too painful to be borne, low at her feet the lover kneeled, and in pathetic terms appealed :—"Oh, have compassion, angel fair ! pity my languishing despair ! Love, that no language can express, implores you now for happiness ! Nothing on earth but you I prize, all else is trifling in my eyes ; and cheerfully would I resign the wealth of worlds to call you mine !" The lady smilingly replied :—"If my consent to be your bride will make you happy, then be blest ; but grant me first, one small request :—a sacrifice I must demand, and in return will give my hand." "A sacrifice ! oh, speak its name ! for you I'd forfeit wealth and fame ; take my whole fortune—every cent"—"No, no, it was not wealth I meant." "Must I the realms of Neptune trace ? Speak but the word—where'er the place, for you, dear idol of my soul, I would explore the frozen pole ! Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire to be the world's imperial Sire ? express the wish, and here I vow to place a diadem on that brow ; the crown of France to set upon it—or else the very best French bonnet !" "Sir, these are trifles," she replied ; "but if you wish me for your bride, to link your destiny with mine, on one condition I am thine : 'twill then become my pleasing duty to contemplate a husband's beauty. Permit me then—'tis all I ask—now to commence the pleasing task : just let me, as becomes my place, cut those huge whiskers from your face." Like lightning from the ground he sprung, the while amazement loosed his tongue :—"Cut off my whiskers ! O, she jeers : I'd sooner lose my nose, or ears. Madam, I'd not be so disgraced, so lost to fashion and to taste, to win an empress for my wife ! What ! sacrifice the grace of life ! my whiskers ! whew !"—He said no more, but quickly vanished through the door, and sought a less obdurate fair, to take the beau with all his hair !

XIX.—CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.—R. H. BARHAM.

"AND hast thou nerve enough ?" he said—that gray old man, above whose head unnumbered years had rolled :—"and hast thou nerve to view," he cried, "the incarnate Fiend that heaven defied ? Art thou indeed so bold ? Say canst thou, with unshrinking gaze, sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze of that unearthly eye that blasts

where'er it lights ; the breath that, like the Simoon, scatters death, on all that yet can die ? Dar'st thou confront that fearful form that rides the whirlwind and the storm, in wild unholy revel ? the terrors of that blasted brow—archangel's once, though ruined now—ay, dar'st thou face—the Devil ? ” “ I dare ! ” the desperate youth replied, and placed him by that old man's side in fierce and frantic glee ; unblanched his cheek and firm his limb : “ No paltry, juggling fiend ; but him—himself—I fain would see, in all his Gorgon terrors clad ! his worst, his felldest shape ! ” the lad rejoined in reckless tone. “ Have then thy wish ! ” Agrippa said ; and sighed, and shook his hoary head, with many a bitter groan. He drew the mystic circle's bound, with skul and cross-bones fenced around ; he traced full many a sigil there, he muttered many a backward prayer that sounded like a curse. “ He comes ! ” he cried with wild grimace, “ the felldest of Apollyon's race ! ” Then in his startled pupil's face—he dashed.....*an empty purse !*

XX.—THE ALARM.—ANONYMOUS.

His eye was stern and wild ; his cheek was pale and cold as clay ; upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay. He mused awhile, but not in doubt ; no trace of doubt was there ; it was the steady, solemn pause of resolute despair ! Once more he look'd upon the scroll, once more its words he read ; then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread. I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue, cold, gleaming steel, and grimly try the temper'd edge he was so soon to feel. A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head ; I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead ! Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er ; I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.—Again I look'd : a fearful change across his face had pass'd ; he seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast. He raised on high the glittering blade ;—then first I found a tongue : “ Hold, madman ! stay the frantic deed ! ” I cried, and forth I sprung. He heard me, but he heeded not ; one glance around he gave ; and ere I could arrest his hand, he had—begun to shave !

XXI.—THE QUARREL.—CHARLES MACKAY.

“ Hush, Joanna ! 'tis quite certain that the coffee was not strong :—Owa your error,—I'll forgive you !—why so stubborn in the wrong ? ”
 “ You'll forgive me ? sir, I hate you ! you have used me like a churl : Have my senses ceased to guide me ? do you think I am a girl ? ”
 “ O, no ! you're a girl no longer, but a woman formed to please, And it's time you should abandon childish follies such as these.”
 “ Oh ! I hate you ! but why vex me ? if I'm old, you're older still : I'll no longer be your victim, and the creature of your will.”
 “ But, Joanna, why this bother ? it might happen I was wrong : But, if common sense inspire me, still that coffee was not strong.”
 “ Common sense ! you never had it ! Oh ! that ever I was born To be wedded to a monster who repays my love with scorn.”
 “ Well, Joanna, we'll not quarrel : what's the use of bitter strife ? But I'm sorry I am married :—I was mad to take a wife ! ”
 “ Mad indeed ! I'm glad you know it ; but if law can break the chain, I'll be tied to you no longer in this misery and pain.”
 “ Hush, Joanna, shall the servants hear you argue ever wrong ? Can you not have done with folly ? own the coffee was not strong.”
 “ Oh ! you paid me past endurance, trifling with my woman's heart ; But I loathe you and detest you ! villain ! monster ! let us part.”

Long this foolish quarrel lasted ; till Joanna, half afraid
That her empire was in peril, summoned never-failing aid,—
Summoned tears in copious torrents,—tears, and sobs, and piteous
sighs :

Well she knew the potent practice, the artillery of the eyes.
And it chanced as she imagined : beautiful in grief was she,
Beautiful to best advantage, and a tender heart had he.
Kneeling at her side he soothed her,—“ Dear Joanna ! I was wrong ;
Never more I'll contradict you,—but, O, make my coffee strong.”

XXII.—THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.—SOUTHEY.

A WELL there is in the west country, and a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country, but has heard of the Well of
St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside, and behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ; joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling, and there was not a cloud
in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear, for thirsty and hot was he ;
And he sat him down upon the bank, under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town, at the Well to fill
his pail ;

On the Well-side he rested it, and he bade the stranger hail.

“ Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ” quoth he ; “ for, an' if thou
hast a wife,

The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day that ever thou didst
in thy life :

Or has thy good woman—if one thou hast—ever here in Cornwall been ?
For, an' if she have, I'll venture my life she has drunk of the Well of
St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,” the stranger he
made reply ;

“ But that my draught should be better for that, I pray you answer
me why.”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “ many a time drank of this
crystal Well,

And before the angel summoned her, she laid on the water a spell :—
If the husband, of this gifted Well shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life ;
But if the wife should drink of it first,—heaven help the husband
then ! ”—

The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne, and drank of the water
again.

“ You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes ? ” he to the Cornish-
man said :

But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake, and sheepishly
shook his head :

“ I hastened as soon as the wedding was done, and left my wife in the
porch ;

But i'faith ! she had been wiser than I, for she took a bottle to church.”

XXIII.—A CHEAP DINNER.—PLANCHÉ.

Two “ Messieurs ” lately from old France come over, half-starved, but
toujours gai, (no weasels e'er were thinner,) trudged up to town from
Dover ; their slender store exhausted in the way, extremely puzzled

how to get "von dinner." From morn till noon, from noon till d-ey eve, our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition; great was their need, and sorely did they grieve—*stomach* and *pocket* in the same condition! At length, by mutual consent they parted, and different ways on the same errand started. This happened on a day most dear to epicures, when general use sanctions the roasting of a savoury goose! Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near, stopped, and beheld the glorious cheer! while greedily he snuffed the luscious gale in, that from the kitchen windows was exhaling. He instant set to work his busy brain, and snuffed, and longed, and longed, and snuffed again! Necessity's the mother of invention, (a proverb I've heard many mention;) so now one moment saw his plan completed, and our sly Frenchman at a table seated. The ready waiter at his elbow stands—"Sir, will you favour me with your commands? we've roast and boiled, sir; choose you those or these?"—"Sare! you are very good, sare! *Vat you please!*"

Quick at the word, upon the table smokes the wished-for bird! No time in talking did he waste, but pounced pell-mell upon it; drumstick and merry-thought he picked in haste, exulting in the *merry-thought* that won it! Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese:—"Stilton or Cheshire, sir?"—"Ah, *vat you please!*"—And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill, prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill!" "Ah, *vat*, you're *Bill!* vell, Monsieur Bill, good day! *Bon jour*, good Villiam."—"No, sir, stay! my name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay." "Pay, pay, *ma foi!* I call for noting, sare—*pardonnez moi!* you bring me *vat* you call your goose, your sheese; you ask-a me to eat—I tell you, *Vat you please!*" Down came the Landlord; each explained the case, the one with anger, t'other with grimace; but Boniface, who dearly loved a jest, although sometimes he *dearly* paid for it, and finding nothing could be done (you know, that when a man has got no money, to make him pay some would be rather funny) of a bad bargain made the best, acknowledged much was to be said for it; took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face, then, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe, laughed heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued, away he trotted in a merry mood; when, turning round the corner of a street, who but his countryman he chanced to meet? To him, with many a shrug and many a grin, he told how he had taken *Jean Bull* in! Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops, makes his *congée*, and seeks this shop of shops. Entering, he seats himself just at his ease. "What will you take, sir?"—"Vat you please!"—The waiter looked as pale as Paris plaster, and, upstairs running, thus addressed his master: "These vile *Monsieurs* come over sure in pairs; sir, there's another '*vat you please!*' down stairs!"—This made the landlord rather crusty; "Too much of one thing"—the proverb's somewhat musty! *once* to be done his anger didn't touch; but when a *second* time they tried the treason—it made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason:—you would be crusty were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument which greatly helps a serious argument, and which, when properly applied, occasions some most unpleasant tickling sensations:—'twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip; 'twould *strike* you presently—a stout horsewhip. This instrument our *maitre d'hôtel* most carefully concealed beneath his coat; and, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station, addressed him with the usual salutation. Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees, determined while the iron's hot to strike it, quick with his lesson answers—"Vat you please!" But scarcely had he let the

sentence slip, when round his shoulders twines the pliant whip. "Sarc, sarc! ah, *misericorde! parbleu!* oh dear! Monsieur! vat make you use me so? Vat you call dis?"—"Ah, don't you know? that's *what I please*," says Bony, "how d'ye like it? Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning, deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning; but you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting, are *goose* enough—and only wanted *basting*."

XXIV.—THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.—ANONYMOUS.

A FARMER once to London went, to pay the worthy Squire his rent: he comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains—who at the door such guest detains? Forth struts the Squire exceeding smart: "Farmer, you're welcome to my heart; you've brought my rent then—to a hair! The best of tenants, I declare!" The steward called,—the account made even,—the money paid,—the receipt is given. "Well," said the Squire, "now you shall stay and dine with me, old friend, to-day." Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat, and said, "No, zur, two words to that: for look, d'ye see, when I'ze to dine with gentlefolks so cruel fine, I'ze used to make—and 'tis no wonder—in word or deed, some plaguy blunder: so, if your honour will permit, I'll with your sarvants pick a bit." "Pooh!" says the Squire, "it sha'n't be done," and to the parlour pushed him on. To all around he nods and scrapes, not waiting-maid or butler scapes; with often bidding takes his seat, but at a distance mighty great. Though often asked to draw his chair, he nods, nor comes an inch more near. By madam served,—with body bended,—with knife and fork, and arms extended,—he reached as far as he was able, to plate that overhung the table; with little morsels cheats his chops, and in the passage some he drops. To show where most his heart inclined, he talked and drank to John behind: when drunk to in a modish way, "Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say; and to be thought a man of manners, still rose to make his awkward honours. "Tush," says the Squire, "pray, keep your sitting." "No, no!" he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting; though I'm no scholar varshed in letters, I knaws my duty to my betters."

Much mirth the farmer's ways afford, and hearty laughs went round the board; thus the first course was ended well, but at the next—ah! what befel? The dishes were now timely placed, and table with fresh luxury graced: when drunk to by a neighbouring charmer, up, as usual, starts the farmer: a wag, to carry on the joke, thus to his servant softly spoke:—"Come hither, Dick; step gently there, and pull away the farmer's chair." 'Tis done! his congee made, the clown draws back, and stoops to sit him down; but by his body overweighed, and of his trusty seat betrayed, as men at twigs in rivers sprawling, he caught the cloth to save his falling. In vain! sad fortune! down he wallowed, and rattling all the dishes followed! Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons, and there mince pies, and geese, and pigeons. What an ado! 'twixt belles and beaux,—some rage, some wail, and rub their clothes! One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat; one, "Rot him, he has spoiled my best coat!" Amidst the rout the farmer long some pudding sucked, and held his tongue; at length aroused by general screech, he scrambles up to make his speech. "Plague tak't! I'ze tell you how 'twould be; look, here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see?"—"Peace, brute, begone!" the ladies cry: the beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!" "I'll tear his eyes out," squeaks Miss Dolly, "I'll pink his soul out," roars a bully. At this the farmer shrinks with fear, and thinking 'twas ill tarrying here, runs off, and cries, "Ay, kill me then, whene'er you catch me here again!"

XXV.—THE FARMER AND THE BARRISTER.—JAMES SMITH.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas, who was esteemed a mighty wit upon the strength of a chance hit, amid a thousand flippancies, and his occasional bad jokes in bullying, bantering, browbeating, ridiculing and maltreating women or other timid folks, in a late cause resolved to hoax a clownish Yorkshire farmer—one, who, by his uncouth look and gait, appeared expressly meant by Fate for being quizzed and played upon: so, having tipped the wink to those in the back rows, who kept their laughter bottled down until our wag should draw the cork, he smiled jocosely on the clown, and went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?" "Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you, but on four legs instead of two." "Officer!" cried the legal elf, piqued at the laugh against himself, "do pray keep silence down below there. Now look at me, clown, and attend: have I not seen you somewhere, friend?" "Yees—very like—I often go there." "Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic," the counsel cried with grin sardonic:—"I wish I'd known this prodigy—this genius of the clods, when I on circuit was at York residing. Now, Farmer, do for once speak true.—mind you're on oath; so tell me, you, who doubtless think yourself so clever—are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?" "Why, no, sir, no; we've got our share, but not so many as when *you* were there."—No more was needed; with an angry frown, the baffled counsel sat in silence down.

XXVI.—THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.—PLANCHÉ.

AT Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling, Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided one Harry Dashington—a youth excelling in all the learning commonly provided for those who choose that classic station for finishing their education: that is—he understood computing the odds at any race or match; was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting; could kick up row—knock down the watch—play truant, or the rake, at random—drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem. Remonstrance, fine, and rustication, so far from working reformation, seemed but to make his lapses greater; till he was warned that next offence would have this certain consequence—expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer to guess that, with so wild a wight, the next offence occurred next night; when our incurable came rolling home as the midnight chimes were tolling, and rang the College bell. No answer. The second peal was vain—the third made the street echo its alarm; when to his great delight he heard the sordid Janitor, old Ben, rousing and growling in his den. "Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum." "Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry." "Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry: 'tis past the hour—the gates are closed—you know my orders;—I shall lose my place if I undo the door."—"And I" (young Hopeful interposed) "shall be expelled if you refuse; so pry'thee"—Ben began to snore.—"I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin: hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a niddy; beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea, so tumble out, and let me in." "Humph!" growled the greedy old curmudgeon, half overjoyed and half in dubio:—"Now you may pass, but make no fuss; on tip-toe walk and hold your pate!" "Look on the stones, old Cerberus," cried Harry, as he passed the gate; "I've dropped a shilling—take the light—you'll find it just outside—good night."

Behind the porter in his shirt, dripping with rain which never stopped, groping and raking in the dirt, and all without success; but that is

hardly to be wondered at, because no shilling had been dropped ; so he gave o'er the search at last, regained the door—and found it fast ! With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans, he rang once—twice—thrice ; and then, mingled with giggling, heard the tones of Harry, mimicking old Ben.—“ Who's there ?—’tis really a disgrace to ring so loud—I’ve locked the gate—I know my duty—’tis too late—you wouldn’t have me lose my place.” “ Psha ! Mr. Dashington, remember this is the middle of November. I’m stripped—’tis raining cats and dogs.” “ Hush, hush !” quoth Hal, “ I’m fast asleep ;” and then he snored as loud and deep as a whole company of hogs. “ But hark ye, Ben, I’ll grant admittance at the same rate I paid myself.” “ Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,” replied the avaricious elf. “ No ; all or none—a full acquittance ; the terms I know are somewhat high ; but you have fixed the price, not I—I won’t take less—I can’t afford it.” So, finding all his haggling vain, Ben, with a growl and groan of pain, drew out the guinea and restored it.

“ Surely you’ll give me,” growled the outwitted porter when again admitted, “ something, now you’ve done your joking, for all this trouble, time, and soaking ?” “ Oh, surely,—surely !” Harry said : “ since, as you urge, I broke your rest, and you’re half drowned and quite undressed, I’ll give you,” said the generous fellow—free, as most people are—when mellow,—“ yes, I’ll give you—leave to go to bed.”

XXVII.—THE FRENCHMAN AND RATS.—ANONYMOUS.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight, passing to town from Dover in the night, near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy ; and being rather tired as well as dry, resolved to enter ; but first he took a peep, in hopes a supper he might get, and cheap. He enters : “ Hallo ! garçon, if you please, bring me a leetel bit of bread and cheese ; aussi, garçon ! some portare too ”—he said, “ vich I sall take, and then myself to bed.”

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left, which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft, into his pocket put ; then slowly crept to wished-for bed ; but scarce a wink he slept, for on the floor some sacks of flour were laid, to which the rats a nightly visit paid. Our hero when undressed, popped out the light, put on his cap, and bade the world good night : but first the garment, which contained the fare, under his pillow he had placed with care. Sans ceremonie, soon the rats began ; from sack to sack full greedily they ran ; when, in their merry gambols smelling round, under the pillow, hah ! the cheese they found ; and, while at this feast they regaling sat, their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman’s nap ; who, half awake, cries out, “ Hallo ! hallo ! vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ? Ah ! ’tis von huge, big, monstare rat ! Vat is it dat he nibbel, nibbel at ?” And then, instinctively, to calm his fears, he felt if all was right with both his ears.

In vain our little hero sought repose ; sometimes the vermin galloped o’er his nose ; and such the pranks they kept up all the night, that he, on end antipodes upright, bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light :—“ Hallo ! maison ! garçon ! landlord ! I say ! bring me de bill for vat I have to pay !”

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise, “ Ten Shillings” charged—he scarce believes his eyes ! With eager haste he runs it o’er, and, every time he views it, thinks it more. “ Vy, sare ! O sare ! comment ?—I sall no pay ; vat ! charge ten shellan for vat I’ve mangé ?—a leetel sup of portare—dis vile bed, vare all the rats do run about my head ?” “ Plague on those rats !” the landlord muttered out : “ I wish, Mounseer, that I could make ’em scout : I’ll pay him well

that can." "Vat's dat you say ! you'll pay him vell that can?—Attendez, pray : vill you dis charge forego dat I am at, if from your house I drive away de rat?" "With all my heart," the jolly host replies. "Ecoutez donc, ami," the Frenchman cries. "First, den—regardez, if you please—bring to dis spot a leetle bread and sheese. Eh bien ! a half-filled pot of portare too ; and den you get de rats to sup vid you ; and after dat—no matter dey be villing—for vat dey eat you charge dem just ten shellan ; and I am sure, ven dey behold de score, dey'll quit your house, and nevare come no more."

XXVIII.—LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—G. COLMAN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place, has seen "*Lodgings to Let*," stare him full in the face. Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well known, are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely, hired lodgings that took *Single Gentlemen* only ; but Will was so fat he appeared like a tun,—or like *two* "*Single Gentlemen*" rolled into one. He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated ; but, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated ; and, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep, he was not by any means heavy to sleep. Next night 'twas the same—and the next—and the next ! he perspired like an ox, he was nervous and vexed ; week passed after week, till, by weekly succession, his weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him ; for his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him : he sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny, "I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea." The doctor looked wise :—"A slow fever," he said ; prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed. "Sudorifics in bed are, I tell you, humbugs ! I've enough of them there without paying for drugs !" Will kicked out the doctor :—but when ill indeed, e'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ; so, calling his Host—he said—"Sir, do you know, I'm the *fat* '*Single Gentleman*,' six months ago ? Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin, "that with honest intentions you first *took me in* : but from that first night—to declare it I'm bold—I've been so very *hot*, that I'm sure I caught *cold* !" Quoth the landlord,—"Till now I ne'er had a dispute ; I've let odgings ten years—I'm a *baker* to boot ; in airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ; and your bed is immediately—over my oven." "The oven !"—roars Will ; says the host, "Why this passion ? in that excellent bed died three people of fashion. Why so *crusty*, good sir ?"—"Why !" cried Will in a taking, who *would* not be crusty, "with half a year's *baking* ?"

Will paid for his rooms : and the host with a sneer, said, "I see you've been *going* away half a year." "Friend, we can't well agree :—yet no quarrel," Will said :—"but I'd rather *not* perish, while you make your *bread*."

XXIX.—YORKSHIRE ANGLING.—ANONYMOUS.

It happened once that a young Yorkshire clown, but newly come to fast-famed London town, was gaping round at many a wondrous sight, gazing at all he saw with vast delight ; attended by his terrier Tyke, that was as sharp as sharp may be ; and thus the master and the dog, d'ye see, were very much alike. After wandering far and wide, and seeing every street and square, the parks, the plays, the Queen, and the Lord Mayor, with all in which your cockneys place their pride ; and being quizzed by many a city spark, for coat of

country cut, and red-hair'd pate; he came at length to noisy Billingsgate: he saw the busy scene with mute surprise, opening, at once, ears, mouth, and eyes, at the loud clamour, and the monstrous fish, hereafter doom'd to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall, which, with stretch'd mouth, as if to pant for breath, seem'd in the agonies of death: said Lubin, "What name, sur, d'ye that fish call?" "That 'ere? a turbot;" ("Now d'ye buy, buy, buy!") he answered, keeping up his business cry: then "Bless the noodle!" added the sarcastic elf; "A *flat* you see—so something like yourself." Said Lubin, "Do ye think, sur, that he'll bite?" "Why," said the fellow with a roguish grin, "his mouth is open,—put your finger in, and then you'll know." "No, sur," replied the wight, "I should not like to try; but there's my Tyke shall put his tail there, an' ye like." "Agreed," rejoined the man, and laughed delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail, and the fish bit with all his might: the dog no sooner felt the bite than off he ran, the dangling turbot meanwhile holding tight. The astonished man began most furiously to bawl and rail; but, after numerous escapes and dodgings, Tyke safely got to Master Lubin's lodgings. Thither the fishmonger in anger flew.—Says Lubin, "Lunnun tricks on me won't do; I've come from York to queer such *flats* as you; and Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire too!" "I'll York the whelp! I'll York him without fail, if I can catch him by his thievish tail." Tyke sprang out at his master's look, and caught the cockney by a hook! He roared and swore! Tyke tugged the more! while Lubin shouting, cheered and laughed. At last, acknowledging the rustic's craft superior to his own, with many a groan the man released himself and sneaked away, and Tyke and Lubin dined upon the fish that day!

XXX.—A RARA AVIS.—ANONYMOUS.

A WEALTHY gentleman in Hertfordshire, not troubled with an overplus of brains, like many a worthy country squire, whose craniums give them very little pains, lived quietly on his own estate: he was a bachelor, but whether that argues in favour of his understanding, or militates against it, is a question that I would wish to have no hand in, but leave it to your cool digestion. It chanced one year, as almanacks can tell, St. Michael's day on Sunday fell: the Squire, the night before, as was his use, gave Peggy orders to procure a goose; then went to church next morning cheerfully, and ordered dinner to be done by three.

'Twas half-past two, the cloth was laid,—Peggy the apple-sauce had made;—the bird was done, and she for master wishing, when lo! attracted by the luscious gale, and somewhat elevated with strong ale, her lover popped into the kitchen. "What, Peggy, got a goose?—well, come, that's nice! Faith, sweetheart, I should like to have a slice:—and apple-sauce too! There's a darling, Peg: do take a knife, and cut me off a leg!" "Cut off a leg!—that would be pretty fun! What, serve it up to Squire with only one?" "Ay, to be sure, why, master durst not kill you; I'll cut it off."—"Adone! you fool, now will you?" What arguments he used I cannot say, but love, whose sceptre's all-commanding sway, cook-maids as well as countesses obey, ordained it so, that, spite of all her reasoning, John got the leg, with lots of sauce and seasoning. Though Peg, poor girl, was rather vexed at this unfortunate disaster, she was not yet so much perplexed but she could still perplex her master.

Home came the Squire, to the moment true, and rang for dinner in

a hurry ; she browned the mutilated side anew, and put it on the table in a flurry. "Why, what the mischief do you call this, Peg ? Zounds ! cookee, where is the other leg ?" Peg curtsied, and replied in modest tone, "Please, sir, this kind don't never have but one !" "Only one leg ? where did you buy it, pray ?" "At Farmer Acre's, sir, across the way, and if you doubt it, sir, just go with me ; I'll make you sure, sir, you will see a number of the farmer's geese which, like this bird, have only one a-piece." He ate his dinner, but did shrewdly doubt it, and grumbled on incessantly about it ; the place was browned like all the rest, he saw :—"Bless me ! she surely never ate it raw !"

Evening arrives,—Peg puts her bonnet on, and with her master to the farm is gone ; with expectation big, they softly creep where Farmer Acre's geese are fast asleep. Now to your recollection I would bring, that when these pretty creatures go to roost, they draw up one leg close beneath their wing, and stand upon the other like a post. "Look here, sir, now," cries Peg, "and cease your pother : yonder is one, and here, sir, is another !" "Pooh, nonsense ! stuff !" exclaims the Squire : "now look ye—'sht, 'sht ! There now, they've got two legs each, cookee." "Ay, sir, but you did not say that at home, or else perhaps you'd ne'er had cause to roam ! but recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten, you did not say 'sht 'sht to the one you've eaten." The Squire confessed the oversight with groans, resolved once more to inspect the goose's bones, and there—"Well, well !—'sht, 'sht !" as sure as anything, he found the missing drumstick underneath the wing. The cunning cook, triumphant, merry as a mavis, heard him confess the bird a "Rara Avis !" And now you'll see whenever on the Squire you call, the wondrous skeleton, glass-mounted, in the hall.

XXXI.—THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.—LLOYD.

THE very silliest things in life create the most material strife : what scarce will suffer a debate, will oft produce the bitterest hate. "It is !" you say ; I say, "'Tis not !" Why, you grow warm—and I am hot. Thus each alike with passion glows, and words come first—and after, blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear, some fifty pounds or more a year ; and rented, on the farming plan, grounds at much greater sums *per ann.* A man of consequence no doubt, 'mongst all his neighbours round about : he was of frank and open mind, too honest to be much refined ; would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale, sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ; her age was—neither young nor old : her features, strong, yet somewhat plain ; her air, not bad, but rather vain ; her temper, neither new nor strange ; a woman's—very apt to change : what she most hated was—CONVICTION ; what she most loved—ELAT CONTRADICTION ! A charming housewife, nevertheless ; tell me a thing she could not dress : soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies, nought came amiss—she was so wise ! for she, bred twenty miles from town, had brought a world of breeding down, and Cumberland had seldom seen a farmer's wife with such a mien. She could not bear the sound of Dame ; no ;—"Mistress Jerkin" was her name.

Once on a time, the season fair for exercise and cheerful air, it happened in his morning's room he killed some birds, and brought them home. "Here, Ceeely, take away my gun : how shall we have thesees birdings done ?"—"Done ! what, my love ? your wits are wild ! starlings, my dear ! they're thrushes, child." "Nay, now, but look, consider, wife ; they're starlings."—"No, upon my life ! sure I

can judge as well as you, I know a thrush and starling too."—"Who was it shot them, you or I? they're starlings!"—"Thrushes!"—"Wife, you lie."—"Pray, sir, take back your dirty word, I scorn your language as your bird; it ought to make a husband blush to treat a wife so 'bout a thrush."—"Thrush, Cicely!"—"Yes."—"A starling!"—"No." The lie again, and then the blow. Blows carry strong and quick conviction, and mar the powers of contradiction. Peace soon ensued, and all was well: it were imprudence to rebel, or keep the ball up of debate against these arguments of weight.

A year rolled on in perfect ease; 'twas, "As you like!" and, "What you please!"—At length returned, in annual flight, the day of this most *fowlish* fight; quoth Cicely—"Ah, this charming life, no tumults now, no blows, no strife! what fools we were this day last year! Law! how you beat me then, my dear! Sure it was idle and absurd, to wrangle so about a bird, a bird not worth a single rush!"—"A starling."—"No, my love, a thrush! that I'll maintain."—"That I'll deny!"—"You're wrong, good husband."—"Wife, you lie!" Again the self-same wrangle rose, again the lie, again the blows. Thus, every year, this man, or wife, begins the same domestic strife; thus, too, each year their quarrel ends—they argue, fight, and kiss, and friends, 'Tis "Starling!"—"Thrush!"—and "Thrush!"—and "Starling!"—"You dog!"—"You cat!"—"My dear!"—"My darling!"

XXXII.—REPORT OF A LAW-SUIT—GOODY GRIM VERSUS LAPSTONE.—JAMES SMITH. (MATTHEWS "AT HOME.")

WHAT a profound study is the law, and how difficult to fathom! Well, let us consider the law; for our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers; according as the statutes declare,—*considerandi, considerando, considerandum*—and are not to be meddled with, by those who don't understand them.

Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders,—except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, then a verdict is always brought in *man-slaughter*. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercation, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. "Your son follows the law, I think, Sir Thomas?" "Yes, Madam, but I am afraid he will never overtake it; a man following the law, is like two boys running round a table; *he* follows the law, and the law follows *him*." However, if you take away the whereofs, wheicases, wherefores, and notwithstanding, the whole mystery vanishes; it is then plain and simple. Now, the quintessence of the law, has, according to its name, five parts:—the first is the beginning, or *incipiendum*; the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum*; the third, delay, or *puzzle-endum*; fourthly, replication without *endum*; and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*; all which are clearly exemplified in the following case—GOODY GRIM AGAINST LAPSTONE. This trial happened in a certain town, which for reasons shall be nameless, and is as follows:—Goody Grim inhabited an alms-house, No. 2; Will Lapstone, a superannuated cobbler, lived in No. 3; and a certain Jew Pedlar, who happened to pass through the town where those alms-houses were situated, could only think of number One. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs; but the animal, disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold—ran through the semi-circular legs of the aforesaid Jew,—knocked him in the mud,—ran back to Will Lapstone's the cobbler, upset a quart bottle full of gin belonging to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state bed.

The parties, being, of course, in the most opulent circumstances,

consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone "for the loss of her pig with a curly tail;" and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both for "de losh of a tee-totum dat fell out of his pocket in the rencounter." They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered they were all parties and no witnesses. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery, determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, "That he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the Assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib, divers, that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails; and did secrete the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in the said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity."

Mordecai was examined by counsellor Puzzle.

"Well, sir, what are you?"

"I sells old clo', and sealing-vax, and puckles."

"I did not ask you what you sold; I ask you what you are?"

"I am about five and forty."

"I did not ask your age; I ask you what you are?"

"I am a Jew."

"Why couldn't you tell me that at first? Well, then, sir, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair."

"As I vas a valking along"—

"Man—I didn't want to know where you were walking."

"Vel, vel, vel! As I vas a valking along"—

"So, you will walk along in spite of all that can be said."

"Plesh ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—As I vas a valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so, says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I"—

"Father Abraham, sir, is no evidence."

"You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I cannot tell it at all. As I vas a valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so, says I—Oh, Father Abraham, says I, here comes de unclean animal towards me, and he runned between my legs, and upshet me in te mut."

"Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud?"

"I vill take my oash dat he upshet me in te mut."

"And pray, sir, on what side did you fall?"

"On te mutty side."

"I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall?"

"I fell on my left side."

"Now, on your oath, was it your left side?"

"I vill take ma oash it vas my left side."

"And, pray, what did you do when you fell down?"

"I got up again as fast as I could."

"Perhaps you could tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?"

"I vill take ma oash his tail vas so curly as my beard."

"And, pray, where were you going when this happened?"

"I vas going to de sign of de Goose and Gridiron."

"Now, on your oath, what has a goose to do with a gridiron?"

"I don't know, only it was de sign of de house. And all mere vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket."

"Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My Lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence: he does not come into court with clean hands."

"How de mischief should I, when I have been polishing ma goods all morning?"

"Now, my lord, your lordship is aware that the word tee-to-tum is derived from the Latin terms of *te* and *tutum*, which mean 'keep yourself safe.' And this man, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, 'let the cat out of the bag.'"

"I will take ma oath I had no cat in ma bag."

"My lord, by his own confession, he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you, that a tee-totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling! Now, your lordship knows that the Act, commonly known by the name of the 'Little-go Act,' expressly forbids all games of chance whatever; whether put, or whist, or marbles, or swabs, or dumps, or chuck-farthing, or tee-totum, or what not. And, therefore, I do contend that this man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, and he is, consequently, *non compos testimonia*."

Counsellar Botherem then rose up.—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend, Puzzle, has in a most facetious manner, endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly honourable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend, that he who buys and sells, is, *bonâ fide*, inducted into all the mysteries of merchandise; ergo, he who merchandises, is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument, in handling the tee-totum, can only be called *obiter dictum*;—he is playing, my lord, a losing game. Gentlemen he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of the tee-totum; but, gentlemen! he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes, page 1349, where he thus lays down the law, in the case of *Hazard versus Blacklegs*,—'*Gamblendum consistet enactum gambendi, sed non evendum macheni placendi*.' My lord, I beg leave to say, that, if I prove my client was in the act of vending, and not playing with the said instrument—the tee-totum—I humbly presume that all my learned friend has said will come to the ground."

(Judge).—"Certainly, brother Botherem, there's no doubt the learned Sergeant is incorrect! The law does not put a man *extra legem*, for merely spinning a tee-totum."

"My lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my lord, I presume if I prove the pig had a straight tail, I consider the objection must be fatal."

"Certainly; order the pig into court."

Here the pig was produced; and, upon examination, it was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial. The learned Judge, in summing up the evidence, addressed the jury:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate the evidence; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And, notwithstanding the ancient statute, which says, '*Serium pigum, et boreum pigum, et vendi curulum tailum*,' there is an irrefragable proof, by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and, therefore, the prisoner must be acquitted."—This affair is thrown into Chancery, and it is expected it will be settled about the end of the year 1999.

XXXIII.—BLINDMAN'S BUFF.—HORACE SMITH.

THREE wags (whom some fastidious carpers might rather designate three sharpers) entered, at York, the Cat and Fiddle; and, finding that the host was out on business for two hours or more, while Sam, the rustic waiter, wore the visage of a simple lout, whom they might safely try to diddle,—they ordered dinner in a canter,—cold or hot, it mattered not, provided it was served *instantly*. Sam soon produced a first-rate dinner, on which an alderman might dine; joints hot and cold, dessert and wine, he spread before each hungry sinner. With talking, laughing, eating, and quaffing, the bottles stood no moment still. They rallied Sam with joke and banter, and, as they drained the last decanter, called for the bill.

'Twas brought,—when one of them, who eyed and added up the items, cried,—“Extremely moderate, indeed! I’ll make a point to recommend this inn to every travelling friend; and you, Sam, shall be doubly feed.” This said, a weighty purse he drew, when his companion interposed:—“Nay, Harry, that will never do; pray let your purse again be closed; you paid all charges yesterday; ’tis clearly now my turn to pay.” Harry, however, wouldn’t listen to any such insulting offer; his generous eyes appeared to glisten indignant at the very proffer; and though his friend talked loud, his clangor served but to aggravate Hal’s anger. “My worthy fellow,” cried the third, “now, really, this is too absurd. What! do you both forget, I haven’t paid a farthing yet? Am I in every house to cram at your expense? ’Tis childish, quite. I claim this payment as my right. Here, how much is the money, Sam?”

The others bawled out fierce negation, and hot became the altercation, each in his purse his money rattling, insisting, arguing, and battling. One of them cried, at last:—“A truce! Wrangling for trifles is no use. That we may settle what we three owe, we’ll blindfold Sam, and whichever he catches of us first shall bear all the expenses of the trio, with half-a-crown (if that’s enough) to Sam, for playing blindman’s buff.” Sam liked it hugely,—thought the ransom for a good game of fun was handsome; gave his own handkerchief, beside, to have his eyes securely tied, and soon began to grope and search; when the three knaves, I needn’t say, adroitly left him in the lurch, slipped down the stairs, and stole away. Poor Sam continued hard at work. Now o’er a chair he gets a fall; now floundering forward with a jerk, he bobs his nose against the wall; and now, encouraged by a subtle fancy that they’re near the door, he jumps behind it to explore, and breaks his shins against the scuttle. Just in the crisis of his doom, the host, returning, sought the room; Sam pounced upon him like a bruin, and almost shook him into ruin. “Huzza! I’ve caught you now; so down with cash for all, and my half-crown!” Off went the bandage, and his eyes seemed to be goggling o’er his forehead, while his mouth widened with a horrid look of a gonized surprise. “You gulloon!” roared his master; “gull! and dunce! fool, as you are, in that you’re right for once; ’tis clear that I must pay the sum; but this one thought my wrath assuages—that every halfpenny shall come, dolt! from your wages!”

XXXIV.—DINING BY STEAM.—A. MELVILLE BELL.

A HUNGRY fellow passing a hotel,—whence streamed a luscious, savoury smell of viands far advanced in cooking,—stopped, sniffed, and, through a corner looking where the dim glass was broken out, beheld, within, the culinary rout. His eyes he fastened on a giant goose, which, turning towards him on the spit, still rolled,—but came more near no

whit, spitting, as if in mockery, its envied juice. The busy cook-maids ranged full many a dish, surcharged with rich variety of flesh and fish ; kickshaws might tempt a sated maw, roast, boil, and stew ;—of each a host he saw. Poor fellow ! what an ecstasy 'twould be, could you but taste as cheaply as you see ! Now quickly off they bear the goodly cheer, some distant passing, and some crossing near ; till one with pork, that might entice a Jew, stood underneath our hero, and upflew in playful curls the steam—a balmy gale, which well his nose may greedily inhale ! Sniff ! sniff ! his nostrils stretch with suction wide ! too tardily they yield ; and now his mouth's applied : spreading his broad lips on the broken pane, he draws the vapour in, with might and main ! As ladies, learning snuffing by degrees, by smelling at the box, are made to sneeze ; as brewers, by the fumes their vats exhale, grow tipsy, just as if they drank the ale ; so did our hero, at the window, fare upon his unsubstantial dish of air : and when the maid the cover had put on, his hunger was appeased,—completely gone !

The landlord, who had seen his eager face, guessed by his looks the merits of the case ; and now accosted him in merry mood : “ Well, friend, I hope your appetite's subdued ? ” The man confessed : “ Then, sir, just step this way ;—you've dined at my expense, and so must pay ! ” The man protested !—swore he'd rouse the town,—’Twas base, ’twas—“ Sir, you pay me half-a-crown : you have inhaled a dinner from my food.” “ What ? pay ? I can't—nor would I if I could ! ” “ Oho ! here, waiter, see that this man pays his bill, or that till my return he stays.”

The jolly host bent on his bit of fun—to tease the wight, and feed him when he'd done,—brought out some guests to see the way, and, whispering one of them the bill to pay, slipped quietly the half-crown into his hand ; then, putting on a grave and solemn face, before the umpire-guests he states the case. They give the verdict that the charge is just : “ Then, sir,” the landlord banters, “ pay you must ! ” “ I won't ! ” “ You shall ! ” “ Let go ! ” “ No, here you stand ! ” This bickering went on until the guest feigned pity on the wretch so sorely prest, and gave him the amount to pay the bill. He then, with glistening eye, pulled out a tin snuff-box, and dropped the two-and-sixpence in,—and honourably paid the debt, by skill ! “ I have not *used* your dinner, therefore, you have no just claim to touch the cash, I think ; but, as I smelt your food, I'll justice do ; and, hark ye ! let you hear the money *chink* ! ” He thanked the guest, gave Boniface a grin, and walked off rattling merrily his TIN !

XXXV.—KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.—

BISHOP PERCY'S “RELIQUES.” (*Adaptation.*)

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of that notable prince who was called King John ;
And the story—albeit a story so merry—
Concerns, too, the Abbot of Canterbury.

A hundred men, the king did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

“ How now, Father Abbot ! I hear it of thee
Thou keepest a far better house than we.”

“ Nay, nay,” quoth the Abbot, “ I would it were known,
I spend not a farthing that is not my own.”

“ Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is high ;
And now, for the same, thou needest must die,

For, except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head from thy body shall smitten be.

"And first, Father Abbot, when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Thou must tell, to one penny, how much I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your Majesty yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

Away went the Abbot, sad at the King's word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
And never a Doctor there was so wise,
That could, with his learning, an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he met his Shepherd a-going to fold.

"How now, my Lord Abbot! you are welcome home,
What news do you bring from merry King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, Shepherd, I must give;
I have only three more days to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head shall be smitten from my body.

"The first is, to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about.
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, Sire Abbot! did you never hear yet
That a fool may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, for it hath been told unto me,
I am like your Lordship as ever may be."——
So the Shepherd to London, with retinue great,
And crozier, and mitre, proceeded in state.

"Now, welcome, Sire Abbot!" the King he did say;
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For, an if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Tell me, to one penny, what I am worth?"

"A sovereign, your Majesty, minus a crown,
Is worth fifteen shillings of cash paid down,

But twenty-five shillings you're worth, as you stand,
The value of sovereign and crown, in this land."

The king he laughed and vowed in his mirth,
"I did not think I had been so little worth!
Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about?"

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth aflame;
And then your Grace needs not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laughed as he'd never have done:
"I could not think, truly, to outride the sun!
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell, on the instant, what I do think?"

"Yea, that shall I do, and keep your Grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor Shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laughed, and swore by his grace,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now, nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For, alack! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, will I give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou goest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from merry King John!"

XXXVI.—NUMBER ONE.—HOOD.

It's very hard! and so it is, to live in such a row,
And witness this, that every miss but me has got a beau;
For Love goes calling up and down, but here he seems to shun:
I'm sure he has been asked enough to call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks that come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see a lover at the door;
And one in blue, at Number Two, calls daily like a dun—
It's very hard they come so near, and not to Number One!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear, exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony, which she has never done,
Yet arts, that thrive at Number Five, don't take at Number One!

'Tis hard with plenty in the street, and plenty passing by;
There's nice young men at Number Ten, but only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith, across the way, has got a grown-up son;
But la! he hardly seems to know there is a Number One!

There's Mr. Wick, at Number Nine, but he's intent on self
And, though he's pious, will not "Love his neighbour as himself."
At Number Seven there was a sale—the goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot on hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work, and talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be in her declining days;
The very maids about the house have set me down a nun;
The sweethearts all belong to them that call at Number One!

Once only when the flue took fire, one Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in, and told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without the Phoenix and the Sun ?
We cannot always have a flue on fire at Number One.

I am not old ! I am not plain, nor awkward in my gait ;
I am not crooked, like the bride that went from Number Eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look as brown as any bun ;
But even beauty has no chance, I think, at Number One !

At Number Six, they say Miss Rose has slain a score of hearts ;
And Cupid, for her sake, has been quite prodigal of darts.
The imp they show with bended bow—I wish he had a gun !
But if he had, he'd never deign to shoot with Number One.

It's very hard ! and so it is, to live in such a row !
And here's a ballad singer come, to aggravate my woe :
O take away your foolish song, and tones enough to stun ;
There is " Nae luck about the house," I know, at Number One.

XXXVII.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY —MARY HOWITT.

" WILL you walk into my parlour ? " said a Spider to a Fly ;
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there. "
" Oh no, no ! " said the little Fly, " to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again. "

" I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high ;
Will you rest upon my little bed ? " said the Spider to the Fly.
" There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin
And if you like to rest awhile I'll snugly tuck you in. "
" Oh no, no ! " said the little Fly, " for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed ! "

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, " Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you ?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice ;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice ? "
" Oh no, no ! " said the little Fly, " kind sir, that cannot be ;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see. "

" Sweet creature ! " said the spider, " you're witty and you're wise !
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes !
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold—yourself. "
" I thank you, gentle sir, " she said, " for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day. "

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den ;
He knew the vain and silly Fly would soon come back again :
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing :

" Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing !
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head,
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead. "
Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by ;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,
And dreaming of her crested head—poor foolish thing ! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came down again !
And now, do you take warning ! all who this story hear ;
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give ear :
To all deceitful counsellors, close heart, and ear, and eye :—
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

XXXVIII.—CONTEST BETWEEN THE NOSE AND THE EYES.—COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose, the spectacles set them unhappily wrong ; the point in dispute was, as all the world knows, to which the said spectacles ought to belong. So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause with a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ; while Chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws, so famed for his talent in nicely discerning. "In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear, and your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find, that the Nose has had spectacles always in wear, which amounts to possession, time out of mind." Then holding the spectacles up to the court—"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle, as wide as the ridge of the nose is ; in short, designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle. Again, would your lordship a moment suppose ('tis a case that has happened, and may be again,) that the visage or countenance had not a Nose, pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ? On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows, with a reasoning the court will never condemn, that the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose, and the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how, he pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ; but what were his arguments few people know, for the Court did not think they were equally wise. So his lordship decreed, in a grave solemn tone, decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*, that—"Whenever the Nose put his spectacles on, by daylight or candle-light—Eyes should be shut."

XXXIX.—THE DUEL.—THOMAS HOOD.

IN Brentford town, of old renown, there lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,—and so did Mr. Clay.
Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay, "You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell ; but there your court no thoroughfare shall be.
Unless you now give up your suit, you may repent your love ;
I who have shot a pigeon match, can shoot a turtle dove."
Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray, "Your threats I quite explode ;
One who has been a volunteer, knows how to prime and load.
And so I say to you, unless your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes, may chance to hit a sheep's."

Now gold is oft for silver changed, and that for copper red !
But these two went away to give each other change for lead.
But first they sought a friend a-piece, this pleasant thought to give,
When they were dead, they thus should have two seconds still to live
To measure out the ground not long the seconds then forlore,
And, having taken one rash step, they took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death to blast the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes ; but when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found they both were shaking hands.
Said Mr. C. to Mr. B., "Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral, now be doomed to have a ball.
I do confess I did attach misconduct to your name ;
If I withdraw the charge will then your ramrod do the same ?"
Said Mr. B., "I do agree ;—but think of Honour's Courts !
If we go off without a shot, there will be strange reports.
But look, the morning now is bright, though cloudy it begun ;
Why can't we aim above, as if we had called out the sun ?"
So up into the harmless air, their bullets they did send ;
And may all other duels have that upshot in the end !

XL.—BLACK BEER, FOR "BROWN STOUT."—ANON.

A BREWER, in a country town, had got a monstrous reputation ! no other beer than his went down :—the Hosts of the surrounding station carving his name upon their mugs, and painting it on every shutter ; and though some envious folks would utter hints that its flavour came from drugs, others maintain'd 'twas no such matter, but owing to his monstrous vat—as corpulent, at least, as that at Heidelberg—and some say fatter. His foreman was a lusty black, an honest fellow ; but one that had an ugly knack of tasting samples, as he brew'd, till he was stupefied and mellow. One day, in this top-heavy mood, having to cross the vat aforesaid, (just then with boiling beer supplied) overcome with giddiness and qualms, he reel'd—FELL IN—and nothing more said, but, in his favourite liquor, died, like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey. In all directions round about, the negro absentee was sought, but as no human noddle thought that our fat black was made brown stout, they settled that the negro left the place for debt, or crime, or theft. Meanwhile, the beer was, day by day, drawn into casks, and sent away, until the lees flow'd thick, and thicker, when lo ! outstretch'd upon the ground, once more their missing friend they found, as they'd oft done before—*in liquor* ! "See," cried his moralizing master, "I knew the fellow always drank hard, and prophesied some sad disaster. His fate should other tipplers strike. Poor Munro ! there he welters, like a toast at bottom of a tankard !"

Next morn, a Publican, whose tap had help'd to drain the vat so dry, not having heard of the mishap, came to demand a fresh supply ; protesting loudly, that the last all previous specimens surpass'd—possessing a much richer gusto than formerly it ever used to, and begging,—as a special favour, more of *exactly* the same flavour. "Why !" cried the brewer, "that's a task more difficult to *grant* than ask ! Most gladly, would I give the smack of the last beer to the ensuing ; but, where am I to find a *black, to be boiled down at every brewing ?*"

XLI.—THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.—H. G. BELL.

THEY'RE stepping off, the friends I knew ; they're going, one by one ;
They're taking ways to time, then live—then joyful days are done ;
I can't get one old crony now to join me in a spree ;
They've all grown grave domestic men, they look a little queer on me.

I hate to see them sobered down—the merry boys and true ;
I hate to hear them sneering now at pictures fancy drew ;

I care not for their married cheer, their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round in formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have a comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end conduct herself with grace—
I hate the prim reserve that reigns, the caution and the state :
I hate to see my friend grown vain of furniture and plate.

How strange ! they go to bed at ten, and rise at half-past nine ;
And seldom do they now exceed a pint or so of wine :—
They play at whist for sixpences, they very rarely dance,
They never read a word of rhyme, nor open a romance.

They talk, indeed, of politics, of taxes, and of crops,
And very quietly, with their wives, they trot about to shops ;—
They get quite skilled in groceries, and learn'd in butcher meat,
And know exactly what they pay for every thing they eat.

And then they all have children too, to squall through thick and thin,
And seem right proud to multiply small images of sin !
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys, I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live henceforth—a Bachelor.

XLII.—BULLUM VERSUS BOATUM.—STEVENS.

LAW is law—law is law : and as in such, and so forth, and hereby and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance ; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery ; there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic ; they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it ; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "*Bullum versus Boatum* ;" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows :

There were two farmers ; farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull ; farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocata*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner ; farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner ; and, observing, discovering, seeing, spying, and prying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat, ate up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band : the boat being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it ; it struck against a rock ; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard : whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull ; and the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat : and thus notice of trial was given, "*Bullum versus Boatum, Boatum versus Bullum.*"

Now the counsel for the bull began by saying, "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses : therefore, my lord,

how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? How can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for, thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel: "My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything.

This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose:—how, wherefore, and whether,—why, when, and what,—whatsoever, whereas, and whereby,—as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Beatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin, and was as follows:—"Apud bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claves, shelles, et talos; qui scimmere in freshibus, vel saltibus, riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well-boates; sive oysteri, prawnis whitini, shrimp, turbotus, solus;" that is, not turbot alone, but turbot and sole together. But now comes the nicety of the law: the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullam and Beatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, that, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.

XLIII.—SPEECH OF SERJEANT BUZFUZ.—CHARLES DICKENS.

NEVER, in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me;—a responsibility, I will say, which I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me.

The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Randall, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his government, as one of the guardians of the royal revenue, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little

boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlour window, a written placard, bearing this inscription,—“Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman. Enquire within.” I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—“Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman!” Mrs. Bardell’s opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion. Mr. Bardell, said the widow; Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, for consolation;—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell’s house. He enquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. That man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, in Mrs. Bardell’s house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head; and, after enquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *com-moneys* lately, (both of which I understand to be particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression,—“How should you like to have another father?”

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties; letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications; but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—“Garraway’s, twelve o’clock.—Dear Mrs. B. Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.” Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops!

and tomato sauce! yours, PICKWICK! Chops! gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious.—“Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.” And then follows this very remarkable expression—“Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.” The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction; but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

But, gentlemen, enough of this; it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client’s hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to enquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps. His *alley-tors* and *commonys* are alike neglected; he forgets the old familiar cry of *knuckle down!* and at *tip cheese*, or *odd and even*, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages are the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

XLIV.—THE BASHFUL MAN.—MACKENZIE.

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which, I fear, will at length drive me utterly from this society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I shall give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but, my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made *him* happy—that is, a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying myself for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my

father, and being naturally of a timid, bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which, I now begin to fear, can never be amended. You must know, I am of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the slightest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct. I had therefore resolved on living at the university, and taking pupils; when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs—namely, my father's death, and the arrival of a rich uncle from the Indies.

This uncle also died, after a short illness; leaving me heir to all his property. And now, behold me, at the age of—no matter what,—well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics—possessed of an ample fortune—but so awkward, and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds with what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially by those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled; but the truth is, when I have ridden or walked, with full intention to return their several visits—my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I returned homewards, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine, this day, with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about three miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a year, adjoining that which I purchased. He has two small sons and five tall daughters, all grown-up, and living at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons from a professor, who teaches "grown-up gentlemen to dance;" and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, yet my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing whom or what I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my newly-acquired bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot into the third position,

I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this accident occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear at perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join in the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics—in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own! To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes; which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I approached to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly—when, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and, unluckily, pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm done. I saw the ink streaming from an ink-bottle on the Turkey carpet; and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses; till I was desired to take my seat at table, betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Deah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, they were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and, for some minutes, my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his gouty toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distresses occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for part of a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth—hot as a burning coal! it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets! At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to—drop the cause of

torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was perhaps the best for drawing out the heat; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board—I snatched it up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, I know not; but he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the burning liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction! The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home, in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Let me entreat that you will not add to my sufferings by ungenerous ridicule; or still further increase my unhappy notoriety, by making my infirmity, at any future time, the subject of your conversation.

XLV.—ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.—HORACE SMITH.

AND hast thou walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago?—

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue? come, let us hear its tune:

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, Mummy!

“Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;”

Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops, or Cephrenes, architect

Of either pyramid that bears his name?

Is “Pompey's Pillar” really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden,

By oath, to tell the secrets of thy trade,—

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles

Are vain, for Priestcraft never owns its juggles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass :
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ;
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run !

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the World looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green—
 Or was it then so old, that History's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ? Incommunicative elf ;
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But prythee tell us something of thyself—
 Reveal "the secrets of thy prison-house ;"
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen ? what strange adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations
 The Roman empire has begun—and ended,—
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations ;
 And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyse,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :
 A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled :—
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitted thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,—
 Then wilt hear nothing—till the Judgment morning,
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh ! let us keep the Soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue ; that, when both must sever,
 Although Corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal Spirit in the skies may bloom !

XLVI.—THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

YEARS,—years ago—ere yet my dreams had been of being wise and witty ; ere I had done with writing themes, or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty ; years, years ago, while all my joy was in my fowling-piece and filly ; in short, while I was yet a boy, I fell in love with Laura Lilly. I met her at a country ball : there, when the sound of flute and fiddle gave signal sweet in that old hall, of “hands across” and “down the middle,” hers was the subtlest spell, by far, of all that sets young hearts romancing : she was our queen, our rose, our star ; and when she danced—O heaven, her dancing ! Dark was her hair, her hand was white ; her voice was exquisitely tender ; her eyes were full of liquid light ; I never saw a waist so slender ; her every look, her every smile, shot right and left a score of arrows ; I thought 'twas Venus from her isle ; I wondered where she'd left her sparrows. She talked of politics, or prayers ; of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets ; of daggers, or of dancing bears ; of battles, or the last new bonnets :—by candle-light, at twelve o'clock, to me it mattered not a tittle, if those bright lips had quoted “Locke,” I might have thought they murmured, “Little.” Through sunny May, through sultry June, I loved her with a love eternal ; I spoke her praises to the moon, I wrote them for the Sunday Journal. My mother laughed ; I soon found out that ancient ladies have no feeling : my father frowned ; but how should gout find any happiness in kneeling ? She was the daughter of a Dean, rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ; she had one brother just thirteen, whose colour was extremely hectic ; her grandmother, for many a year, had fed the parish with her bounty ; her second-cousin was a peer, and lord-lieutenant of the county. But titles and the three-per-cents, and mortgages, and great relations, and India bonds, and tithes, and rents, O ! what are they to love's sensations ? Cupid chooses ; he cares as little for the stocks, as Baron Rothschild for the Muses. She sketched : the vale, the wood, the beach, grew lovelier from her pencil's shading. She botanized : I envied each young blossom in her boudoir fading. She warbled Handel : it was grand !—she made the Catalani jealous. She touched the organ : I could stand for hours and hours, and blow the bellows. She kept an album, too, at home, well filled with all an album's glories : paintings of butterflies, and Rome, patterns for trimming, Persian stories ; soft songs to Julia's cockatoo, fierce odes to famine and to slaughter ; and autographs of Prince Leboo, and recipes for elder-water. And she was flattered, worshipped, bored : her steps were watched, her dress was noted ; her poodle-dog was quite adored, her sayings were extremely quoted. She laughed, and every heart was glad, as if the taxes were abolished :—she frowned, and every look was sad, as if the opera were demolished. She smiled on many, just for fun—I knew that there was nothing in it ; I was the first, the only one, her heart had thought of for a minute. I knew it, for she told me so, in phrase which was divinely moulded ; she wrote a charming hand, and oh ! how sweetly all her notes were folded ! . . . Our love was like most other loves—a little glow, a little shiver ; a rosebud and a pair of gloves, and “Fly Not Yet,” upon the river ; some jealousy of some one's heir, some hopes of dying broken-hearted, a miniature, a lock of hair, the usual vows—and then, we parted ! We parted : months and years rolled by ; we met again, four summers after ; our parting was all sob and sigh—our meeting was all mirth and laughter ; for, in my heart's most secret cell, there had been many other lodgers ; and she was not the ball-room belle, but only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

XLVII.—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.—R. A. MILLIKIN.

THE groves of Blarney, they look so charming, down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks, all deck'd by posies that spontaneous grow there, planted in order in the rocky nooks. 'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation, the blooming pink, and the rose so fair; likewise the lily, and the daffydowndilly—all flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station, like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair: there's no commander in all the nation for emulation can with her compare. Such walls surround her that no nine-pounder could dare to plunder her place of strength; but Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel, and made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation and conversation in sweet solitude; 'tis there the lover many hear the dove, or the gentle plover, in the afternoon: and if a lady should be so engaging as to walk all alone in those shady bowers, 'tis there the courtier he may transport her into some fort or under the ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters, but bats and badgers are for ever bred, being moss'd by natur'—that makes it sweeter than a coach and six, or a feather bed. 'Tis there's the lake is well stored with perches, and comely eels in the verdant mud, besides the leeches,—and the groves of beeches, standin' in order for to guard the flood.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a sitch in, with the maids a-stitchin' upon the stair; the bread an 'bisk'y—the beer and whiskey would make you frisky if you were there. 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter a washin' praties fornint the door, wid Roger Cleary and Father O' Leary, all blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

—There's statues gracin' this noble place in—all heathen gods and nymphs so fair—bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus, all standin' naked in the open air. So now to finish this brave narration, which my poor gen' could not entwine; but were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar, 'tis in every feature, I would make it shine!

XLVIII.—AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

ANON.—BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH.

I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf—fair,
I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub—breed.
Won't you c-c-c-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub—bear,
And the lions and tit-tit—tigers at fuf-fuf-fuf—feed.

I know where the c-c-c-co—cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-mum—melody through the sweet vale;
Where the m—monkeys gig-gig—grin all the day long,
Or g-g-gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit—tail.

You shall pip-pip—play, dear, some did-did—delicate joke,
With the bub-bub—bear on the tit-tit—top of his pip-pip-pip—
—pole;
But observe, 'tis for-for-for—bidden to pip-pip—poke
At the bub-bub—bear with your pip-pip—pink pip-pip-pip-pip
—parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip—play;
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-tit—ately raccoon,
And then, did-did—dear, together we'll stray,
To the c-c-age of the bub-bub—blue fuf-fuf-faced bab-bab-bab
—boon.

You wished (I r-r-r—remember it well, and I l-l-l-loved you m-m-more for the wish)
 To witness the bub-bub-bub—beautiful pip-pip—pelican swallow
 the l-l-live l-l-l-little fuf-fuf—fish.
 Then c-c-come, did-did-dearest, n-n-n-never say “nun-nun-nun—
 nay ;”
 I’ll tit-tit-treat you, my love, to a bub-bub-bub—’bus,
 ’Tis but a thrup-pip-pip-pip—pence a pip-pip—piece all the way,
 To see the hip-pip-pip—(I beg your pardon !)—
 To see the hip-pip-pip-pip—(ahem !)
 The hip-hip-pip-pip—pop-pop-pop-pot—(I mean)
 The hip-po-po-po—(dear me, love, you know)
 The hippo-pot-pot-pot—(’pon my word I’m quite ashamed of
 myself)
 The hip-pip-pop—the hippo-pot,
 To see the Hippop—potamus.

XLIX.—THE LADIES’ PETITION.—ANONYMOUS.

DEAR Doctor, let it not transpire how much your lectures we admire ;
 how at your eloquence we wonder, when you explain the cause of
 thunder, of lightning, and of electricity, with so much plainness and
 simplicity ; the origin of rocks and mountains, of seas and rivers,
 lakes and fountains ; of rain and hail, of frost and snow, and all the
 storms and winds that blow ; besides a hundred wonders more, of
 which we never heard before. But now, dear Doctor, not to flatter,
 there is a most important matter, a matter which you never touch on,
 a matter which our thoughts run much on ; a subject, if we right
 conjecture, that well deserves a long, long lecture, which all the
 ladies would approve—the “Natural History of Love !” Deny us not
 our subject’s choice ; oh, list to our entreating voice ! tell us, why
 our poor tender hearts so easily admit love’s darts. Teach us the
 marks of love’s beginning ; what makes us think a beau so winning ?
 What makes us think a coxcomb witty, a black coat wise, a red coat
 pretty ? Why we believe such horrid lies, that we are angels from
 the skies, our teeth like pearls, our cheeks like roses, our eyes like
 stars, such charming noses ? Explain our dreams, awake or sleeping ;
 explain our blushing, laughing, weeping ; explain our hoping and
 our doubting, our teasing, simpering, and pouting ! Teach us, dear
 Doctor, if you can, to humble that proud creature, Man : to turn the
 wise ones into fools, the proud and insolent to tools ; to make them
 all run helter skelter their necks into the marriage halter : then, leave
 us to ourselves with these,—we’ll turn and rule them as we please !
 . . . Dear Doctor, if you grant our wishes, we promise you five
 hundred kisses ; and, rather than the affair be blundered, we’ll give
 you six score to the hundred.

L.—MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.—REV. R. H. BARHAM.

I WAS in Margate last July,—I walked upon the pier,—
 I saw a little vulgar boy—I said, “What want you here ?
 The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy.”
 Again I said, “What make you here, you little vulgar boy ?”
 He frowned,—that little vulgar boy—he deemed I meant to scoff—
 And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off ;”
 He put his finger in his mouth,—his little bosom rose,—
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose !

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man? it's striking nine," I said,
 "An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed;
 Run home and get your supper, else your ma' will scold—oh, fie!—
 It's very wrong, indeed it is, for little boys to cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
 His bosom throbb'd with agony—he cried like anything!
 I stopped, and, 'midst his sobs, I heard him murmur, "Ah!
 I hav'n't got no supper! and I hav'n't got no ma'!"

"My father he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
 And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
 I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
 Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
 By day or night, then '*blow me tight*'" (he was a vulgar boy);
 "And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
 To jump—as many a chap has done, from off the Monument."

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said;
 "You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
 If you should jump from off this pier, you'd surely break your legs,
 Perhaps your neck—then Bogy'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!"

"Come home with me, my little man—come home with me and sup;
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up:—
 There's roast potatoes on the fire,—enough for me and you—
 Come home, you little vulgar boy—I lodge at number two."

I took him home to number two,—with charitable joy—
 I bade him wipe his dirty shoes—he was a vulgar boy.—
 And then I said to Mrs. Jones—the kindest of her sex—
 "Pray, be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise;
 She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar boys."
 She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,
 Said, "I might go to—Jericho, and fetch the beer myself."

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb —
 I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a "bob");
 It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,
 And I said, "A pint of double X—and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back, I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
 I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
 I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too,—
 I said, "You little vulgar boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons:—I looked, but couldn't see
 The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea:—
 —I couldn't see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh dear!
 I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

I couldn't see my Mackintosh!—it was not to be seen!
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat,—broad-brimmed, and lined with
 green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand,—that holds my sauce and soy—
 My roast potatoes! all are gone!—and so's that vulgar boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below;
 —"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what do you think? a bit this a pretty go?
 —That horrid little vulgar boy, whom I brought here to-night,
 He's stolen my things and run away."—Says she, "And *sarre* you
 right!"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar boy, who'd gone and used me so ;
But when the crier cried "*O yes !*" the people cried "*O no !*"

I went down to the "landing-place,"—the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down :
I told my tale—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well ;
And called me "Poor green buffer !"—what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man he said he'd seen, that morning on the shore,
A son—of something—'twas a name I never heard before—
A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me, what could he mean ?
With a "carpet-swab," and "mucking togs," and a hat turned up with
green.

He spoke about his "*precious eyes*," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"
—It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitched his trowsers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
—It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the '*mill*,'
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill !"
He said "he'd *done me wery brown*, and nicely *stowed the swag*."
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat,—or else a carpet bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;
He asked me if I did not wish that I might get it back ?
I answered, "To be sure I do !—it's what I came about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out ?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "done me
brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try to find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for the Inspector then, and I described the "*swag*,"—
My "*Mackintosh*," my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag ;
He promised that the New Police should all their power employ
But never to this hour have I beheld that little vulgar boy !

REMEMBER, then, what (when a boy) I've heard my grandma' tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL
WELL !"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folk who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "*wish they may be blowed !*"

Don't take too much of double X ! and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout !
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mr. Jones, and say I'm pretty well.

LI.—THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—

REV. R. H. BARHAM.

OCH ! the Coronation ! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare ?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair !
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
 Themselves adorning, all by candle-light,
 With roses and lilies, and daffy down dillies,
 And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
 And then approaches five hundred coaches,
 With General Dullbeak.—Och ! 'twas mighty fine
 To see how asy bould Corporal Casey
 With his sword drawn, prancing, made them keep the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King at Arums
 All in his Garters and his Clarence-shoes,
 Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
 The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews ;
 'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
 All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
 With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
 The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
 To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame :
 And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,
 (They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
 Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
 And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Mithur Spaker, with Mithur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave ;
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
 Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more ;
 Och ! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
 "I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks !"

Then the Queen, heaven bless her ! och ! they did dress her
 In her purple garaments and her goulden Crown ;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow.
 And Sir George Smart ! O ! he play'd a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying, " Please your Glory, great Queen Victory !
 Ye'll give the Chargy lave to dhrink your health !"
 Then his Reverence, retreating, discoursed the meeting :
 " Boys ! Here's your Queen ! deny it if you can !
 And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
 Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man !"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
 "Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
 And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
 The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
 But mighty serious, looking fit to cry,
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.
 Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
 And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for me!"
 Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
 And sweet trombones, with their silver tones!
 But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones!
 Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
 With lobsters and white-bait, and other sweet-meat,
 And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
 There were cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears,—
 Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough
 The sly old villian, underneath the stairs.
 Then the cannons thundered, and the people wondered,
 Crying, "Long live Victoria, our Royal Queen!"—
 —Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
 And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid, in swate poe-thry;
 Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
 Faix, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

LII.—A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.—THOMAS HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf! (but stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)
 —thou tiny image of myself! (my love, he's poking peas into his
 ear!) thou merry, laughing sprite! with spirits feather-light, un-
 touched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—(good heavens! the child is
 swallowing a pin!) Thou little tricky Puck! with antic toys so
 funnily bestuck, light as the singing-bird that wings the air—(the
 door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!) thou darling of thy
 sire! (why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!) thou imp of mirth and
 joy! in love's dear chain so strong and bright a link, thou idol of thy
 parents—(drat the boy! there goes my ink!) Thou cherub—but of
 earth; fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale, in harmless sport
 and mirth (that dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!) Thou human
 humming-bee, extracting honey from every blossom in the world
 that blows, singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny (another tumble!
 that's his precious nose!) Thy father's pride and hope! (he'll break
 the mirror with that skipping-rope!) with pure heart newly stamped
 from Nature's mint—(where *did* he learn that squirt? Thou young
 domestic dove! (he'll have that jug off, with another shove!) dear
 nursling of the hymeneal nest! (are those torn clothes his best?) little
 epitome of man! (he'll climb the table, that's his plan!) touched
 with the beauteous tints of dawning life—(he's got a knife!) Thou
 enviable being! no storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing!
 play on, play on, my elfin John! toss the light ball—bestride the stick

—(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!) With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down, prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk, with many a lamb-like frisk (he's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!) Thou pretty opening rose! (go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!) balmy and breathing music like the South (he really brings my heart into my mouth!) fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—(I wish that window had an iron bar!) Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—(I tell you what, my love, I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

LIII.—THE COURTIN'.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still, fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill, all silence an' all glisten.
Zekel crep' up, quite unbeknown, an' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Hully, all alone, with no one nigh to hinder.
The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about the chiny on the dresser;
The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin ez the apples she was peelin'.
'Twas kin' o' "kingdom come" to look on such a blessed cretur,
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook ain't modester nor sweeter.
He was six foot o' man, A I, clean grit an' human natur.
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton, nor dror a furrer straighter.
He'd sparked it with full twenty gals, he'd squired 'em, danced 'em,
druv 'em,

Fust this one, and then thet, by spells,—all is, he couldn't love 'em.
But long o' her, his veins 'ould run all crinkly, like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun, ez a south slope in Ap'il.
She thought no vice hed sech a swing as hisn in the choir; —[nigher.
My! when he made "Ole Hundred" ring, she *knowed* the Lord was
An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer, when her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt, somehow, thru its crown, a pair o' blue eyes sot upon it.
Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*! she seemed 'o've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come, down to her very shoe-sole.
She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu, a-raspin' on the scraper.—
All ways to once her feelins flew, like sparks in burnt-up paper.
He kin' o' loitered on the mat, some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat, but hern went "pity-Zekle."
An' yit, she gin her cheer a jerk, ez though she wished him furdor,
An' on her apples kep' to work, parin' away like murder.
"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" "Wall—no—I come de-
signin'!"

"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es, agin to-morrer's f'nin."
—To say why gals acts so or so, or don't, would be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes*, an' say *no*, comes nat'ral to woman.
He stood a spell on one foot fust, then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust, he couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.
Says he, "I'd better call agin." Says she, "Think likely, Mister."
Thet last word pricked him like a pin, an'—wal, he up and kissed her.
When Ma, bumbly, upon 'em slips, Hully sot, pale as ashes,
All kin' o' smily loom' the lips, an' teary roum' the lashes.
For she was not the quiet kind, whose natures never vary,
Like streams thet keep a summer mind, snow-hid in Jeneary.
The blood clood roum' her heart felt glued too tight for all expressin',
Till Mother see how matters stood, an' gin 'em both her blessin'.
Then her red come back, like the tide down to the Bay o' Fundy,
—An' all I know is, they was cried in meetin', come nex' Sunday.

LIV.—THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.—THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd, my curtains drawn, and all is snug ; old Puss is in her elbow-chair, and Tray is sitting on the rug. Last night I had a curious dream !—Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well, I could but woo, and she was won ! myself in blue, the bride in white, the ring was placed, the deed was done ! Away we went in chaise and four, as fast as grinning boys could flog—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

What loving *tete-à-tetes* to come ! But *tete-à-tetes* must still defer !—when Susan came to live with me, her Mother came to live with her ! With Sister Belle she couldn't part, but all *my* ties had leave to jog—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

The Mother brought a pretty poll—a monkey, too—•hat work he made ! the Sister introduced a Beau—my Susan brought a favourite Maid. She had a tabby of her own, a snappish mongrel, christen'd Gog—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

The monkey bit—the parrot scream'd—all day the Sister strumm'd and sung ; the petted Maid was such a scold ! my Susan learned to use her tongue ! No longer “Deary !” “Duck !” and “Love !” I soon came down to simple “Mogg !”—what d'ye think of that my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

Her Mother had such wretched health, my comforts one by one must go : the very servants crossed my wish—I found my Susan schooled them so ! The poker hardly seem'd my own, I might as well have been a log—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape ; such coats and hats she never met ! My ways they were the oddest ways ; my friends were such “a vulgar set !” Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—she could not bear that Mister Blogg—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then Mamma must mingle in the song—the Sister took a sister's part—the Maid declared her master wrong—the parrot learn'd to call me “fool !” my life was like a London fog—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine, as proved by bills that had no end—I never had a decent coat—I never had a coin to spend ! She forced me to resign my club, lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

Now, was not that an awful dream, for one who single is, and snug,—with pussy in the elbow-chair, and Tray reposing on the rug ? If I must totter down the hill, 'tis safest done without a clog—what d'ye think of that, my cat ? what d'ye think of that, my dog ?

LV.—RHYME OF THE RAIL.—SAXE.

SINGING through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail !

Men of different stations, in the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly coming to the same ;
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a common level, travelling together !

Gentlemen in shorts, looming very tall ;
 Gentlemen at large, talking very small ;
 Gentlemen in tights, with a loose-ish mien ;
 Gentlemen in gray, looking rather green ;

Gentlemen quite old, asking for the news ;
 Gentlemen in black, in a fit of blues ;
 Gentlemen in claret, sober as a vicar ;
 Gentlemen in tweed, dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right, looking very sunny,
 Obviously reading something rather funny.
 Now the smiles are thicker—wonder what they mean ?
 Sure, he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine !

Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers ;
 Now he snores amain, like the seven sleepers :
 At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
 How the man grew stupid from "association !"

Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks,
 That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks :
 Roguish-looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
 Says it's his opinion, *she* is out of danger !

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-a-vis* :
 Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me ;
 Asks about the distance ; says it's tiresome talking,
 Noises of the cars are so very shocking !

Market woman, careful of the precious casket,
 Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket ;
 Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
 Send her eggs to pot, rather prematurely.

—Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale,—
 Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail !

LVI.—THE BASHFUL BACHELOR—"ASK PAPA !"

A. MELVILLE BELL.

WHEN bashful bachelors are "well to do,"
 The ladies try their best to make them woo ;
 And, surely, if the man is worth the plot,
 And to one's mind, *et cetera*,—wherefore not ?
 All wives are "helpmates ;" and each *would-be* wife
 Helping to mate, proves fit for married life.

No mortal ever had a better heart,
 Or needed more this matrimonial art,
 Than Mr. Slow ; and many damsels vied
 In showing him he would not be denied,
 If he would only lay aside his fear,
 And tell—or whisper—what they longed to hear.

Some sent him slippers to advance their suit,
 Hoping to catch the lover by the foot !
 Some, with a higher aim, his throat would deck
 With warm cravat—to take him by the neck !

One maiden, with affections fixed "above,"
Sent him a smoking-cap to crown her love !
Others gave flowers, their passion to disclose,
And even handkerchiefs,—to have him by the nose !
Gloves, cuffs, and mittens were by many planned,
With wiles directly levelled at his hand !
But none had found out the successful art
To make this "eligible man" take heart.

He *looked* the lover, gave expressive sighs,
But only spoke the language of "sheep's eyes :"
At last, one maid, who wisely judged the case,
And really loved him, met him "face to face."

She bantered Mr. Slow upon his ways :
"You need some one, I'm sure, to cheer your days—
Eh ? Did you speak ?"—He could not for his life !
"I often wonder you don't get a wife !
I know *some one*, I *think*, who would not frown,
If you should ask her !"—O, the senseless clown !
He wriggles nervously, plays with his hat,
Looks down and blushes, fumbles his cravat,
Then "hems !" and seems about to speak. But no—
He only sighs, and draws a face of woe !

"Are you not well ? I fear you don't take care
To wrap yourself from this damp evening air.
Put in this button : there ! that draws your coat
Close as a comforter about your throat—
But I'm afraid you think me very bold ?"
"O no ; go on ! I'm . . . not afraid of cold."
"Why then go on ?—I think you hardly know ;
But I'll unbutton it if you say so."

"You're very kind—I—don't know what to say—
Whatever way you please !—don't go away !"

"Dear me ! I've pulled the button off, I vow :
If you'd a wife, she'd sew it for you now !"—
"I wish that *you* would"—"Eh ?"—"would sew it on—
And something else !"—His modest features shone,
But not a word his palsied tongue could frame :
"Well ? 'Something else' has surely got a name ?"
He covered up his face, and whispered this :—
"I wish—you'd—*give* me—something !" "What ?" "A kiss !"
"Oh, Mr. Slow ! you are a curious elf :
A man in such a case should help himself !
For, if I *gave* you one, why, that would be
Like sealing an engagement,—don't you see ?"

"That's what I want !"—"Now, really ! Is it so ?
Well, just suppose that I have not said, No !"
A maiden's coyness overwhelmed him. "Ah !"
He whispered blushing—"Thank you : ask papa !"

She laughed outright ; though 'twas indeed no joke !
He felt the Rubicon was passed ! and spoke
Quite freely now : and had so much to say
That, ere she left, he made her fix the day !
A little help quite cured his *single* trouble ;
And very soon they loved each other *double* !

LVII.—THE THREE BLACK CROWS.—DR. BYROM.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand, one shook the other briskly by the hand : "Hark you," said he, "'tis an odd story this, about the crows!"—"I don't know what it is," replied his friend.—"No! I'm surprised at that; where I came from, it is the common chat. But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed! and that it happened, they are all agreed. Not to detain you from a thing so strange—a gentleman who lives not far from 'Change,—this week, in short, as all the Alley knows,—taking a vomit, threw up Three Black Crows!" "Impossible!"—"Nay, but 'tis really true; I have it from good hands, and so may you."—"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man, straight to inquire his curious comrade ran. "Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair. "Yes, Sir, I did; and if 'tis worth your care, 'twas Mr. —such-a-one—" who told it me; but, by the by, 'twas Two Black Crows, not three."

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event, quick to the third the virtuoso went. "Sir,"—and so forth.—"Why, yes: the thing is fact, though, in regard to number, not exact; it was not Two Black Crows, 'twas only One; the truth of that you may depend upon: the gentleman himself told me the case."—"Where may I find him?"—"Why, in"—such a place.

Away he ran; and, having found him out,—“Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt!”—then to his last informant he referred, and begged to know if true what he had heard: “Did you, Sir, throw up a Black Crow?”—"Not I!"—"Bless me! how people propagate a lie! Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one; and here, I find, all come at last to none! Did you say nothing of a crow at all?" "Crow?—crow?—perhaps I might, now I recall the matter o'er."—"And pray, Sir, what was't?"—"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last, I did throw up—and told my neighbour so—something that was as black, Sir, as a Crow."

LVIII.—EVENING—BY A TAILOR.—OLIVER W. HOLMES.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and, around
His burning bosom, buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass—
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs—
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is! it is that deeply-injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout!
Doubtless, in Eden, thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren, and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
 Oh no! it is that other gentle bird
 Which is the patron of our noble calling.
 I well remember, in my early years,
 When these young hands first closed upon a goose!
 I have a scar upon my thimble-finger
 Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
 My father was a tailor, and his father,
 And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
 They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
 From some remoter tailor of our race.
 It happened I did see it on a time
 When none was near, and I did deal with it,
 And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
 And leap elastic from the level counter;
 Leaving the petty grievances of earth—
 The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
 And all the needles that do wound the spirit—
 For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
 Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
 Lays bare her shady bosom. I can feel
 With all around me. I can hail the flowers
 That sprig earth's mantle;—and yon quiet bird
 That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
 The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
 Where Nature stows away her loveliness!
 But this unnatural posture of the legs
 Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
 Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

LIX.—THE SCHOOLMASTER'S GUESTS.—WILL CARLETON.

THE District Schoolmaster was sitting behind his great book-laden desk, close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay and grotesque. As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes have come, his little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum. There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with some beauty possessed, in a whisper discussing the problem which one the young master likes best. A class in the front, with their "readers," were telling, with difficult pains, how perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all of his veins; and a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness stood, making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all he could. Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his sufferings were o'er, and the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps were heard at the door; and five of the good District Fathers marched into the room in a row, and stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off their white cloaks of snow; and the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance solemnly sad, spoke thus,—while the children all listened, with all of the ears that they had:—

"We've come here, Schoolmaster, intendin' to cast an inquirin' eye 'round, concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has lately been found; to pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what you've been about, an' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn ye out. The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class gets up to read, you give 'em too tight of a reinin', an' touch 'em up more than they need; you're nicer than wise in the matter of

holdin' the book in one han', an' you turn a stray *g* in their doin's, an' tack an odd *d* on their *an*'; there ain't no great good comes of speaking the words *so polite*, as I see, providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest as they be. An' then there's that readin' in cornert, is censured from first unto last; it kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a-travellin' past. Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to *my* say, sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-fashioned way."—And the other four good District Fathers gave quick the consent that was due, and nodded obliquely, and muttered, "*Them 'ere is my sentiments tew.*"

"Then, as to your spellin': I've heern tell, by them as has looked into this, that you turn the *u* out o' your labour, an' make the word shorter than 'tis; an' clip the *k* off o' yer musick, which makes my son Ephraim perplexed; an' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on to the next. They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't take them letters along; but if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is made wrong. You might just as well say that 'Jackson' didn't know all there was about war, as to say that old Spellin'-book 'Webster' didn't know what them letters was for."—And the other four good District Fathers gave quick the consent that was due, and scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said, "*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me, is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, and also the old Rule o' Three; an' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin' scholars to please, with saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' *w's, x, y's* an' *z's*. We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no great good to be reached by tiptoein' child'n up higher than ever their fathers was taught."—And the other four good District Fathers gave quick the consent that was due, and cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

"Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the question to-day, concernin' some things in the 'grammar' you're teachin' our gals for to say. My gals is as steady as clockwork, and never give cause for much fear, but they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin' such stuff as this here:—'*I love,*' an' '*Thou lovest,*' an' '*He loves,*' an' '*Ye love,*' an' '*You love,*' an' '*They—*' An' they answered my questions, '*It's grammar—*' 'twas all I could get 'em to say. Now, if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on so, as to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that I want to know:—"

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of the evening before, had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come down on the floor; and the Squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher to what he had said, a joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square on the head. The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black all the place; and the Squire and the other Four Fathers were peppered with black in the face. The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their cumbersome books, and, spite of the teacher's endeavours, laughed loud at their visitors' look. — And the Squire, as he stalked to the doorway, broke out in grumblings anew; and the four District Fathers, who followed, seemed to say, "*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

LX.—AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.—

MARK TWAIN.

THE fact in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria." The poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfor-

tunes she has undergone, and, in this dilemma, she turns to me for help. Hear her sad story :—

She says that, when she was sixteen years old, she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were “engaged,” and, for a time, it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow. But at last the tide of fortune turned ; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox ; and, when he recovered, his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first ; but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her merely to postpone the marriage.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs—and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed ; and she set the day forward, and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon ; and, within three months, he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia’s heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction ; and, in her tearful despair, she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend’s unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it : Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off ; but, after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame. So she extended the time once more—and he broke his other leg !

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack, whose uses she had learned by previous experience ; and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day ; but once more she frowned down her relatives, and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials, another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever ; and, in that hour of bitterness, he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property, and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now, what should she do ?” she asks of me with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question ; it is one which involves the lifelong happi-

ness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man ; and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion. How would it do to build him up again ? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye, and a wig, and give him another show ; give him ninety days, without grace ; and, if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia ; because, if he sticks to his propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him,—and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow ; and, you see, you sustain no actual loss—save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria ! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck, and broken that first ; but, since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

LXI.—TRUTHFUL JAMES.—BRET HARTE.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James :

I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games ;

And I'll tell in simple language, what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark that it's not a proper plan,

For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man ;

And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,

To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see,

Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society :

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones,

That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper ; and he reconstructed there,

From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare :

And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,

Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault ;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,

And, on several occasions, he had cleaned out the town

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent

To say another is an ass—as least to all intent :

Nor should the individual who happens to be meant

Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order—when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen ;

And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more !

Then in less time than I tell it, every member did engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a palaeozoic age ;

And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
 And the skull of an old mammoth caved our Chairman's head right in.
 And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
 For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James :
 And I've told, in simple language, what I know about the row,
 That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

LXII.—THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."—W. G. GILBERT.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast from Deal to Ramsgate
 span,

That I found alone, on a piece of stone, an elderly naval man.
 His hair was weedy, his beard was long, and weedy and long was he :
 And I heard this wight, on the shore, recite, in a singular minor key :—

"Oh ! I am a cook, and a captain bold, and the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's
 gig !"

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair, till I really felt afraid :
 For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking, and so I
 simply said :—

"Oh ! elderly man, it's little I know of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand how you can possibly be
 At once a cook, and a captain bold, and the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's
 gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which is a trick all seamen larn ;
 And having got rid of his 'baccy quid, he spun this thumping yarn :—
 "'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*, that we sailed to the Indian Sea,
 And there on a reef, we come to grief—which has often occurred to
 me :

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned—there was seventy-
 seven o' soul ;

And only ten of the *Nancy's* men, said 'Here !' to the muster-roll.
 There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold, and the mate of the
Nancy brig,

And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's
 gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink, till a-hungry we did feel ;
 So we drawed a lot, and, according, shot the captain for our meal.
 The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate, and a delicate dish he made :
 Then our appetite with the midshipmite we seven survivors stayed.

"Our next to bite was the bo'sun tight, and he much resembled pig,
 Then we wittled free, did the cook and me, on the crew of the captain's
 gig.

Then only the cook and me was left, and the delicate question—'Which
 Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose, and we argued it out as sitch.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did, and the cook he worshipped
 me ;

But we'd both be blowed, if we'd either be stowed in the other chap's
 hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat ! if you dines off me,' says Tom : 'Yes, that,' says I,
 'you'll be !'

'I'm boiled, if I die, my friend,' quoth I ; and 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me were a foolish thing to do :
 For don't you see that you can't cook me, while I can—and will—cook
 you !'

So he boils the water, and takes the salt, and the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot, and some sage
and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride, which his smiling features tell :

'Twill soothing be if I let you see how extremely nice you'll smell.'

And he stirred it round, and round, and round, and he sniffed at the
foaming froth ;

When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals in the scum of
the boiling broth !

" And I eat that cook in a week or less, and as I eating be,
The very last bit, I roars fit to split, for a wessel in sight I see !

'SHIP-AHOY !' . . And no more, with man or boy, I stuffs this cannibal
skin !"

" Cheer up, naval man ! those only that plan such murders are guilty
of sin."

" Oh ! I never grieve, and I never smile, and I never larf nor play ;

But I sit and creak, and a single joke I have, which is to say—

Oh ! I am a cook and a captain bold, and the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's
gig !"

LXIII.—A PSALM OF MARRIAGE !—PHEBE CARY.

TELL me not, in idle jingle, marriage is an empty dream ;

For the girl is dead that's single, and girls are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest ! single blessedness a fib !

" Man thou art, to man returnest !" has been spoken of the " rib !"

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way ;

But to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage-day ;

Life is long, and youth is fleeting ; and our hearts, though light and gay,

Still, like pleasant drums, are beating wedding-marches all the way !

In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb driven cattle ! be a heroine—a wife !

Trust no future, how'er pleasant, let the dead past bury its dead !

Act—act in the living present—heart within, and hope ahead !

Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well ;

And, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall " tell."

Such example that another, wasting time in idle sport,

A forlorn, unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and count.

Let us then be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set :

Still contriving, still pursuing,—and each girl a husband get !

LXIV.—PARLIAMENTARY PLEDGES.—THOMAS MOORE.

I PLEDGE myself, through thick and thin, to labour still with zeal
devout,

To get the *outs*, poor fellows ! *in*, and turn the *ins*, the wretches ! *out*.

I pledge myself, though much bereft of ways and means of ruling ill,

To make the most of what are left, and stick to all that's rotten still !

Though gone the days of place and pelf, and drones no more take all the
honey,

I pledge myself to cram myself with all I can of public money,

To quarter on the social purse my nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers ;

Nor, so we prosper, care a curse—because 'tis at the expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right and Might in any point divide,

Not to ask which is black or white, but take at once the strongest side :

Between the landlords and the poor, I've not the slightest hesitation ;
 The people must be starved to insure the land its due remuneration.
 Such are the pledges I propose, and though I can't now offer gold,
 There's many a way of buying those who've but the taste for being
 sold.

So here's with three times three hurrahs, a toast our M.P.'s ne'er
 disdain,

"Long life to jobbing ! may the days of speculation shine again !"

LXV.—THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.—ANONYMOUS.

"THE world's a stage," and "Man has seven ages"—
 So Shakespeare writes (king of dramatic sages !) ;
 But he forgot to tell you, in his plan,
 That woman plays her part, as well as Man.

First, how the Infant heart with triumph swells,
 When the red coral shakes its silver bells ;
 She, like young statesman, when the rattle rings,
 Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading-strings.

Next, little Miss, in pinafore so trim,
 With nurse so noisy, and mamma so prim ;
 Eager to tell you all she learned to utter,
 Lips, as she grasps the allotted bread and butter ;—
 Type of her sex, who, though no longer young,
 Holds everything with ease—except her tongue !

A Schoolgirl then, she curls her hair in papers,
 And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours ;
 Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
 And whispers all she hears to all she knows :
 "Betty" (she cries), "it comes into my head,
 Old maids grow cross, because their cats are dead :
 My governess has been in such a fuss
 About the death of her old tabby puss ;
 She wears black stockings ! Ha ! ha ! what a pother—
 'Tis one old cat in mourning for another !"

—The child of Nature, free from pride and pomp,
 And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next, riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,
 Now finds some traits of art are interposing ;
 And, with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
 First acts her part with that great actor—Man !

Behold her now—an ogling vain Coquette,
 Catching male gudgeons in her silver net ;
 Whilst the fair forehead tresses, frizzled full,
 Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull !

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,
 With all the dear distracting cares of life ;
 A thousand cards a thousand joys extend,
 For what may not upon a card depend ?
 Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,
 A meteor traced by none, though seen by all ;
 'Till "spousy" finds, while anxious to immure her,
 A patent coffin only can secure her.

At last the Dowager in ancient flounces,
 With snuff and spectacles, she folly trounces,
 And moralising, thus the age denounces :
 "How bold and forward each young flirt appears !
 Courtship, in my time, lasted seven years ;

Now seven little months suffice, of course,
 For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce ;
 They say, we have no souls ; but what more odd is—
 “ Girls of the Period ” have not any bodies !
 When I was young, my heart was always tender,
 And would, to every spouse I had, surrender ;
 Their wishes to refuse, I never durst,
 And my fourth died as happy as my first ! ”

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
 And let us mingle candour in our lines :
 In all the stages of domestic life—
 As child or sister, parent, friend, or wife—
 Woman, the source of every fond employ,
 Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
 What are your boasts, male rulers of the land ?
 How cold and cheerless all you can command !
 Vain your ambition, vain your wealth and power,
 Unless kind woman share the ‘ raptured hour ;
 Unless, ‘ midst all the glare of pageant art,
 She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart !

—
 LXVI.—NOTHING TO WEAR.—W. A. BUTLER.

MISS FLORA M’FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,
 That she and her friend, “ Mrs. Harris ”—
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping ;
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather ;
 For all manner of things that a woman can put
 On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
 In front or behind, above or below :
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;
 All of them different in colour and pattern,—
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin ;
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal ;
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sou frills ;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While M’Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

And yet though scarce three months have passed since the day
 The merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
 This same Miss M’Flimsey, of Madison Square,

The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

NOTHING TO WEAR ! Now, as this is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—

That she 's in a state of absolute nudity,

Like Power's "Greek Slave," or the "Medici Venus ;"

But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,

When, at the same moment, she had on a dress

Which cost five hundred dollars, not a cent less,

And jewelry worth ten times more I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's

Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,

I had just been selected ; as he who should throw all

The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal

On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,

Of those fossil remains which she called, "her affections,"

And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,

Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."

So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,

Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,

But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,

Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.

Without any romances, or raptures, or sighs,

Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,

Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,

It was one of the quietest business transactions.

On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,

She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,

And by way of putting me quite at my ease,

"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,

And flirt when I like : now stop, don't you speak—

And you must not come here more than twice in the week,

Or talk to me, either at party or ball,

But always be ready to come when I call ;

So don't prose to me about duty and stuff ;

If we don't break this off, there will be time enough

For that sort of thing ; but the bargain must be

That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free ;

For this is a sort of engagement, you see,

Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,

With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a "contingent remainder"

At least in the property, and the best right

To appear as its escort by day and by night :

And it being the week of the STUCKURS' grand ball—

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—

I considered it only my duty to call,

And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,

And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, mon cher,

I should like above all things to go with you there ;

But, really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear ! Go just as you are ;

Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and particular star
 In the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose—
 (That pure Grecian feature!)—as much as to say,
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
 So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade."
 (Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
 "Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—"That's
 "Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white." [too light."
 "Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch"—
 "I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
 "Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker!"
 "The pearl-coloured"—"I would, but that plaguey dressmaker
 Has had it a week."—"Then that exquisite lilac,
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
 Here the end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
 And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
 As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
 "I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
 And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
 Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
 Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
 More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
 And proved very soon the last act of our session.
 "Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
 Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling!
 You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
 Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers!
 Your silly pretence—Why, what a mere guess it is!
 Pray, what do you know of a lady's necessities?
 Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
 You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
 I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
 As gentle expletives which might give relief;
 But this only proved as spark to the powder,
 And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
 It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
 Interjections, verbs, pronouns!—till language quite failed
 To express the abusive; and then its arrears
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
 ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
 Well, I felt for the lady,—and felt for my hat, too,—
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite "too deep for words," as Wordsworth would say;
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
 On doorstep, and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
 At home, and upstairs in my own easy chair;
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,—

"Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to Wear."
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Endow a new charity, just for the care
Of these unhappy women with Nothing to Wear,—
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The Laying-out Hospital well might be named?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day,
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair!—
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt;

Grope through the dark dens; climb the rickety stair
To the garret,—where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold!
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street!

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor!
Hear the curses, that sound like the echoes of Hell,

As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door!—
Then, home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've Nothing to Wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed, for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest, in that upper realm, you have Nothing to Wear!

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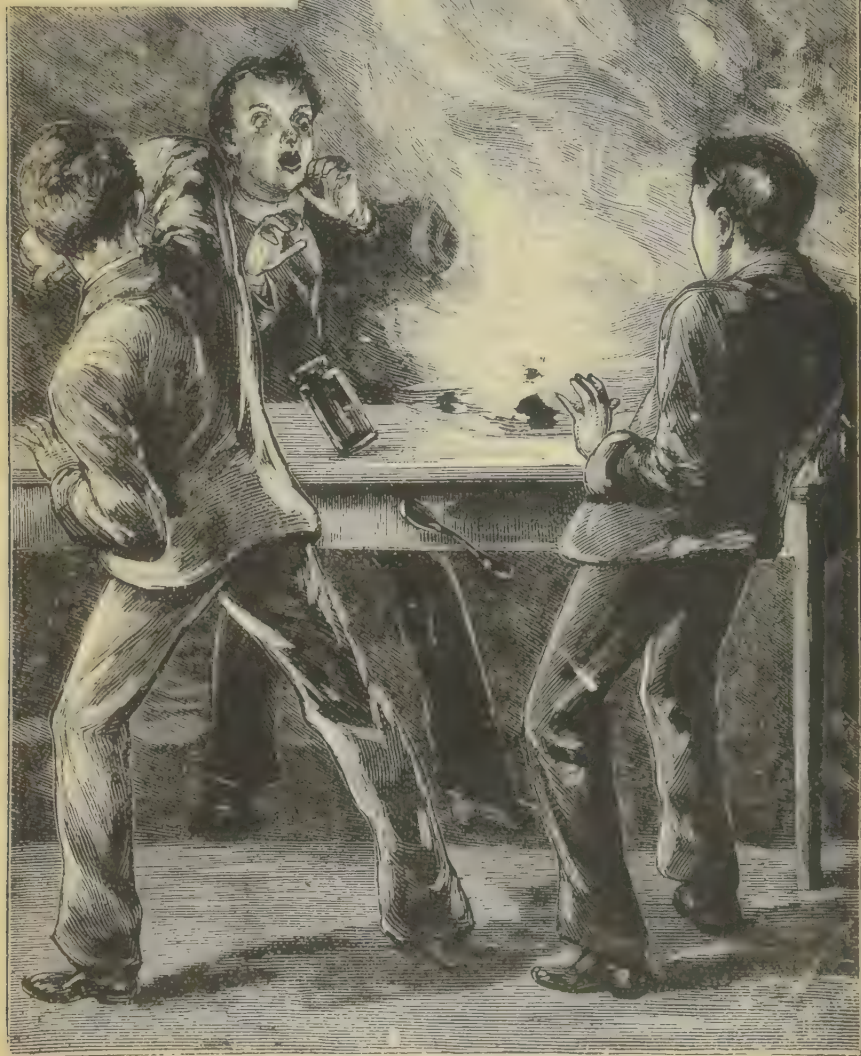
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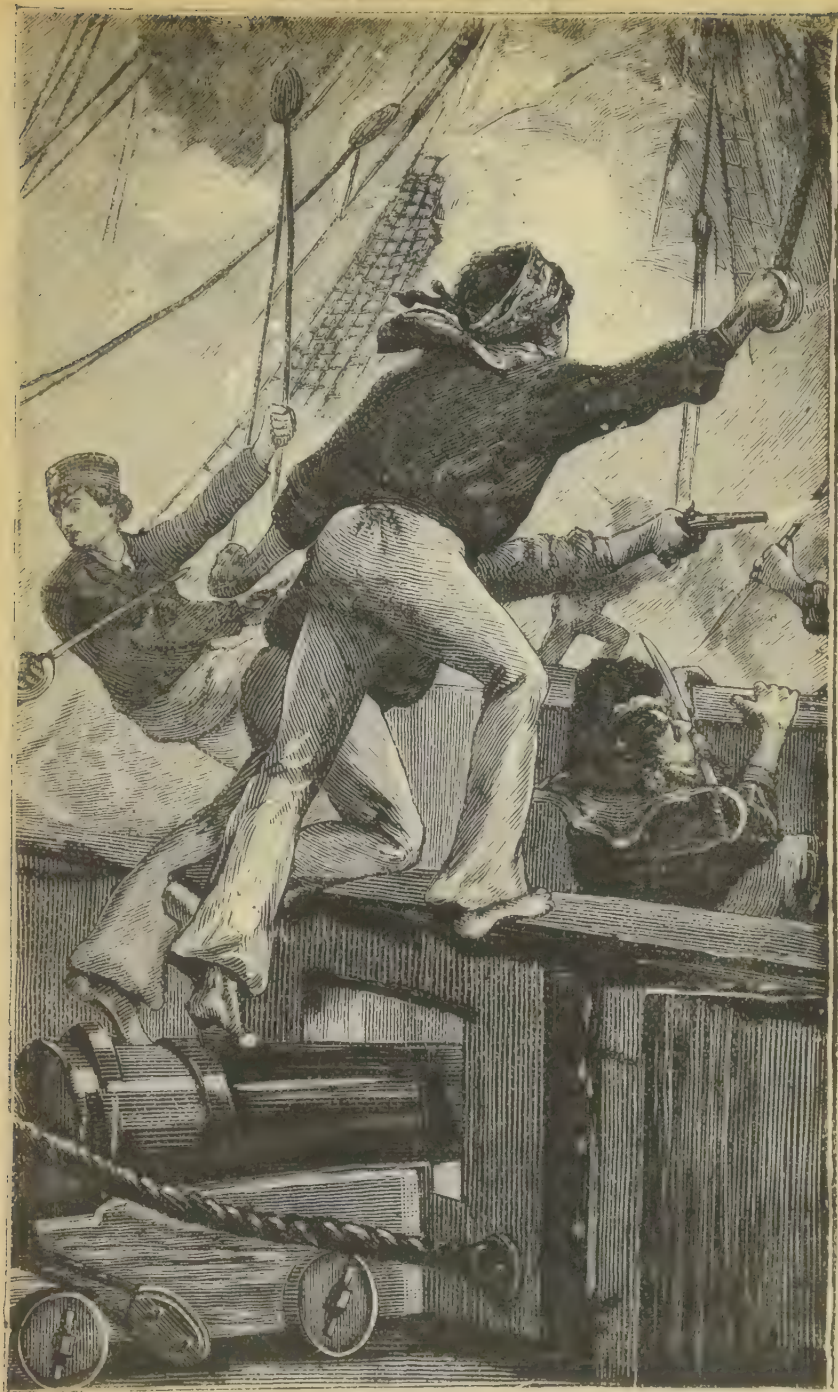
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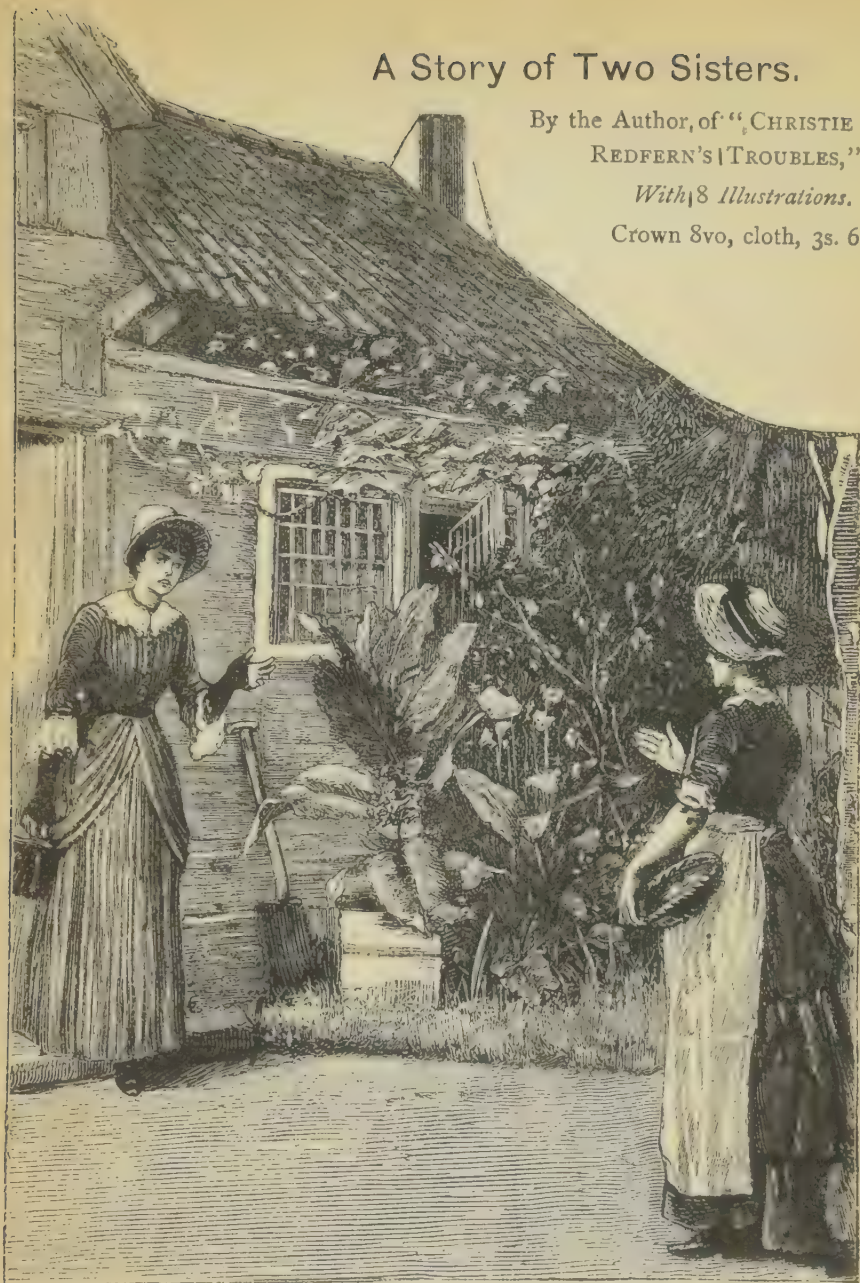
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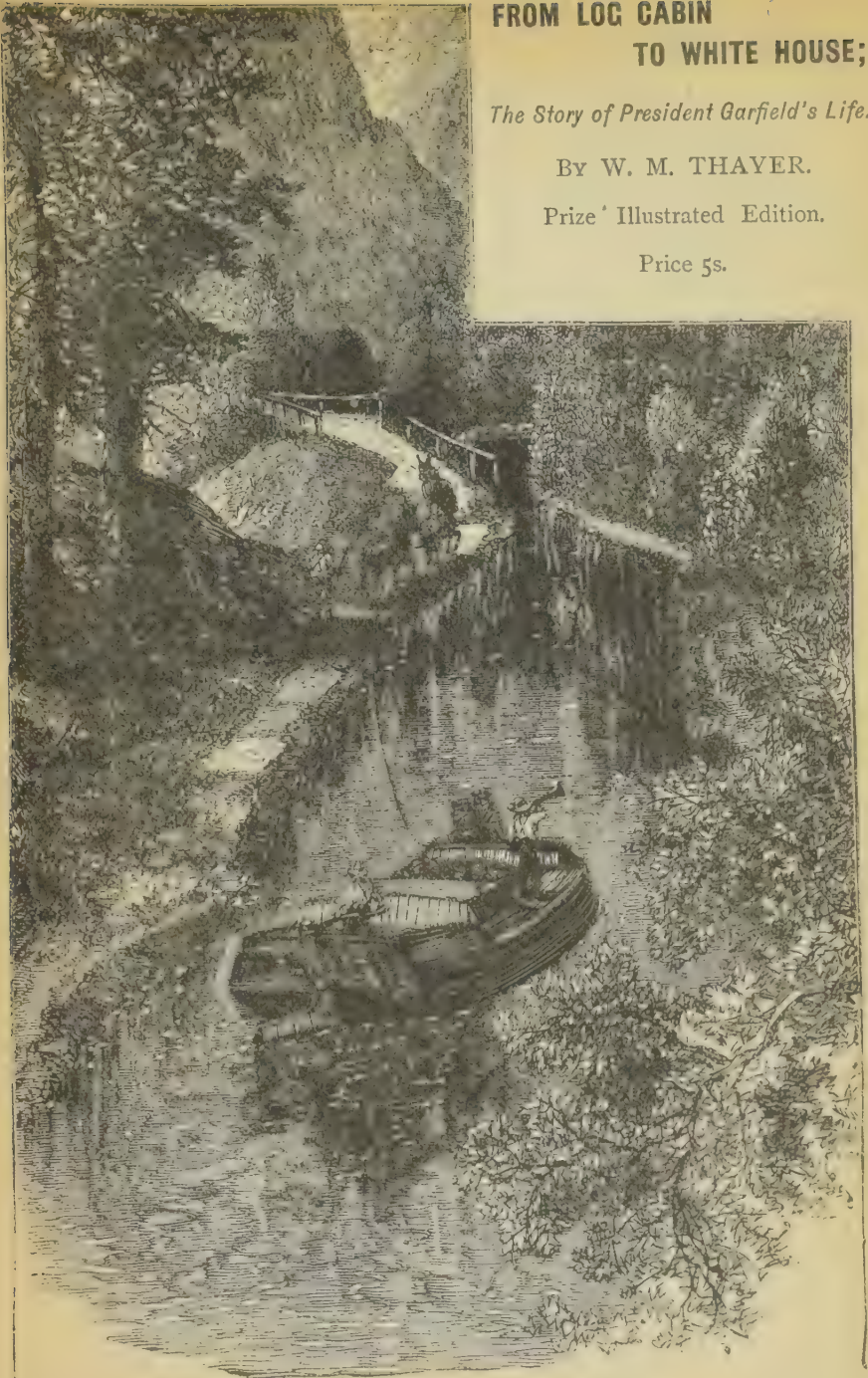
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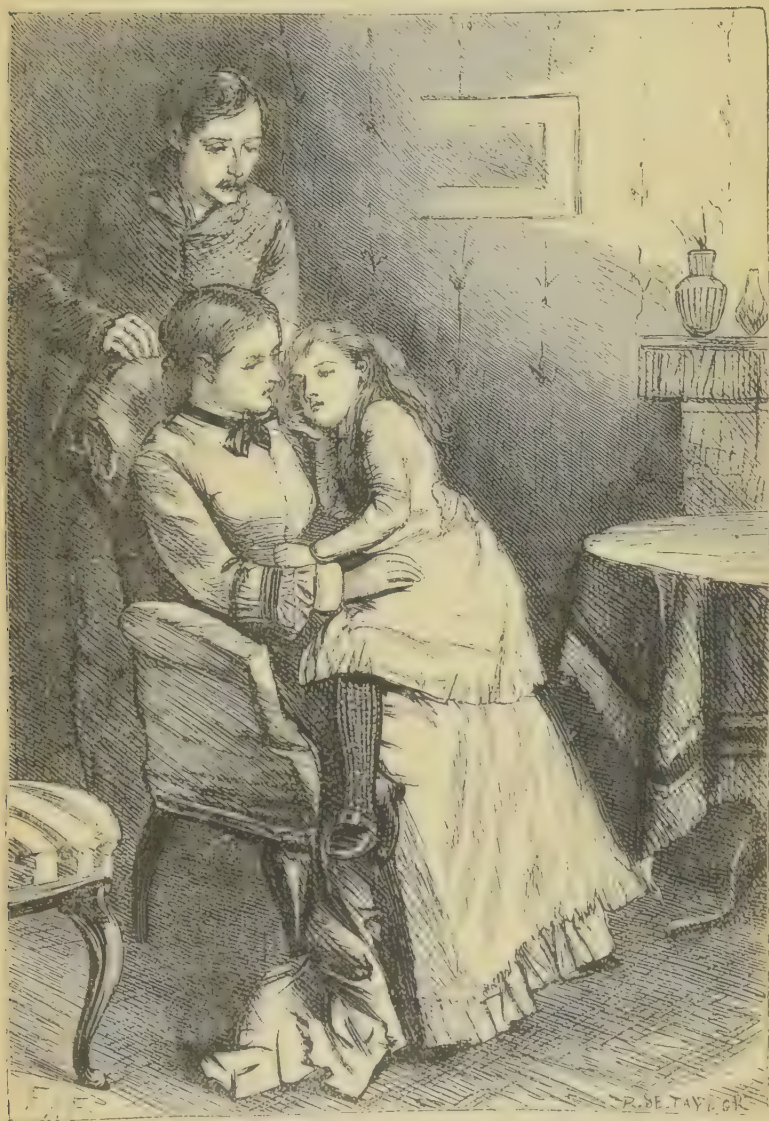
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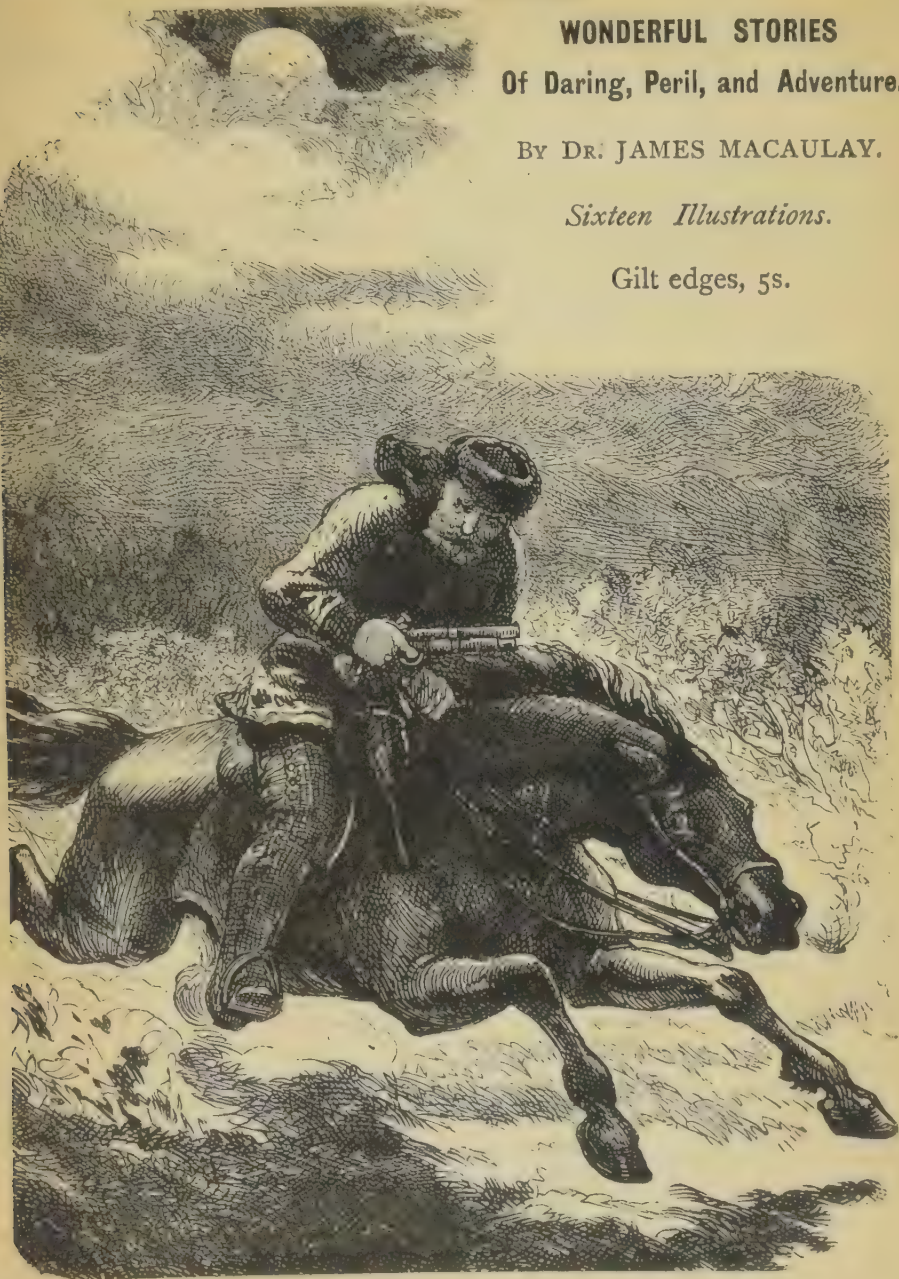
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